

Robert Berkeley Jr



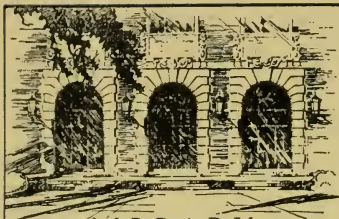
~~1. Mary, the wife~~

~~of Robert~~

~~William, the son~~

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THE
LOYALIST'S DAUGHTER

A Novel

OR

TALE OF THE REVOLUTION

BY

A ROYALIST.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
ADAMS & FRANCIS, 59, FLEET STREET, E.C.
1867.

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THE LOYALIST'S DAUGHTER.

CHAPTER I.

'Tis much, that this contentious sterm
Invades us to the skin : so 'tis to thee ;
But where the greater malady is fix'd,
The lesser is scarce felt.

When the mind's free,
The body's delicate : the tempest in my mind
Doth from my senses take all feeling else,
Save what beats there.—*King Lear.*

LONG after midnight, but before the dreary dawning of a dull, rainy morning in December, 1688, might be seen obscurely descending in deep silence a private back staircase of Whitehall three female figures, all muffled in coarse cloaks with the hoods drawn over their heads. The ample folds of these cloaks concealed their persons. The first was supported by a sailor in a rough weather-proof coat, which defied the pitiless night ; he was followed by the other two women, who betrayed fear and

alarm, and started at every echo of their own footsteps.

These four were preceded by a sturdy seaman, enveloped in a stout warm Flushing-jacket, with a lantern in his hand. He was to the eye of a keen observer well armed. His glance was piercing, restless, and even anxious. The slight small figure, delicate features, fair hair, and fair complexion of the other sailor were strangely contrasted with the rough garb, under which, to an observant eye, they were only partially concealed.

The whole party were evidently prepared for some adventure of difficulty and danger.

They had now descended a flight of steps, and passed through a long passage so narrow that they could only proceed separately. This passage was terminated by a secret door, through which they passed into a private chapel, the faint glimmering of the vigil lamp dimly revealed to them the interior. Prostrating themselves before the altar in deep devotion to the Blessed Sacrament, the fugitives, after a short mental prayer to their Saviour and their God, for protection and guidance, passed on to a side altar (in a richly decorated recess), dedicated to Our Lady. They gazed devoutly on a

beautiful statue of the Madonna, and falling reverently on their knees, implored her whom it brought before their eyes to pray to her Divine Son for them and those most dear to them. Softly and often was the familiar response "ora pro nobis" murmured. To one of the worshippers especially was the invocation of Mary most sweet, and so absorbed was she in her orisons, that her companion failed to recall her from her reverie before she had breathed forth a touching hymn to her whom she revered above all. While the conflict of the elements, the wild howl of the yelling mob, and the unhallowed fires of the rioters desecrated the night, abroad, within, all is hushed into hope and peace. Scarcely had the "Ave" broke on the solemn stillness of the place and hour, when the thoughtful conductor of the little party suddenly left the chapel, and was heard to retrace his steps; he, however, soon returned with joy and satisfaction in his countenance, and as the last melodious strains of the holy hymn died away, he beckoned them to follow him. The foremost female seemed riveted to the spot, and reluctant to tear herself away; but after a violent effort arose from her knees, and taking with deep reverence some precious emblems of the faith

which she professed, she joined her companion with whom she preceded the rest, and all passing cautiously through a stone gallery, made their way down another flight of steps, and reached the threshold of the outer door, at which they paused for a moment. Whatever might have been the secret thoughts of the self-possessed and yet scrutinising guide, his resolution was firm, his conduct marked by decision and courage. With unfaltering step and steady hand, he unlocked the opposing door, and unbarred the postern gate. All passed after him into the privy gardens of the palace, and emerged into the black night which still reigned in awful majesty. The fitful gusts of wind howled dismally round every nook and corner, and wildly whirled the pelting hail into the faces of the women, who seemed to shrink from the rough greeting of the frantic elements. The foremost damsel depends involuntarily on her companion, like some fair lovely flower, transplanted from a southern to a colder clime.

The cautious guide, who was clearly familiar with every zigzag slope and path right down to the Thames, secure in his own self-confidence, his good Flushing coat and a sou'-wester hat, which defended his eyes from the artillery of

hail, inspired his thoughtful followers with spirit equal to the grand occasion.

The storm was awake, but he knew that as yet, suspicion was fast asleep. As there is nothing more distressing to the human mind in its dark hour of sorrow than the gay sights and sounds of revelry and mirth, so perhaps there is something in the scenes and sounds of sadness, which soothes the feelings with which they harmonize. The ravings of the hurricane, the distracted feelings of the sorrowing adventurers, the tumultuous excitement which on this terrible night thrilled through the heart of London, were in unison, and urged the flight of the fugitives. Cruel thoughts were crossing the mind of that gentle woman, who leaned upon the arm of her friend, terrified at the lurid glare and distant flames, which were bursting from the Catholic churches, and making night more hideous. She heard or thought she heard, the demon shriek of vengeance. All immediately about Whitehall was still and silent as the grave. The heavy atmosphere weighed down the smoke of the conflagrations and scarcely lifted high enough to reveal to the wayfarers their real situation. The fragile woman whom we have more particularly noticed, sent back a

fond and lingering look on all which she was leaving. Her companion uttered not a word,—his temper seemed fiery and impatient, but whatever might be his mood, it bowed in sedulous attention to her will. She would have returned, she would have stolen a moment to say adieu once more to some dear one left behind, but the mariner urged the danger of delay, for the foremost of the party was already far in advance of his comrades, and alarm now mingled with his desire to conduct them to a place of safety. Another door had yet to be passed; the iron bolt from long disuse was stiff and rusty, and their impatient haste only made the task of the nocturnal wayfarers more difficult and added to their delay, while at the same time the whole party became sensible of the folly and danger of further loss of time.

The grating noise of the disused bolt as it yielded to their exertions awoke the echoes of the buildings. Our party listened and endeavoured to penetrate the darkness which surrounded them, but could discover nothing more than the creations of their fancies and their fears.

It was not yet daybreak. The black “thick darkness” might be felt. The heavy squalls

and gusts of wind and rain mingled with snow still continued undiminished. A cloud which at this moment lifted from over their heads, revealed to their delighted gaze a coach waiting for them. The expert seaman, who had thus far conducted them out of the precincts of the palace, took his seat by the coachman on the box to direct him ; while the rough sailor, as if under the gentle influence of his companion, with a delicacy and devotion which might have done honour to a courtier, lifted her into the spacious vehicle, and followed with the rest of the party, and thus found shelter from the torrent that was rattling against the roof.

In their escape unfortunately the cruel elements were not the only obstacles which impeded our poor fugitives this night. It is, however, no part of our design to enter into all the varied episodes of their perilous adventure. Any one, however, who could have watched through its earliest stages the departure of our travellers, and distinguished the female, around whom in spite of all disguise the deepest interest hung, might have guessed that these five persons were about to accomplish one of those solemn, if not terrible missions, which God seems to depute to human

beings, involving greater and sadder destinies than their own.

Moving quickly down a long and wide avenue, the vehicle was already near the outer gate, which opened into Parliament Street. The sailor, who was outside the coach, was challenged by the first of five or six sentinels : " Who goes there ? " " A friend," replied the seaman on the box, with great coolness. The soldier hesitated, and seemed to mistrust the party ; he raised his lantern, and cast a scrutinising look at them, but an underword and a mysterious look of recognition removed his doubts, and they passed on. Four other sentinels, one after another, yielding in like manner to the required password, suffered the coach to roll away. Scarcely had the horses increased their speed to a rapid trot, when the fugitives' course was once more interrupted. Above the winds, which roared around like thunder, loud voices were heard, and heavy steps echoed at the end of the main walk ; a moment after, an officer of the guards on duty for the night crossed their road in front, followed by two privates. The officer politely bowed, and in a decided but courteous voice asked the man on the box for his safe conduct. Declining to recognise the coun-

tersign he gave, the officer still opposed their progress.

“To what are we indebted to such an agreeable surprise this dismal night?” he asked. “Aye, and ladies, too, in the question—recruits for the Dutch navy, or for a voyage of discovery this ugly weather? Be good enough to give me your sword—yes, and that pistol, too.”

“Give up my arms!” said the seaman.

“In the king’s name,” said the officer, “I demand them.”

The women trembled and thought all was lost, and were only restored to confidence by the quiet tones and cool manner of their guide. He looked at the guardsman with a steady, easy composure, approaching to indifference.

“I only do my duty; if I ask for your arms, it is because I have orders to do so,” replied the guardsman. “In the king’s name, sir,——”

Here the sailor interrupted whatever his new acquaintance was going to say. “Do not repose too implicitly in your authority, my good sir, lest you should make us think that it required too great effort to sustain it.”

The guardsman attempted to complete his apology for arresting the party, but did not

desist. "In the king's name I—I arrest you. I act according to orders."

To account for the further resistance of the officer and his men, we must conclude, that the officer, the sentinels of the night, and the countersign, had been suddenly, and, perhaps, secretly changed. The rough sailor descended from the coachbox, and was leading the officer aside, when one of the privates rushed forward of his own accord.

"Stand, skipper," says he.

"Nay, you show your colours first," says the skipper.

"Here they are," cried the soldier, directing the sailor's attention to his uniform.

"You may be a don, a devil, a Dutchman, or a Frenchman," broke in the second private.

"We sail under no strange flag," cried the pilot.

"Here, sir," says he, addressing the superior officer, "are my credentials," showing him the master key of the gates, which he had been reluctant to exhibit until compelled by necessity.

The officer signed his men to desist and clear the way, and gracefully waved his hand in the direction of Westminster. The coach was in a

moment outside the last barrier, and dashing at a furious pace down to the Thames.

The coach soon reached the stairs which descend to a landing place called the Horse Ferry, just below the House of Lords, where a boat had been engaged to wait for it. There it pulled up, and the seamen alighting went in search of the expected boat. Through the darkness now thickening before the dawn, he could scarcely see his hand; he felt his way down to the water's edge. Finding no boat, he shouted several times with all his might, but received no answer. His suspicions of some treachery were painfully aroused. He walked along the bank some distance and at length came upon a wherry, but hesitated to embark the party for whom he had risked so much, in such a storm, without the aid of a skilful waterman. He paused to recollect himself, and returning to the steps knocked at the door of a waterman's hut, and was soon answered by a man who put his head out of a window, and gruffly demanded what was the business of the traveller at such an hour in such a storm. But anticipating the answer, yawned out, "I can't cross to-night, 'twould be the height o' madness to venture from the land while it's blowing great guns, raining

cats and dogs and as dark as bags." He was then closing the window, but the persevering seamen would not be denied ; " I'll make it worth your while, only come down. I'll give you as much gold for this run across, as you can earn in a year of fair weather." This offer appeared to have some effect on the waterman ; he said in a more civil tone, " Wait a bit sir, and I'll come down."

After a few moments he was at the door with a stout lad, who, half asleep and surly at being robbed of his two hours' rest, was unwilling to turn out. There was a look of mutual recognition between the sailor and the ferryman, who touching his cap said, " I did not know you, sir, or I should have come down at once, but the night was so rough I didn't expect you."

Meantime a thousand misgivings distracted those in the carriage. The gallant protector and guide of the fugitives, himself began to feel an extreme terror at the peril to which he was exposing the persons in whom he felt such a tender and devoted interest.

He ordered the man to shove out the boat and wait below. He then breathed a prayer for protection and opened the coach-door. The sailor gets out, and then bears with pro-

found respect the female whom he had first lifted into the coach. To her he carefully hands a parcel, which, with a mysterious tenderness, she places in her bosom, under the warm folds of her mantle. The whole party have by this time alighted, and are hurrying down to the water. In a few moments they were all seated in the boat, which with difficulty put off.

The night was still so dark and so tempestuous, that when the party got into the boat they could not see each other, though they were huddled close together, for the boat was, as the ferryman said, but a "cockle-shell." There was literally but a plank between them and eternity.

Both the mariners manfully handled their oars, and assisted the ferryman and his boy, driving the groaning boat, straining and bounding convulsively, through the boiling surge, into the tide, which was meeting and fighting the wind, so that the trembling bark writhed in agony as if she could not live through the unequal struggle.

The interesting woman, for whom all seem more anxious than for themselves, is seated by the steersman, enveloped in her large cloak, with the hood still drawn closely over her head.

Her attitude is melancholy, her face mournfully bent down ; and yet there is a sad smile on her half concealed features, as she presses to her bosom the mysterious parcel, which she had concealed beneath the ample folds of the drapey in which she herself is shrouded. Is it a crucifix ? Is it a statuette of the Madonna, or some fond token of the one most dear to her on earth ?

However this may be, the other two females openly betray such alarm, that it is with difficulty they can be kept quiet.

Though his frequent fowling excursions had familiarised our mariner, who is the hero of this night, with the chief currents of the river, so that on calm nights he found no difficulty in the passage, yet, so pitch dark was it now, that he felt he must trust himself entirely to the honesty and skilful steering of the experienced ferryman.

At length, after a dangerous passage, they reached the opposite bank of the Thames and landed at Lambeth Stairs. Quick as lightning the boat was made fast to a ring in the steps. The women were gently lifted out and assisted to the top of the stairs, and the boatmen were discharged.

The foremost of our sailors called aloud by

name to the messenger, who was to have been in waiting with a coach-and-six, which had been engaged for the use of the party. Receiving no answer, and the coach not being there, our sailor respectfully led his shivering companions to the porch of the old church, which afforded a partial shelter from the rain, and left them under the protection of the other sailor, while he made the best of his way to the inn, which nearly fronted their retreat, shaping his course under a dark archway to avoid the flickering lights which were gliding about the stable yard of the inn, and thus to escape observation. The absence of their brave friend seemed long and painful to those whose suspense lengthened minutes into hours.

The beautiful and unfortunate being who so fondly cherished some dear treasure next her heart, looked with interest on the melancholy abodes of the dead around the old church wrapt in that profound repose which she almost envied. Upon this spot, too, associated as it is with the most touching incidents which can affect the heart, she thought over the reverses of her own fortune, but still more did she dwell on the destinies of one whom she loved and left in peril and in woe. During this agonising

interval, with streaming eyes she tried, but tried in vain, to trace out the lights of Whitehall among those which were reflected from the opposite shore. The natural firmness of mind of the weary watcher was strengthened by a consciousness of that protection which she had asked of Heaven. She seemed more anxious for the safety of her concealed treasure than for herself. Amid the horrors of the night the dreadful images of Whitehall arose constantly to her thoughts.

The lurid glare of the horizon, bounded by the city, touched the distant fogs and clouds with a melancholy hue, and tinged the poor woman's feelings with deep sadness as it caught her eye.

The passions of the populace had been inflamed against all she held most sacred—the church of her infancy, the religion of her native land, and the worship of her God. The mob had, even before her escape, proceeded to the most daring outrages against the houses and chapels of the Roman Catholics, and that almost within the hearing and seeing of the pious but terrified daughter of the ancient faith.

Doubtless the unnatural gleams over London, struggling through the yellow fog, ascended from the conflagrations which eclipsed the sacred

lights of the sanctuary. The murky wreaths of smoke from the smouldering utensils and costly ornaments of the Tabernacle, rose up in contempt of the cloud of incense which long and often had breathed fragrance over the sacrifice of the Mass.

There are, perhaps, no feelings so painful as those which we dare not, and yet long to communicate to those who would sympathise in our griefs. The sorrowing stranger dared not to breathe a word of her heart's fond anxiety and domestic regrets, even to her faithful followers; the very walls of the churchyard seemed to her to have ears in spite of the tempest; every bank of cloud, every gloomy cypress robed in mist, became a phantom—a ghost. She felt she had but little communion with the living or the dead around her, though the place itself was but too well suited to her melancholy circumstances.

The irregular and convulsive short heavings of the Thames fell upon the ear, like the ravings of a maniac blending with the shrieks of a suicide, or the victim of the murderer gurgling in the waters, or, as she fancied, the dirge of despair over the bodies of the drowned.

While thus wrapped in deep abstraction, she was suddenly recalled to the stern reality of her

situation, by the loud distinct voice of the brave mariner who had returned from the inn.

In spite of all his endeavours to sink into the plain sailor, which his garb declared, that superiority of bearing and address, which on one occasion we saw him display, his foreign accent and idiom, perhaps his agitation and haste, or it may be all these together, conspired against his disguise at the inn; some one so very different from themselves excited the curiosity of the hangers on, who all night loitered about the stables. No sooner had one of these men, who lived by his wits and his dishonesty, noticed the superior bearing of the visitor, and heard his orders, than he informed a stranger within the hostelry, that a coach-and-six was ready to start. The latter ran out stealthily to reconnoitre, and was making directly towards the spot where the chief subject of our notice was standing at a little distance from the rest of the party in the porch since the rain had ceased. Our wary and watchful conductor, noticed the movements of the stranger and for a second lost his reliance on himself and was perplexed; but with as unconcerned an air as he could assume, he ordered the carriage to go on immediately, while he crossed to the other side

of the road to follow and watch the stranger. When he perceived him going directly to the coach he put himself right in the fellow's path, so that they came in contact with each other, fell and rolled in the mud together, and made mutual apologies for the accident. While he is drying his clothes, and recovering and repairing himself, the party under his guidance could not help admiring the easy, confident indifference with which their conductor had up to this point assumed a superiority over all the circumstances around him. Their protector handed the women into the carriage. He ascended the box. No sooner had the word been given, than the postilions started off into a gallop. Scarcely had they left what then was the town, when they were startled by a noise of horses advancing at full trot; and the seaman on the top of the coach was soon made aware of several riders, whose forms rose to his view indistinctly out of the dark drizzling mist and fog. The coach had become visible to them; and one or two of the foremost of the soldiers—for they were no other than the guards—made towards it at increased speed, challenging the party as they advanced, with the cry of "Stand! who goes there?"

In vain was the pass-word given in this instance as before. The officer who thought it his duty to arrest the progress of the travellers seemed alike inexorable to entreaties and indifferent to threats. He rode up briskly in advance of his men to the heads of the leaders, and ordered the postilions to halt. They hesitated, and simply slackened their pace; for they had no orders from the sailor to whom they looked for instruction to pull up. "Halt!" reiterated the horseman in a voice of thunder, placing himself in a menacing attitude, "or I will"—before he could finish the sentence a horseman, whose charger was covered with foam, thrust himself between the carriage and the officer who was resisting its advance, and, holding a pistol to his head, before he could make any defence, demanded his authority for stopping honest people on the king's high road. "The warrant for my conduct was violently wrested from my grasp, and destroyed by some rascals who surprised us on our way from Whitehall to the Bridge." "Then," cried the officer, "only desist from further interference until I can shew you my written instructions." Then seaching as if for the document that really never existed, he

gained time for his followers to come up, and a *mêlée* ensued, during which the carriage escaped.

The fact is that the officers about the palace received such conflicting orders, and were actuated by such opposite motives, that the party whom one officer suspected the other favoured. The movements of the royal household and the arrivals at and departures from Whitehall, were watched by disloyal individuals with jealousy and concern. The young officer who had rescued the party from imminent peril had no sooner dispersed the assailants than he galloped after the carriage.

CHAPTER II.

These wide-mouthed brutes that bellow thus for freedom
Oh ! how they run before the hand of pow'r,
Flying for shelter into every brake !—*Otway.*

DURING the alarming interruption and delay, of which we have given the details, the carriage had advanced a considerable distance. When the equerry, who so opportunely came to their rescue, overtook the travellers after his rencontre with their opponent, he with profound reverence delivered a sealed packet to one of the ladies.

He handed a larger parcel to the mariner, who soon let himself down from the coach, cut open the bundle which he had received, then retiring with it some distance, in a few minutes reappeared a new man, in dry and elegant attire, booted and spurred, also mounted on a powerful horse which the messenger placed at his service. The rugged sailor was so effectually and so hastily metamorphosed into the graceful and sprightly cavalier, that his

friends were astonished at the change. The spirited animal, whose caparison showed that he belonged to the Life Guards, unconscious of his rider's weight of care, gaily prances, and almost of his own accord, takes up and maintains his place near the right hand window of the coach.

Whatever might have been this brave man's skill and conduct at sea, he certainly betrayed rather the profession of the army than the navy when he felt himself proudly mounted on a dauntless charger ; his flagging powers revived, his blood once more glowed with a new life through his veins. His change of apparel, the fresh breeze of the early and promising morning, which was now just breaking, filled him with that courage and energy which never, perhaps, can long triumph over bodily prostration, or long survive the decay of animal spirits.

In the returning glow of warmth and vigour, taking his position, as we observed, near the coach, he waved a farewell to the equerry, who rode back.

“On ! on for your lives, postilions, on !” he cried. The coach resumed its former speed without further hindrance, until the jaded horses began to flag. A halt became inevitable, and

the rider had only to look out for some quiet and sequestered place of refreshment, where the team might take breath first, and then a bucket of water to wash away the froth from their panting nostrils and mouth. This presented itself in the form of an irregular cluster of huts, the best of which united the character of a roadside ale-house, and the trade of a shipwright—in reality, a rendezvous for smugglers and sailors, where the sign of the Crown and Anchor announced the loyalty and the twofold business of the landlord.

It was now that hour in the morning when the labourer trudges through the cheerless twilight to his daily toil, and the tradesman and mechanic go forth to their appointed task.

When we observe the mushroom growth of the watering-places and hamlets on the banks of the Thames, which have started up into towns even within our own memory, we can easily form an idea of the Gravesend of nearly two hundred years ago. Though the place itself was even then of some extent, this outlying hamlet was obscure.

Many a smuggler, sailor, or treason-monger, who had been out all that night by sea or by land, and in perils and hunger by both, was

regaling himself with such viands as at that hour might have excited the envy not only of weary wayfarers, but of courtiers themselves. Broiled mackerel, fresh herrings, and boiled cod-fish, were in abundance ; not only so, but the rich perfume of the savoury rasher, and the eggs with which it was flanked, already filled the house, and found its way to the outside. The hissing of the dishes of fish and flesh kept up the bubble to a chorus of other preparations for the varied meal, which none of our party, however, were destined to taste, or even to smell much longer, for a coach-and-six at any time, even at the head hostel in the heart of Gravesend, would have supplied a wonderful sensation, but at this time evidently excited suspicion.

A party of soldiers just arrived from Tilbury Fort, at the other side of the Thames, were already in the main street, making a noisy demonstration in favour of the Prince of Orange and Protestantism. Some, however, cried one thing and some another. In fact all were waverers, watching the march of events and the turn of the tide, eager to avail themselves of every advantage. They were equally ready to shout for Prelacy, Popery, Paganism, Puri-

tanism, or any other ism or schism. Yet they were zealous patriots—zealous that each champion for the peculiar interest which he promoted should be handsomely rewarded by the party under whose banner he for the time had enlisted and fought.

The cautious escort of the Royalists in the coach, anticipating an assault from the troopers, which he was not in a condition to avoid or resent, secretly signed to the postilions to make the best of their way, leaving him out of the question.

He then called to the buxom matron who did the honours of the Crown and Anchor, and handing her a gold piece, said, so as the soldiers now about the house could hear him, “Treat these brave fellows with your best.”

In the meantime he could distinctly hear a sergeant, who was spouting politics at the bar, declare to his comrades that “James, who is to be king no longer, and the King of France, are trying to set up an idol in England; and, if the plot is suffered to be hatched, every Protestant in Great Britain will be massacred some night next week at the same hour, in honour of the scarlet whore. A French nobleman, whom they call Lauzan, is gone over to the

‘Abomination of Desolation, spoken of by Daniel the prophet,’ to bring over to England the ‘Man of Sin’ to be present on the occasion. So ye see, my lads,” added the sergeant, “it is time to be up and doing. ‘The workman is worthy of his hire.’ I’ll warrant the Orange will, with a little squeezing, supply plenty of moisture to keep your whistles in the right tune.”

No sooner had the orator delivered himself of these veracious and startling facts, than our traveller rose from the seat into which he had been voted by the men at whose expense they were drinking the health of “King William what is to be,” as they said.

He discharged the whole reckoning so liberally and pleasantly, that the boat-builder, seeing that the guest’s horse was brought forth, joined the hostess at the door. When the traveller was in the saddle ready to depart, the landlady handed him a stirrup-cup. In doing so her face and that of the rider, who stooped to her in acknowledgment, approached suspiciously near. She whispered in his ear, “Beware of spies,” an intimation which alarmed him for the safety of the party from whom he was unfortunately severed.

Leaving the revellers to drown their politics

in their strong beverage our traveller jogged off leisurely to Gravesend in apparent unconcern ; bent on overtaking the coach as soon as possible, he ventured to spur his horse when he was out of sight of the inn. In less than half the time which our sketch of the scene in the public house has occupied, he was in sight of the coach, which, dashing through Gravesend down to the river, was followed by some ruffians, who had rushed out from a pot-house, the usual resort of smugglers and vagabonds. They were urged on by the man who had, unobserved, left the Crown and Anchor, and pressed so close to the carriage door, that the protector of the party inside had already presented his pistol, and having jumped out, was sword in hand dealing such thrusts as kept back the rabble. Our horseman rode up in a jog trot as an indifferent stranger between the coach and the drunken assailants, and beckoned his friend to get inside the coach. Whereupon his charger, at the admonition of the spur, thought it his duty to kick right and left and plunge furiously, knocking the astonished aggressors down like nine pins and trampling on the fallen. The well-trained horse not only astonished the weak minds of the enemy whom he thus dispersed, but even the rider himself ;

nor did the animal desist from his purpose till he had cleared the way, and utterly upset the amphibious creatures who lay in wait for the party. The coach and the outrider were in another moment on a retired landing-place of the river. Both men alighted, one from his horse, the other from the coach.

Distinguished from many and various flags, was a streamer, striped with blue and red, floating in the morning breeze from the stern of a yacht in the midstream.

According to the tidings conveyed through the packet delivered by the equerry, this flag was, as the travellers perceived, friendly to their object, and filled them with joy. The rabble of the village being by this time all in motion, no time was to be lost. While the fugitives were anxiously deliberating on the safest way to reach the yacht,—looking around for some countenance which they could trust, and some conveyance which would place them along side the yacht, they discovered a boat lying below, manned by three persons, in the dress of seamen, such as the inside passenger of the coach still wore, but whom by their brogue and thoughtless gaiety, they recognised as Irish officers, evidently waiting to put them on board the yacht. They

made them a sign of recognition, and immediately descended to the boat. Both men politely lifted the first object of their care into the boat, and the others followed in the order already observed.

Pressing her concealed treasure to her breast, the female, now revealed in the clear light as an Italian peasant, carrying a bundle under her pelisse, was assisted to a seat between the two other women. The rowers took their places and pulled off.

The wind was hushed, and the wild short dashing of the conflicting waters was lulled into a ripple under the influence of a gentle breeze. The day was clear and unusually bright for the hour and the place. A motley crowd of both sexes was on the boat quay, gazing on the boat which was now gliding along a path of light under the sun, leaving a silver trail behind her.

The Irish officers, for such they were, as they crossed with their apparently unknown passengers, carried on a conversation, which certainly was not intended for the ears of the groups still hovering about the water's edge.

"How easily," said one, "is the solemn Saxon gulled! And what lie will he not swallow if it be gilt over with an invention against

Catholics ! The last words which reached us as we gave the rascals the slip must have been concocted by the father of lies himself—‘ The Irish a hundred thousand strong were up all last night cutting throats ! ’ ”

“ Sure it’s the Protestant wind that’s set in against us entirely,” said another, “ that never blew Ireland any good. Those dirty London nagers would tell as many lies for a tinpenny piece as would sink this yawl — divil a less. They accuse us of white lies, but theirs are yellow —tinged and impressed by yellow gold. Their lies for their customers wear a bright national colouring, shaded with a touch of local prejudice, which to the eye of the Protestant Saxon, is the logic of facts. Only let it be as bold as the production of Titus Oates, or his pupils in the science of lies, and the Englisher will take the biggest lie that ever was manufactured for gospel.”

“ The Lord save us ! ” says the most devout of the three papists, making the sign of the cross ; “ sure it’s yourself that has the gift of speech, like any priest.”

This conversation was cut short by the sudden appearance of a signal from the yacht to make haste. The order from the helmsman

“to put an oar well to leeward there and keep to the wind,” was given and obeyed.

In another minute the boat was alongside the yacht. The officers to whom the duty of rowing the voyagers to the yacht was intrusted, with such profound homage as royalty itself might demand, assisted the Italian lady on board the vessel evidently placed at her service, and also saw her attendants safely embarked for their destination. The manner of the Irishmen betrayed a stronger and more deeply reverential feeling than that of mere courtesy or even gallant devotion to the fair sex.

The conductor of the travellers alone returned with the Irish officers to the shore. To him they addressed many anxious inquiries concerning the final destination and prospects of his friends now embarked for France.

CHAPTER III.

This I hold to be the chief office of history: to rescue virtuous actions from the oblivion to which a want of records would consign them, and that men should feel a dread of being considered infamous in the opinions of posterity from their depraved expressions and base actions.—*Tacitus*.

WE have hitherto kept pace with our travellers, but we must now leave them on board the yacht to enjoy the freshness of the bright morning on old Thames, off Gravesend, while we glance rapidly through the eventful history of the period. And, at the risk of wandering out of the region of romance, we would venture upon a few of the details immediately associated with the reign of James II., which eventually banished that monarch from his kingdom. We shall conclude the sketch with a brief summary of the whole, carried out into a chain, of which each item in "the great account" is in itself but a link, not necessarily connected with, and yet conducive to the end of the English Revolution.

It was from that seed-plot, sown broad-cast by Henry VIII., that those various and conflicting creeds sprouted and spread which soon blossomed and bore fruit plentifully.

The Great Rebellion, the Revolution, and all those religious changes followed, which neither the penal statutes of preceding monarchs, nor the Test Act, passed by the parliament of Charles II., 1673, could prevent or control.

Harassed by the struggles of the Civil War, shocked by the profane despotism of Cromwell, subdued by the reaction of the Restoration, Great Britain retained something of its original vigour, in its undivided, concentrated, and unmitigated hatred of Rome.

Charles II. felt the fevered pulse of the nation, and concealed in his own heart the religious malady which his people dreaded. It was reserved for his successor openly to revive the sacred drama of the Mass in the land of the ancient Saxon faith.

England had not at this time learnt to associate the idea of religious with that of civil liberty. Coke, the great English lawyer, had declared that even so much as to accuse any nobleman of having counselled the king to tolerate Catholics was felony. Usher, Primate

of Ireland, had denounced it from the pulpit as a deadly sin, amid murmurs of applause from his audience.

At first, indeed, the accession of James II. promised some alleviation to the miseries which distracted his people, though they could scarcely receive the doctrine that "he was the only righteous king and sovereign over all persons and all causes, as holding the imperial crown from God alone."

In his dealings with both Universities and in religious matters James endeavoured to realize that power which had been transferred by Henry VIII. from the Pope to himself.

"That whatever the Pope, *de facto*, formerly did within this realm by the canon law, that of right belongs to our King." In fact Coke in his Institutes seems to lay it down, "that the King claiming as supreme head, such authority as the Pope had, doth of right belong to the Crown, and is annexed thereto by the statutes of 26 Hen. 8th, c. 1, and Eliz. c. 1."

All penal laws for religious offences were suspended, and all tests imposed as qualifications for holding office forbidden by royal proclamation. It was admitted, however, by all that James never interfered with the decision

of courts of justice. The two great objects of James were liberty of conscience and freedom of worship. First he would remove religious tests as qualifications for office; secondly, he would abolish penal inflictions.

His own security was at the bottom of this policy. "He risked the very existence of authority that he might not be thought to have exercised it in vain."

The coronation of the King and Queen according to the Protestant ritual was considered a favourable omen for England; and yet the Coronation Oath was, in fact, the very same which was taken in the days of Edward the Confessor, no alteration having been made in it at the time of the Reformation. But we will for a moment invite the attention of the reader to the authorities who then were part of the history which they record.

The history of the coronation of James II. and his Consort Queen Mary, in the Collegiate Church of St. Peter, in the Cathedral of Westminster, by Francis Sandford, Esq., Lancaster Herald of Arms, says, in Section 5th, THE OATH—The sermon being ended, the King uncovered his head, and the Archbishop arose and repaired to His Majesty, and asked him, "Sir,

are you willing to take the oath usually taken by your predecessors ?”

King : “ I am willing.”

Then the Archbishop ministered these questions, to which the King (having a book in his hand) answered severally as followeth :

Archbishop : “ Will you grant and keep and by your oath confirm to the people of England, the laws and customs to them granted by the Kings of England, your lawful and religious predecessors ; and namely, the laws, customs, and franchises granted to the clergy by the glorious King St. Edward your predecessor, according to the laws of God, the true profession of the Gospel established in this kingdom, and agreeing to the prerogative of the Kings thereof, and the ancient customs of this realm ?”

King : “ I grant and promise to keep them.”

Archbishop : “ Sir, will you keep peace and godly agreement entirely, according to your power, to the Holy Church, the clergy, and the people ?

King : “ I will keep it.”

And two questions concerning the preservation of the laws and customs of this realm followed. To all this he swore and kissed the book.

Section 9th. The INVESTITURE PER AURI-

CULUM. The Archbishop put the ring on the fourth finger of His Majesty's right hand, saying, "Receive the ring of kingly dignity and the *Seal of Catholic Faith*. That as thou art this day consecrated head and prince of this kingdom, and people, &c."

Again, in section 11th. THE ENTHRONING :—The king being seated on his throne, the Archbishop standing before him said this exhortation : "Stand firm and hold fast from henceforth that place of royal dignity, whereof thou art the lawful and undoubted heir by succession from thy forefathers,* &c., &c."

We have selected only such passages from the coronation service as might logically and historically in the mind of James be identified with that faith to which he had under the influence of his mother been reconciled in a Catholic country, and which he openly professed at the death of his first wife—that is, the religion of Edward the Confessor, in communion with Rome, or the Catholic faith.

"It was," says James, "the Divine Providence that made me leave my country so young. He made me save myself from my enemies, and seek

* Lingard xiv. 23. And Mary of Modena, pp. 167-170. Sancroft crowning James II.

for a place of refuge in strange kingdoms. I have spent the greatest part of the twelve years of my first exile in Catholic countries.”*

There are none, perhaps, really earnest in their religion but wish all others, especially their friends, to be of their faith. James was earnest, and sacrificed three crowns to the unwise means by which he would attain this great end. All James' notions, except that of universal toleration, are said to have been six centuries behind the age in which he lived, and in that he was a century-and-a-half too early.

In spite of the existing laws against Catholics, this misguided monarch made a parade of the condemned faith, and sent Lord Thomas Howard, son of Henry Duke of Norfolk, as Catholic Ambassador to Rome in 1686; and this at a time too, when “missals, offices, lives of saints, portal premiers,” were by various Acts of Parliament forbidden to be printed or sold.

To form a just idea of the lengths to which James ventured, against the feelings and religious policy of the nation, we have only to pause as it were, with those who describe the scenes and events amidst which they lived.

John Evelyn states in his Diary, “Whitehall,

* MS. of Rev. — Sanders, London, 1704.

London, August 22nd, 1685.—His Majesty delivered the seal to my Lord Turrit and myself, and then gave us his hand to kiss. There were the two Venetian ambassadors and a world of company: amongst the rest, the first popish nuncio that had been in England since the Reformation, so wonderfully were things changed, and Ferdinand Count d'Adda, made afterwards a cardinal for his services in this embassy.

“Dec. 29th, 1686, I went to hear the music of the Italians in the new chapel, now first opened publicly at Whitehall for the popish service.

“The throne where the King and Queen sit is very glorious, in a closet above, just opposite to the altar. Here we saw the bishop in his mitre and rich cope, six or seven Jesuits in their copes; then he went to the altar and made various cringes, then censing the images and glorious Tabernacle placed on the altar, now and then changing place. The crosier, which was of silver, was put into his hand with a world of mysterious ceremony, the music playing with singing. I could not have believed I should ever have seen such things in the kingdom of England's palace, after it had pleased God to enlighten this nation; but one great sin has for the present eclipsed the bless-

ing, which I hope he will in mercy and good time restore to its purity.

“Jan. 17th, 1687, Lord Tyrconnel gone to succeed the Lord-Lieutenant (Clarendon) in Ireland, to the astonishment of all sober men, and to the evident ruin of the Protestants in that kingdom. Popish justices of the peace established in all counties of the meanest of the people; judges, ignorant of the law, and perverting it; so furiously do the Jesuits drive and compel princes to violate conscience. Tyrconnel was charged to raise the Irish above the English interest, so that in any subsequent revolution, Ireland might offer a secure asylum to the king and his party, should he be driven from his throne.”

Not only Evelyn, but Barillon, Sir John Reresby, Ellis' correspondence, edited by the Hon. G. Agar Ellis,—all bear witness that the complaints of James's Protestant subjects were not groundless. They were fully confirmed by the friends and connections with whom in early life he had so imprudently allied himself, and in whom he reposed that confidence which they afterwards abused and betrayed.

His marriage with Ann Hyde involved him in difficulties which he could neither avert nor

control. It identified him with the unpopularity of her father, Clarendon. It provoked against him the enmity of Buckingham and enlisted Bristol, Shaftesbury, and the rest of that party in the ranks of his opponents, who, suspecting that James would sooner or later avenge on them the injuries which his father-in-law had suffered, conspired among themselves to deprive him of the royal succession. Even the very sources of wealth and national glory which he opened to his country conduced to his subsequent misfortunes and his fall. When Lord Admiral of England, he not only advanced naval science but extended the influence and prosperity of England in three different quarters of the globe—that is to say, Hindostan, Long Island, in America, called in honour of him New York, and on the coast of Africa.

He thus defeated the endeavours of the Dutch to monopolise the trade of the East and West Indies, and to usurp the sovereignty of the seas, so that as Duke of York, twenty years before his accession, James had aroused that jealousy of the Dutch, which afterwards never slept. His naval skill and unrivalled valour achieved the most signal victory over the fleets of Holland that had ever been won by the British navy.

The memorable sea fight to which this island is so deeply indebted, was fought on the 3rd June, 1665, off the coast of Suffolk. The duke's brilliant achievement has in a great measure been attributed to the adoption of the naval signals and improvement in maritime warfare which his youthful genius had adopted, if not discovered.

So early as 1680 the Prince of Orange was eager and persevering in his schemes for mounting the British throne. While he pretended to rely entirely on the leaders of the faction without he sought to extend, with much cunning, his intrigues to members of the Cabinet. He gained Godolphin and Hyde to his views, and even the Duke of York, ignorantly to favour his designs. But of all the intrigues of the Prince of Orange for mounting the throne destined for his father-in-law, that which became ultimately of most advantage to his views, was his gaining the Earl of Sunderland.

On the accession of James the eyes of the conflicting powers of Europe were turned upon that monarch. The ambition and power of Louis XIV. of France awakened the fears of the rest of Europe. Spain had been weakened and impoverished by wars. Austria well-nigh helpless against the attacks of Turkey. Venice, formerly

so powerful, was falling from her greatness. The German States hated Austria, dreaded France, and wavered between both.

William of Nassau, Prince of Orange, Stadholder of Holland, alone opposed the armies of France. His success won for him the co-operation of Spain, of some of the German States, and finally even of Pope Innocent the Eleventh; yet, overmatched by the domination of France, this alliance looked to James for his sympathy and support. The brother of William's mother, and the father of his wife, might naturally be expected to promote the designs of his nephew and son-in-law.

Louis also deserved the support of James; and James, listening to his counsel, involved himself in that miserable conflict with his own subjects which eventually exiled him from his hereditary realms.

From the beginning to the end of this monarch's reign there has been no part of it so darkly shaded, or so much used against him, as that which is associated with the cruelties of Jefferies. The Chief Justice seems to have taken for a precedent the sanguinary conduct of those who in the reign of Elizabeth punished the Northern insurgents.

Notwithstanding the statements of Burnet and others, the Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards Duke of Normanby, assures us that James “compassioned his enemies so much as never to forgive Jefferies for executing so severely multitudes of them in the West, contrary to his express orders.”

The king afterwards thanked Bishop Kerr, and also Sir Thomas Cutler, for their intercession for the condemned at the time that Sir Thomas was commanding officer at Wells.

Halifax, Rochester, Sunderland, and Jefferies—some of the ablest men of the age—formed James’s cabinet. The defeat of Argyle and the overthrow of Monmouth served to strengthen this administration. Parliament offered no great opposition to despotic government. Even the Church of England, mindful of her own interests, preached up passive obedience as an article of the national faith. James’s religious toleration of all sects went far to smash the supremacy of the Established Church. She, however, made a stand for the test.

James’s worst attribute was obstinacy; and in spite of opposition he clung to his purpose, although the Marquis of Winchester, Lords Anglesea, Halifax, Nottingham, Mordaunt, and,

lastly, Compton, Bishop of London, who spoke the sentiments of the united bench of bishops, pronounced the test act the chief security of the Established Church. The mind which James had to resist and bear down all difficulties at any risk, some call firmness and some obstinacy. In his ecclesiastical polity, his amiable and beautiful queen, Maria d' Este, the adopted daughter of Louis, naturally, as a Catholic, concurred. Both king and queen were, doubtless, counselled by the clergy. Yet many of the leading Catholics deemed it imprudent to risk their present tranquillity for an uncertain benefit ; and this was the policy of Rome. The mild influence of Mary Beatrice reigned supremely in her household over Protestants as well as Catholics.

James had sacrificed place and power to his religion, but could not sacrifice his pleasures to its precepts. He loved Catherine Sedley "unwisely and too well."

It was but honourable to the queen's feelings, as a Christian and a wife, to avail herself of the influence of the clergy in attaining that ascendancy over her erring husband which compelled him to dismiss the shameless woman, who had obtruded herself upon the domestic sanctuary of

pure chastity and wedded love. Rochester, a fluent speaker, a free drinker, one who could swear by everything which was not popish, held the first place in the administration : his abilities were inferior to his high connections and rank.

In his opponent, the Earl of Sunderland, he had a supple courtier, a sharp wit, a polished gentleman, and an able politician to compete with for the chief direction of the government. Sunderland had gained the king's confidence ; he perceived the queen's dislike to Rocheter, and sought to turn it to his account.

It was then that Rochester had recourse to that unworthy stratagem which hastened his downfall, his endeavour to recall the discarded Countess of Dorchester in aid of the Protestant cause.

So anxious was Rochester to retain office that it was thought he might be won over to the Roman Catholic faith ; but in justice to the fallen minister we must say that on this point he was inflexible, and thus he regained his ground with the Protestant party, and evaded the additional disgrace which would have accompanied his dismissal.

The Parliament identified with the monarch in

politics, was steadfast in its support of and sanction of those tests and those penal laws, which have since been repealed. The king condescended to the unconstitutional weakness of entreating or commanding in private each member separately to yield to his measures.

Such was the aspect of affairs when the birth of an heir to the crown of Great Britain was announced to Europe.

By Louis XIV. the news was received with unbounded joy. At the Hague every mark of ceremonial respect was paid on the occasion by William of Orange. The grievances of the English people, however, he made his ladder by which stealthily and cunningly he ascended, step by step, to the British throne. His designs were unknown and unsuspected by James, who pursued with obstinacy his dangerous and desperate career. "From this moment," says Lingard, "his enemies watched his conduct with more than their former jealousy, while the infatuated monarch continued to act as if it were his wish to conjure up and combine together all the elements of that storm which in a few months burst on his head"—and swept him and his from the throne.

Such is a brief outline of the circumstances

under which the conduct and policy of James II. entailed upon himself and his family those calamities which are associated and interwoven with the texture of our narrative.

CHAPTER IV.

Let our Alliance be combined,
Our best friends made, and our best means stretch'd out ;
And let us presently go sit in couucil,
How covert matters may be best disclosed,
And open perils surest answer'd,—*Shakespeare.*

WE must now return to the Palace of Whitehall. The king was in his cabinet, seated at a table covered with scarlet cloth, on which were placed silver inkstands, pens and paper, interspersed with folios and important documents. He was writing despatches and letters, but started up suddenly at every sound which reached him, and as often sank into a morbid state of despondence, and let the pen drop from his hand. His gaze was vacant, his look haggard and agitated ; deep anguish had unhinged the monarch's mind. He thought aloud. "'Tis my son I must endeavour to save at the risk of my own life and my crown. Oh ! my son, my son ! the child of many prayers. Oh, my queen, the wife of my bosom—the loved and faithful partner of my honours and my fall—sweet sharer

of my sorrows ! Oh ! that one should be taken and the other left : nothing but death can divide us. Oh, Mary ! the mother of my boy. Can I depend my fond treasures on Lauzun, on Victor, on any one ? God help me ! Even my own children—but no, they cannot deceive—they cannot deceive the fond father who trusts them. My own Ann, my darling daughter, Mary of Orange ; my nephew and son-in-law ; my brother-in-law, Clarendon ; my nephew, Cornbury !

“ Only sixteen years ago, my bride, my timid virgin bride, you came to this isle surrounded by the nobles of England, of Italy, of France, arrayed in royal splendour. Now you leave it an exile, a fugitive, in a peasant's dress, with your royal infant in your arms, to seek on a foreign shore a refuge from the storm which drives you from that throne which you adorned. Torn from the heart which you, and you alone, could fill with peace and joy. And oh ! my son, my son, the dearest gift of heaven !

“ As a beautiful victim adorned for the sacrifice, Mary, you joined your reluctant hand to mine, and shared my cruel destinies. Then you shed tears for the sunny land which you had left ; and gloom fell on the young heart, for which the too near prospect of three crowns had no charm.

But they shall rest on the head of your son, the heir of his father's realms, but not of his woes."

This soliloquy was interrupted by loud exclamations of the domestics, and the sound of that well-known name, the Prince of Wales, made the king start from his seat. He hurried with quick but faltering step to the chambers whence the screams of the women arose, by the nearest way, which was through the queen's private apartments, which opened into the royal nurseries. The queen's chamber still bore traces of her recent occupation. On a table of massive oak, richly carved, might be seen an open missal, brilliantly illuminated, in the style of the previous century, and the "*De Imitatione Christi*," of Thomas à Kempis. The walls were hung with paintings by Titian and Murillo and many pieces of Church history. In an oriel window were a priedieu and table in altar fashion, decorated with rare specimens of artificial flowers, supposed to be the work of the queen and her ladies, also a shrine, doubtless containing some treasured relics of holy recollection, a small gold crucifix, as well as other emblems of the ancient faith. A Turkey carpet, of rich and varied colours, covered the floor. On the side of the room opposite the window stood a cabinet of filigree

silver, a masterpiece of Italian workmanship; and numerous mosaics and vases of rare marbles and alabasters from her own land, were carelessly scattered around the room. In this private apartment the queen had passed many happy days with her young and beautiful countrywoman, Anna Montecuculi, the companion of her infancy, and the friend of her later years; also more recently; during the trials and alarms of her Majesty, with many English ladies, among whom there was one fair young girl, whom we shall have occasion again to mention. This room opened into a suite of apartments appropriated to the infant Prince of Wales. The state chamber was lofty, and magnificent in all its proportions, panelled with dark rich carved oak. The windows were shaded outside by verandahs, with trellis work at the bottom, while inside crimson curtains flowed down in rich drapery from gorgeous cornices above, surmounted by an ostrich plume exquisitely wrought; and gilt couches and ottomans covered with crimson damask, were scattered round the room in great confusion. In a recess, under a canopy of state, surmounted by the royal arms, might be seen a cradle draped in crimson and gold, with silver embroidery round the

border. Near it was a chair of state, fauteuils, rocking-chairs, and a priedieu. On a small oak table, in a corner, there was a massive gold salver, on which were several utensils of the same metal.

No sooner had the king entered the apartment than, mingled with the lamentations which burst upon his ears, he caught the words, "She ought not to have left the prince alone for one moment. Just so the Countess of Sunderland, when it was her duty to have watched beside the bed of the royal mother, left her Majesty without a single creature to take care of her but a poor young thing like me, the very night the prince was born."

This was said by a young Protestant maid-servant—Kate Coleman.

"Some Dutch fiend," cried another, "has spirited away the royal babe while all slept."

A third person observed, "I heard a noise last night, but imagined it was the storm."

"Where is Mrs. Labadie?" shouted several voices at once, and re-echoed through the lofty suite of apartments.

"What has become of my lady Strickland?" asked one more anxious than the rest.

The alarm quickly spread throughout the

palace, and reached most probably the ears of some of the paid agents of the Prince of Orange. However this may be, before the king could recollect himself, Lord Craven, commander of the household troops, entered in full armour, and hurriedly approached the king with the news that the city was in the hands of the mob, and that his person was in danger.

“Let your Majesty give the order that we fire upon them,” cried the noble commander.

The king signified his dissent, and hastened with the brave officer to the council chamber, where many of the nobles who still adhered to his fortunes were assembled in great consternation.

Scarcely had the flight of the royal mother and infant been discovered by the household than the public mind, by the most cunning artifice, had been inflamed against the king. The tide of the populace rolled and surged furiously to and fro. The reports were as contradictory as they were cruel.

“The king had sent his wife and child away to escape the fire with which he was to consume London.”

There was a terrible and stormy energy which swept all before it. There were thousands who

were not the less devoted Protestants because they were ignorant of the Thirty-nine Articles—(even enlightened merchants were almost, as a matter of course, unfriendly to the gentry and nobility, who retained the ancient faith). It was, however, only the lowest dregs of the fermentation that effervesced into the gurgling sound of “deep, damnable, accursed plot.” Such leaders as these owed their honours to Alsatia; and having once indulged their followers with the savage war whoop, were only too willing to heighten and encourage those clamours which went right to the heart of the poor king.

As the Royalists had grubbed up abuse and flung it at the Roundheads of the Rump during the contentions between those two parties, so now in their turn the Dissenters from the Church of England raised the cry against the Royalists, prelacy and popery, which they associated together in one abomination.

The authorities, as they do on similar occasions, wavered, shrank from their responsibilities, or looked on as unconcerned spectators. The monarch, therefore, and his adherents, who still rallied round him, were under the necessity of immediate action of some sort in their own defence. Most of his ministers still clung to the

unfortunate monarch, and the hasty meeting which the emergency of the crisis had called together, impatiently waited the expression of the king's sentiments.

When his Majesty entered and took his seat, deep grief and settled sorrow marked his countenance, his usually majestic frame seemed weighed down by a load of care. Loyal sympathy touched the hearts of all present, but their feelings were silent. He made a gracious bow to those assembled and requested their opinions as to the immediate measures to be adopted.

Ten days had now elapsed since, according to the decision of the council held on 29th November, the commissioners Nottingham, Halifax, and Godolphin had been sent to make terms with William, and no account of their proceedings had been received. Great was the anxiety for their return, or their report of the conditions imposed by the invader. Indeed, all, perhaps, but the unhappy monarch himself had painful suspicions of the loyalty of the absent ministers, especially of Halifax, whom his Majesty would most gladly have consulted on the present occasion had he been at hand.

The aged veteran and faithful commander of the household troops first spoke, and openly,

earnestly, but with profound respect, proposed an appeal to arms as the best, the only means to extricate the king from his difficulties, and once and for ever upset the inventions of the enemy.

“We will first clear this neighbourhood of the rabble, and then force the Dutchman to a battle,” he said.

Barillon, the French ambassador, who was then present, and had all along laboured by every artifice to inflame the jealousy and widen the breach between the two sovereigns, (less generous than his own master, Louis, whose interests he had at heart), said :

“May it please your gracious Majesty, repose on the fidelity of your subjects, whose dispositions you are well acquainted with—confide in your resources. Your Majesty’s most devoted brother and ally, my august and most Catholic sovereign has ever applauded your religious designs, and is ready to lend you and yours his royal aid. You could not have expected the support or forbearance of a heretic. Do not hesitate—hesitation will endanger your throne.”

Sir Edward Hales proposed delay and further consideration before his Majesty exposed his sacred person. Northumberland cast an enquiring look at the Count de Roze, who whispered a word

in Lord Craven's ear. Mulgrave, dreading the fiery spirit of religious fury which now instigated the mob, deprecated the king's misplaced clemency and forbearance.

"How dare I strike," said the king, "when I cannot depend upon my own children, much less upon my troops? neither have I the heart to slay my misguided people."

"I have sounded the troops," said a royalist, "and your Majesty may rely on their fidelity. I consulted the officers and passed through the army before I waited on your council."

Many and conflicting were the opinions delivered, according to the interests or politics of the speaker.

The king attempted again to speak, but his words either had no decision to express, or failed to utter his intentions. Turning himself to old Lord Craven, he said, "Can we, my lord, depend even on our own household troops—our body guards?"

"Only let me try their mettle and their loyalty on yon cowardly curs, which growl and snarl and howl about us," said the veteran.

"Mercy will best conquer them," said the king.

“Have mercy on yourself, on us your faithful followers,” said Craven.

The valiant Dundee, faithful among the faithless, loyal among the disloyal, endeavoured to rouse the sinking spirit of his heart-broken monarch into action. “Make your stand on the solid foundations of your throne. There are many hearts burning in your cause. Only assure yourself of victory and you are reinstated in the affections and government of your people. Awake to your glory — recall the glories of your youth. I, too, have passed through the ranks of your army. Those who will not yield to a monarch’s love shall crouch around the throne beneath the sword which is already unsheathed, impatient of delay. Summon your subjects! Demand their allegiance. It is for you to command, my liege (here the brave officer fell on his knees). Your will is our pleasure. ’Tis yours to order, ours to obey. Entrust me with your commission. I am familiar with the ranks, and have sounded the loyalty of the army. I undertake to bring together 10,000 men of your disheartened and wavering troops. Unfurl your banner, and plant it in our midst. We will rally round your Royal person and recover as much and more than we

have lost. The Protestant breeze on which the Dutchman's colours fluttered yesterday in the fickle gale will to-morrow float yours aloft, over flood and field, high above battlement and tower. Many honest hearts are beating high and fast in the hope of your presence at the head of your troops. They are only waiting for the signal, and will throng to your standard. We will drive the Dutch dogs to their native dykes and swampy fens."

The brave soldier enforced his words with so much energy of expression and action, that he inspired most of his hearers with the same patriotic emotion, which, however, found no vent in words. The King looked restless and excited, but was silent. Was it that in his heart he had resolved, whenever he should quit Whitehall he would follow his wife and son into exile?

"Well spoken, and worthy of the gallant Captain Grahame, who fought his way to distinction under the stadholder, Prince of Orange, and shared in that cunning commander's victories," observed Barillon, aside to the King. Count de Roye, overhearing this allusion to the Viscount's change of masters, promotion and present patriotism, remarked, that though the Scotch general had served under the Prince

of Orange he had fought in a good cause. He had ever been a stanch supporter of the present monarch and his late brother. No sooner was Dundee aware of Barillon's allusion than he bowed deeply to the King; but colouring with resentment, said—

“When a dominant and encroaching ascendancy threatened the Powers of Europe my sword was unsheathed for the general good. The present invader of our lawful monarch's rights fought bravely. He had then not degraded the character of the soldier into the cunning of the traitor. It was not my province to serve two masters and to sacrifice the welfare of one to the interests of the other. I am not the man,” continued the good old veteran, “to kindle the fire of discord between the uncle and nephew, to inflame the son-in-law against the father-in-law.”

Lord Craven, stooped his venerable head towards James. “Strike, my sovereign,” he cried, “while you have the power. Let me head the guards and make a sally on the riff-raff rascals, who have dared to approach the residence of Majesty. With my own right hand will I cut a road deluged with their puddle blood. Let us at them, before you are made a

prisoner, sooner or later, in your own palace by Dutch dogs, invading your dominions, under the cover of religious liberty."

"Come, come, my brave old friend," said James, "you are too much excited, by the insult offered to your King. Let the blood which rose with the glow of youth to your cheek subside into its age again. Were your power as effectual as your zeal is loyal and sincere I had nought to fear. Let us wait, at least, for the return of the commissioners, who ought ere this to have been here with the answer of the Prince of Orange. Halifax, at least, would press upon us in this crisis graver consideration."

"But so would not the faithful few," said Mulgrave. "Ask the Earls of Arran, Aylesbury, Dumbarton, Lichfield, their opinion, my sovereign liege, and they will concur with the Lord Dundee, and, even after a little more deliberation, urge your Majesty to entrust your safety and your kingdom to the faithfulness and valour of the two noble veterans."

"O!" said James, in deep dejection, "had I but bestowed my confidence to moral worth like that which urges on that brave old warrior who commands my guards, no foreign prince had dared to enlist our subjects against us."

“Be true to yourself, then,” replied Dundee. “The day of manly enterprise has not yet gone down. Suffer not the enemy to drive you from your realms without a blow.”

“Strike! strike home!” says Craven.

“Ministers, councillors, general officers, and even your commissioners, may prove false to their oaths of allegiance, but the great body of your people, my liege,” says Viscount Dundee, “are true, and only too eager to fight for their native sovereign, if he would but trust to their loyalty.”

Before the brave man could say more, a messenger bearing a despatch from William was admitted to the royal presence.

James broke open the seal. The first name which caught the unhappy monarch's eye was—Clarendon's. His hand trembled, the livid hue of death came over his countenance. Quickly recovering himself, he read aloud to all present that William had appointed Clarendon, Schomberg, and Oxford to confer with his commissioners.

“God help me!” mourned the king in helpless agony. “Scarcely a month has passed since this bad bold lord, my former wife's once devoted brother, exclaimed, ‘O God! that my

son should be a rebel !' The Lord in his mercy look upon me, and enable me to support myself under this most grievous calamity !"

"I remember it well," says Barillon, "for I entered the exclamation in my despatches. Shall I complete the expressions of Clarendon on that occasion ?" said the French minister.

The king bowed consent.

"He waited on James the next day," continued the speaker, taking up the plaintive strain of Clarendon. "'God knows, I was in confusion. The king was very gracious to me, and said he pitied me with all his heart, and that he would still be kind to me.'"

"All this, my lords," cried James, "from the father who mourned over the treachery of his faithless son Cornbury, who deserted and stole away from our loyal officers !"

Three weeks had barely passed since the Duke of Grafton and the Lord Churchill were the first to declare their readiness to shed their blood in the king's cause. Where were they now ? This whole day nothing but Job's tidings and Job's comfort poured in upon his Majesty.

It appeared from the report of the bearers of William's proposals, that Grafton, Churchill, and the rest of the deserters, had been well re-

ceived by William, but that Churchill quailed beneath the withering scowl of Schomberg, while the great commander observed, with cutting sarcasm, that the successful hero who had joined his prince was the first man with the rank of lieutenant-general who had been known to run away from his colours.

The commissioners' despatch further signified that there appeared a possibility of putting matters in a way of accommodation; their private letters, however, were more discouraging than their public despatch.

"My lords and gentlemen," said James, after a great effort to find words, "it appears to be clearly the object of our nephew to depose us, your lawful liege sovereign, the anointed of God, by a Parliament of his own calling, and brought in by his own party-cry and moulded to his will."

Cries of "Down with the black-hearted Papists!" "Welcome, Protestant saviour of Protestant England!" were now heard even within the precincts of the palace.

James trembled between anger and grief. Turning anxiously to Sir Edward Hales, he said something low and sorrowfully.

"Since your Majesty does me the honour to ask my advice, I will humbly venture it."

"Not here, not now," says the king.

Lord Craven approached his Majesty, who, anticipating his object, said, "There is no help for it. O, that we could restore peace! O, that the nation would return to its right mind!"

At this moment a movement near the door attracted their attention. Victor entered, pressed through the noblemen who surrounded James, advanced towards him, making a low obeisance.

The king raised him by the hand—and would have kissed and embraced him. A glance passed between them, and then through the cloud which had hitherto saddened the monarch's countenance there burst out a gleam of delight, while the king declared to all assembled that their queen and the royal heir were safely embarked and were beyond the perils of the land.

"For God's sake, then, sire, take heart," cried Sir Edward Hales; "let your army throw themselves between the rebels and your Majesty."

"You are right, my faithful friend," said the King: "we will give the enemy battle boldly."

Turning to Lord Craven, he said, "See, my lord, that the guards be in readiness to attend us to Uxbridge to-morrow morning." He then spoke aside with Barillon for some minutes, and

admitted to him that he had not a single corps on whose fidelity he could rely. Casting a wandering glance from one to another, as if expecting some one to speak, he at length added, "Let us have one blow for the Crown."

At that very instant a horseman, bearing all the marks of haste and concern, arrived with private information, which was presented by the equerry himself to James, who again changed colour, hesitated, and read aloud, in a voice almost stifled by grief and perplexity:—"Plymouth, Bristol, and other places have submitted themselves to the Prince of Orange."

"We own," said the declaration from Nottingham, "that it is rebellion to resist a King that governs by law, but he was always accounted a tyrant that made his own will the law. To resist such an one is no rebellion, but a necessary defence." To crown his misery, it appeared from what he read aloud that a Scotch regiment of horse had deserted. James was overwhelmed.

"Does the enemy advance or retreat, your Majesty?" asked the Earl of Mulgrave.

The King said, "We must own the adversary is advancing."

Mulgrave shook his head with an air of melancholy.

James, summoning all the strength and authority which none knew better than the Stuarts how to display, said—

“The matters on which we are deliberating, and which demand our prompt and united action, are too weighty for this mere chance conversation. I therefore hereby and herewith summon a regular council to meet us to-morrow morning at nine o'clock. You, my Lord Mulgrave, will make known our royal pleasure to all our ministers.”

James then arose, bowed to the assembly, and passed with a faltering step out of the room into an ante-chamber, actually supported on the arm of his friend Victor.

CHAPTER V.

Grief fills the room up of my absent child,
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,
Puts on his pretty looks.—*Shakespeare.*

And many monstrous forms, in sleep we see,
That neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.—*Dryden.*

No sooner had the king and his faithful friend Victor passed together through the ante-room, than the former, exhausted by his recent efforts to bear up against the calamities which afflicted him, sank down on a chair and lost himself in that melancholy reverie from which nothing less than his eagerness for tidings of the queen and the infant prince could have awakened him. So intense was the affectionate interest which he felt in their escape and safety, that for a moment he could only regard their guardian and their guide in silent expectation when a burst of that grief with which a stranger intermeddleth not escaped him, gushing out "God help me! God help me! I am wounded in the house of my friends. My own girls, whom I fondled in

my bosom and loved better than myself—O heavens!”

Victor, in that attitude of supplication expressive of the heart's entreaty, and which none could make more gracefully and effectually than this devoted Frenchman, besought the plaintive monarch to collect himself—to let the king triumph over the man. And thrice happy was it for the unfortunate and unwise sovereign at this crisis that, in his desolation, he could repose on foreigners such as Victor and Lauzun for that allegiance and attachment which his countrymen denied him.

There must indeed have been a charm about the Stuarts which could win the hearts and retain the fidelity of the people through every vicissitude of their eventful history. Even at this day they are invested with an interest of which no other line of kings can boast.

The heart-stirring incidents and hair-breadth escapes of the queen and her son under the cover of that dark night and the disguise which they wore, already familiar to the reader, at once touched a chord which thrilled through the heart of the husband and the father, and aroused him to a sense of his own present position and the future perils which awaited him. He hangs

upon each word of the speaker, and feels an anxious interest in the narrative of their perilous adventures.

To the reader who is acquainted with the situation of Whitehall as it is at present, the local incidents and the extent of the pleasure-grounds, as related in this tale, must be confused or unintelligible; unless, indeed, he can in some degree realize the position and buildings of the ancient palace as it was in the time of the Stuarts, who made it their royal residence. The whole of that space, on which the edifice now called the "Horse Guards" is built, made a part of St. James's Park, and the buildings called the Treasury were a part of the ancient palace. The ornamental water seems to have drained the grounds, and connected them and also the park to the Thames. The whole was on a much grander scale than it is at present. The lake was beautifully fringed with evergreens on each bank, which had been planted to shelter rare waterfowl.

The narrative of Victor was repeatedly interrupted by the monarch, as with a throbbing heart he ran on with a string of anxious inquiries faster than they could be answered,

"But how," said the King, "did my little

boy bear the cold, wet journey? Did he call attention to the bundle of the washerwoman?"

"He is a royal prince, every inch of him—a born sailor—a miracle of an infant; the future father of a race of kings. He, by some royal instinct or other," said Victor, "behaved as if conscious of his situation, yet was unmoved by the perils which surrounded him."

"He is to me," exclaims the now ecstatic King, "the fruit of pious vows and fervent prayers. The blessed mother of the King of kings, our mother in heaven, watches over our royal babe."

Smarting under a bitter sense of his wrongs, the father had listened with the most affectionate eagerness to Victor's recital, and at its close, bursting the usual restraints of majesty, in an ecstasy of gratitude, threw his arms round the neck of the preserver of the queen and the prince, and embraced him in a rapture of delight. One gleam of joy glowed in his Majesty's countenance and flashed through his being like some bright seraph from the realms of light, winging his way through the darkness of despair.

The king, with tears in his eyes, declared that Victor and Lauzun had redeemed his opinion of mankind. "Indeed," sighed he, "since

I have been wounded in the house of my friends
I see nothing but treachery in every man's
countenance. And yet there was a time when I
knew not how to suspect."

"And therefore," rejoined Victor, "you have
been betrayed."

"In this respect," observed the King, "I am
not different, from others in adversity: for as is
the usual way of the world, the applause and
homage of Englishmen are dedicated to the rising
sun. The men who swore to us undying loyalty
in the day of our glory, now but too naturally
transfer their allegiance and support from us in
our discomfiture to our triumphant rival, that
unworthy usurper, our son-in-law. On all sides
I am undone. If I remain where I am, I shall
share the fate of my royal father, perhaps on
the same spot. If I depart I shall be trepanned
into the snares of the enemy, and be com-
pelled to drag on a living death, unblest by the
light and air of heaven."

Thus was the dejected monarch wasting his
time and opportunity, when Sir Edward Hales
entered the room and prostrated himself before
the king, imploring him, by all that was sacred,
to take new courage, to desist from his purpose
of quitting his realms.

“To abandon the country at such a crisis,” urged Hales, “will, in the archives of Holland, be abdication.”

“Nay, Sir Edward, you are wrong. Were your power equal to your patriotism and your wishes, I could still live and reign in the midst of my own people; but alas! fate has ordained it otherwise. My voluntary exile will insure our recall, and reinstate us. What else can I do—insulted by one, betrayed by another, injured by a third party, and forsaken by nearly all?”

“Not by us!” replied Victor and Sir Edward, in the same breath.

“The false-hearted Dutchman,” said the king, “has violated every human and divine law—flaunting the standard of rebellion under the colour of religion, that he may rob the Catholic peers of their birthright—founding his operations on the basis of falsehood and forgery; involving us and our subjects in ruin. The perjury of a convicted liar, which has murdered the innocent nobles of England, will recover its strength, and arm the popular fury against your king, desecrate your altars, and deluge them with the blood of God’s priests.”

“I am sick of the very sound of plots and popery,” cried Victor; “Albion has been in a

scarlet fever, to which the notorious doctor must skilfully administer, or perish with his patient. I often wonder whether the insane hatred and dread which are now enlisting the energies of England against Rome, with which the island had been for so many centuries in religious communion, will ever subside into peace."

"Never!" said Victor; "for not only England, but every Protestant country, in justice to its own religious severance from the Catholic Church, will unite against the communion from which it broke away. The Protestant future, will re-echo the war cry of the Protestant past. Plots, popery, and priestcraft are but other words for one and the same thing."

"The English, my liege sovereign," added Hales, "only love the house of Stuart less than they hate that house which is built upon the rock."

Such were the unchallenged opinions of the speakers, who were all of the same faith.

Victor observed, "We are unavoidably prejudiced in favour of the faith to which we have sacrificed everything, and naturally detest that religion which persecutes us. Still, true Catholics were ever loyal to Protestant sovereigns."

Sir Edward remarked "that all party principles were formed in the same way. Our estimate of, and adherence to, any society," said he, "will much depend upon the treatment which each of us has received from some individual, whom we take as a type of the communion to which he belongs. Each is but too ready to confound Protestantism with the cause of Oates or Bedloe, Shaftesbury, Lord William Russell, or Algernon Sidney, whom many consider patriots, but whom we Catholics, and that portion of the Established Church which claims to be of the old faith, call traitors, who were urged on to destroy the victims of invented plots and imaginary treason."

At the word "treason" His Majesty started from his seat, as if it were a warning to him. The word probably associated with the subject of the silent musings in which he had once more lost himself, seemed to have shot some sudden thought through his mind. He arose from his seat, collected with his own hand all the parliamentary writs which had not hitherto been issued, and flinging them into the fire, exclaimed, "Thus we defeat the object of the invader. How can he now call a Parliament, or corrupt my faithful Commons?" He

then motioned the two friends, who had borne with him so long, to withdraw ; and, heavy and dejected as he was, warmly expressed his thanks to them for their tried loyalty and judicious advice.

Before the king retired to rest, he delivered a letter to the Count de Roye for Lord Faversham, announcing his intention of providing for his own safety. Once more he summoned Sir Edward Hales to his presence, and said to him, "My mind is made up. Prepare everything for our departure. The lull of the mob is only the deadly silence which precedes the full burst of the storm. It is not good for us to remain here longer."

"Since," replied Hales, sorrowfully, "your Majesty commands I must obey; would to heaven that your decision had been different."

The king evinced impatience. Sir Edward only ventured to regret that the notice for such an unexpected step was short—that the journey was long. "We will, however, my liege," he said, "make the best preparations of which the circumstances and time will admit. So soon as all is ready I shall wait on your Majesty again."

The king, after this arrangement, silently,

without his usual attendants, retired to bed, and sought rest of mind and body, of which he had been robbed so long, and which alone could restore him to health and strength equal to the perilous undertaking before him. Exhausted by the harassing fatigues of the last ten days, the bewildered monarch instantly fell into a deep but perturbed sleep, which was but a dream of horrors, with a vision of a brighter scene in the distance.

For days and nights before, a fearful rush of blood to the poor monarch's head, stirred up by mental agitation, had tinged every thought with a melancholy hue. He thought he was in a sea of blood. The sky glared red blood. His bed, to his imagination, was a bath of blood. All else beneath him and around him was dyed in blood. The boiling waves of this troubled sea gurgled and sobbed forth unnatural sounds, which seemed to break the dead silence of night. Along a shoreless ocean from a mountain of fire, which arose out of the ruddy waters, a chaos of lurid, flaming light shot up into the sickly sky, and crimsoned the sea with the reflection of fire mingled with gore. The very air was heated and red, and burnt through the dreaming monarch's eyes into his tortured brain.

In his dream he prayed. The vision changed. The scorching blast of the blood-red fire-flood was screened by a refreshing cloud, from the face of the king. The frightful tide down which he is drifting is turned into a pleasant sea of pure and living waters. A gentle breath of fragrance begins to fan the dreamer's throbbing temples. The burning mountain is softened down to snow-clad peaks of roseate light, on which the roving eyes of the monarch rest with refreshing coolness, when lo ! from that bright spot, beneath a canopy of azure, arises to his sight a form of light, crowned with a halo of glory—it is the virgin mother of our Lord, and by her side another form appears, that of his faithful and dearly beloved consort, Mary of Modena, bearing her infant in her arms.

Again fancy, quick as thought, through the veil of sleep, changes the vision. Paradise itself opens to his enraptured view, the balmy air breathes heavenly music, and bears to his ear the familiar words so often on his lips, "Ave Maria." He gazed, he listened. The beautiful sea was the English Channel, over which the voice of his queen came in accents of love. "We are safe, beyond danger, beloved. Oh ! tarry no longer behind. Speed,

speed, as you promised, and join us in France!"

It was the voice of Sir Edward Hales awaking him, which the poor king, in that dreamy region which lies between sleeping and waking, had mistaken for the tender invitation of his queen.

"May it please your Majesty," said the faithful attendant, "it is now past midnight."

The Duke of Northumberland also softly approached the royal bed, and informed James that all was ready for the journey. But so lively was the influence of the king's vision on his imagination, that he was unable to suppress the ejaculation—"God have mercy on us, where am I?" After a moment's conflict with his vivid fancies, the stern reality rushed on the mind of James. "Time wears away," said Sir Edward, impatiently, looking at his watch, "I pray your Majesty, hasten and let us make good our flight."

This was enough. The king arose at once from his bed and casting an anxious look at the Duke of Northumberland said, "Your Grace will return to your pallet bed, and be sure to keep the door of our sleeping-room locked till the usual hour for our rising in the morning."

The king then immediately set about disguising himself in plain clothes and a periwig

of raven blackness. Hales, however, for some motive best known to himself, objected respectfully to the colour, and offered him a wig of light hair, which the king thrust away with disgust; abusing the colour of the wig of the well-known Titus Oates.

He left his bed-room through a little door concealed in the wainscot, attended only by Sir Edward Hales, who had descended the stairs before him. They cross the privy gardens, nearly as the queen had done two nights before, and proceeded with great caution, the king carrying a velvet bag, which he appeared to prize highly. After having passed through the gardens, he handed this precious treasure to his companion, in whom he reposed implicit confidence, and whom for his constant and faithful loyalty the king in his exile created Earl of Tenterden.

The night was dark, except where the north-eastern horizon was tinged with a ruddy glowing light, which gleamed horridly over that part of the city—the distant reflection of those dreadful conflagrations which in their commencement on the Sunday morning decided the queen's flight from Whitehall. The tumult was already gaining that strength which eventually the ephemeral authorities of London could neither

arrest nor control. The unrestrained passions of the vast multitude raged wildly against the Catholic churches and the mansions of the ambassadors of the Catholic powers, many of the former of which had been burned to the ground. The sullen, distant roar of that storm, which on this second night of its fury, swelled into a tide of a hundred thousand men, fell frightfully on the ears of the fugitives.

As they passed on they were challenged by the guard, but declaring that they were on urgent business of the king's, and producing his Majesty's signet, which the officer on duty carefully examined, by the light of a flambeau, they were suffered to proceed, though not before the officer had looked with curiosity into the face of the king, whose features he evidently did not recognise.

It was but the work of a moment to unlock the outer gate, which the sentinel allowed them to pass.

Though under ordinary circumstances James would have been at the wrong side of the gate, yet now he congratulated himself and his companion on their escape so far, and said in a tone of soliloquy rather than of conversation, "Poor indeed must James Stuart be when he cannot

reward his faithful followers. But what can I do?" he added; "I am driven an outcast from the halls of my ancestors, no more to return."

"Nay, my liege, you will, in spite of yourself, be welcomed back again by the affections and loud acclamations of your people," said Hales.

The nocturnal fugitives were now on the way from Parliament Street to Milbank, where they found two watermen, who had evidently been engaged for the occasion. No sooner had the travellers taken their seats, than the boat was pushed off rapidly into the middle of the stream, impelled by the well-timed oars of men accustomed to their work, and who had not the slightest suspicion of the purpose or the rank of their passengers, whom they treated with the utmost indifference. Scarcely had they gained the centre, where the current was strongest, when James whispered Hales to give him the bag, which he had carefully kept under his cloak. Taking it, the infatuated monarch drew forth no more nor less than the great seal of England, and flung it into the dark deep river.

"Are you aware," asked Sir Edward, in amazement, "of what you have done? Was

it not your great seal which I carried in the velvet bag? If so, it will be necessary to procure another on your arrival in France, to give effect to your royal letters, pardons, and commissions."

"That was the authority in which was centred and expressed our divine prerogative and inalienable legal right. The usurper must find it before he can stamp his public acts with his supremacy over the realm," said James. He then fixed his eyes on the dreary water, as though his thoughts were sinking to the depths to which he had consigned the bauble. In the meantime, and, indeed, during the whole of that short, but melancholy voyage, the two rough watermen, unconscious of what was passing, sang to a loud, yet measured air, to which the boat seemed to keep time as she moved through the water, the words of the doggrel duet, by Captain William Bedloe, which ran thus :—

I.

"Idolatries, lyes, blasphemies and worse,
Are their religion bound up with a curse.
Poysons, rapes, massacres are saint-like ware,
And holy dictates of the Roman chair.
Perjuries, murthers are their laws; 'twere sin,
Not to be still found dutiful therein.
To kill all heretics is no plot now,
But true devotion and religious vow.

II.

“Kings are usurpers that hold not their crown
Derived from Roman mitre, and must go down.
They are more troublesome than Egypt's frogs,
And must be killed like vermin and mad dogs.
Thus they promote the scarlet interest,
In honour to the whore and to the beast.
Apollyon, Abaddon bids them burn,
And root out nations that will not turn.
Kings are usurpers, &c., &c.

Tol de rol.”

If anything could have tempted James to fling himself, or the singers, after the great seal, it must have been the burden of that lampoon. But he was so abstracted that he heeded them not.

In the dead of a wintry night, without any event worth further notice, accompanied by only one fellow traveller, James landed at Vauxhall stairs, to brave greater perils than those from which he was flying. The King and Sir Edward made their way to a turn of the road, where a groom was in waiting with two swift horses, on which in a moment the fugitives were mounted. They were joined by a third horseman, in whom they recognised a friend, and to whose guidance they cheerfully entrusted themselves. They all then set off at a rapid pace, galloped through many lanes and bye-ways, crossing the Medway at Alresford bridge, and made the best of their way to Woolpeck, where a fresh relay of horses

awaited them. Long and weary had been the night, and scarcely a word had been spoken during their rapid journey. Being freshly mounted, they resumed their way in better spirits, yet they wished for daylight to help them on their way, for the road was rough and uncertain.

At length the first faint streaks of morning tinged the eastern sky, and from a pavilion of clouds edged with crimson, varied by heaven's richest hues, broke forth a brighter day than often visits England in winter. How devoutly the mind which is shrouded in sorrow longs for a home in some beautiful region of rest and of light, such as this scene in the heavens portrays to our fancy! The genial influence and glorious majesty of the rising sun dispelled the dark images from the imaginations of our travellers, and revealed to their view their guide, about a hundred yards in advance of them. He was youthful, yet manly, wary and particularly well mounted. The baronet had doubtless communicated the precise nature and object of their expedition to the young officer, for such was the noble youth who led the way. His local acquaintance with the country enabled him to cross it by bridle-paths and by-lanes to their destination, avoiding

the more populous villages and haunts. He possessed that manly presence of mind which truly estimates the nature and extent of the perils to which it is opposed.

From time to time he looked anxiously behind him. It was now broad work-day. The roadside cottages were sending up curling wreaths of smoke; man was going forth to his labour and his work, whistling as he went, unmindful of to-morrow; merry voices were heard in the fields; the melodies of morning, even of that dreary season, as the lowing of herds, escaping from farm-yards to the free open meadows, and the tinkling of the sheep-bell, though not in harmony with the monarch's feelings, diverted his meditations from himself. The fresh sharp breeze came as a welcome visitor to his countenance, and seemed to invigorate and renew his energy. The travellers, however, rarely spoke, save when some emergency called forth a word. Each rode on wrapped up in his own dark reverie: for though the morning was clear and bracing, the inward fears of each kept them alive to the perils of the day. Hours, long dreary hours, of darkness had slowly passed away. But all the anxiety of that tedious night was nothing to what Sir Edward Hales now suffered on ap-

proaching a neighbourhood where he was known, and his religion detested.

The affection the baronet bore to his sovereign seemed the strongest principle of his nature ; but in proportion to his affection and loyalty, so much the more intense became his concern for the king's safety and means of escape.

Their young officer guide, who rode a little in advance, now apprised the two travellers that they were close to Emley Ferry, near Fever-sham.

Here a servant of Sir Edward's met them, and delivered to his master a packet of letters, and took charge of the horses from which the riders had dismounted, and they immediately embarked in a custom-house hoy which had been hired, and was waiting for them.

The skipper was a hard-featured, red-faced, weather-beaten sort of an old sea-dog, nominally in the king's service, but whose conscience never interfered with his interests. It was an ill wind, whether Protestant or Catholic, that blew him no good, for his sails were equally filled by either, according to the excess of gain which one might have over the other.

The sun was now high in the heavens, and crowds of idle loungers were attracted to the water's edge by the appearance of the strangers, whom the knowing ones made out to be connected with Sir Edward Hales, since it was his groom that had taken away the horses. Indeed so great was the pressure, that had it not been for an old blue-jacket (who exchanged looks, if not words, of recognition with the young officer) who drew the attention of the loiterers to himself, they must have been discovered, and perhaps insulted. But the jolly old tar spun his mates a yarn about the Dutch fleet and smuggled gin, which amused and absorbed their attention, as much as they hoped to absorb the gin, during which interval the party got safely and quietly on board. Scarcely, however, had they got under weigh, when squads of ugly looking ruffians, armed to the teeth with hangers and pistols, cutlasses and Protestant flails, which they swung skilfully round their heads, rushed down to the river's edge to the number of fifty, and jumped into three boats, which they soon shoved off from the shore with a terrific yell, which was taken up by the rabble that remained on the banks, which could just reach the ears of the king. He felt himself so much at home on the

water, that he evinced neither discomfort nor dismay. So great was the force of habit, that it was with the utmost difficulty that Hales could restrain him from giving some nautical order to the skipper to increase speed.

The young officer, who concealed not his arms, advanced to the skipper and ordered him to put his craft right into the stream. The lumbering Dutch-huilt hoy was scudding at her peril before the wind; but, unaccustomed to such a pressure of sail, and by no means trimmed for a race, she pitched wildly about under the influence of the wind sweeping through the crowded rigging: now she rolled and staggered, like a drunken man, then plunged violently, like a horse which had thrown his rider and was frantic.

The nautical tactics of the king, convinced him that at this rate they must soon go to the bottom.

The captain, instinctively, in tones of warning which rose above the whistling winds, gave the order "Lower the topmast, take in another reef;" but as the breeze freshened into a hurricane, he roared, "In all sails! down with every rag of them, fore and aft. In with everything!"

"Ay, sir, everything in," answered cheerily the foremost of the crew, who thought the

master had already trifled with the safety of the awkward vessel. It was, indeed, but too evident, even to a landsman, that the hoy was top heavy, for want of ballast, which had been left ashore, either through neglect or by design, or in the hurry of departure.

In the meantime the boats which had for some time been seen in her wake were now left so far behind that it was conjectured by the crew that they had made land at the first awaking of the tempest. However this may have been, the hoy, though bearing at least two of the most skilful sailors of their day, pitched and tossed violently—as rebellious to the helm as his Majesty's disloyal subjects were to him, while dropping down the stream, until by a sudden reach in the river she was concealed from the view of her pursuers, even had they been nigh.

The wintry haze, which came suddenly over the water, was now thickening into clouds like black night, and still the ugly, ill-built hoy, accustomed to many tons in her hold, was so unmanageable that James was the first to perceive that, even if she did not topple over and go down, no way could be made without ballast.

The helplessness of his situation rushed

madly through the mind of him, who a few days before had the whole of the British navy at his command, riding over the captive seas. He saw nothing which could rescue him from all the dangers which threatened him by land and by sea ; he therefore resigned himself to the most heart-rending apprehensions, without admitting, and apparently listening to the many and various grounds of comfort which Sir Edward brought forward one after another, and which the young soldier, like a skilful general, brought to bear, as if they were divisions of troops under his command.

Without any notice of the hopes held out by his companions, the king ordered the skipper, through the young soldier, to heave to at once for Sheerness, which with great difficulty they reached ; and came to anchor for the night. The master went ashore to secure ballast, to return with it, and stow it away properly in the hold. The King descended alone into the cabin, and offered up thanks to the King of kings for His protection so far from the dangers which surrounded him. He also devoutly prayed for the Divine assistance, to guide, guard and defend him amid the future perils of his escape, and thus pouring out his spirit to Him who gave it,

he betook himself to the repose which he so much desired. Sir Edward soon followed him ; and so deep were the slumbers of both the weary fugitives, which succeeded the agitations and alarms of the preceding day, that their sleep was unbroken by the noise of the crew.

The young officer watchfully paced the deck, and in this situation we must leave our party while we revisit the unhappy queen and her attendants, whom two days previous to the date of the events of this chapter we left on board the yacht at Gravesend.

CHAPTER VI.

Now hoist the anchor, mates, and let the sails
Give their broad bosom to the buxom wind.—*Anon.*

Good ; yet remember whom thou hast aboard.
Shakespeare.

THE true-hearted and loyal band of faithful adherents in the yacht, who had prepared themselves to attend their royal mistress and her babe to France, were indeed a faithful few, to whom the secret of the queen's flight had been confided.

The ladies of her household loved her tenderly, and were only too anxious to share her adversity. To be near her person, and to be allowed to cheer her exile, was their greatest delight ; indeed, so strong were the proofs of their attachment and devotion to her Majesty, that her hardest trial was to endeavour to dissuade them from sacrificing themselves and their interests to her cause. Nor were the lords and gentlemen in her royal establishment less zealous in her service.

The Lord and Lady Powis, the Countess of Almonde (Anna Vittoria Montecuculi), the Marquis Montecuculi, Signora Pelegrina Turinie, bed-chamber woman, and Lady Strickland, sub-governess of the Prince of Wales; also Père Givelui, her Majesty's confessor, Sir William Walgrave, her physician, Lord and Lady O'Brien Clare, besides the page Dusions and others, formed the little band, whose well-known faces, endeared to the fugitive and disguised queen by a thousand recollections of joy and sorrow, greeted her as she stepped on board the yacht. They had followed her from Lambeth, probably down the Thames, and had reached the vessel more speedily than herself.

Happy as they were to be once more re-united to their beloved queen and the prince her son, after the perils and narrow escapes of the foregoing night, no words escaped the lips of any: the exchange of mutual glances, and the silent eloquence which was concealed from all except her to whom it was addressed, were all that passed.

The master of the yacht, whose name was Gray, had not the most remote suspicion of the rank of his two royal passengers; he was equally ignorant of the distinguished persons who formed

that group of faithful servants who received them on deck.

The queen still retained the character and dress of an Italian washerwoman, which her involuntary and native dignity, her graceful figure, and majestic style of beauty belied. She pressed to her bosom with tender and anxious fondness the bundle, in which was the prince, and round which were entwined the fibres of her heart. Fortunately the bundle of young royal life betrayed not the secret. Whether an over-ruling Providence, or, mysterious guardianship lulled the delicate child of six months to silence and unbroken repose, or, whether the little thing was too weak to utter his infant complaints like other children, or, whether a few sly doses of mild anodynes, obtained for the royal boy the attribute of early sagacity, amounting to a miracle, history decides not:

When she observed that disguise was still necessary, at least to the crew generally, the queen was uneasy and restless, but soon sank again into melancholy abstraction, from which she was only aroused by some casual mention of a familiar name which could not be avoided, but which increased the agony of her suspense.

Her manner was calm and collected, and yet to her noble attendants it was but too evident that the meanest actress of a country stage could have performed her part with greater success, even though no Italian. Nature and grace, simplicity and candour, evinced a majesty which no surroundings could impair or conceal.

How great the contrast between that exalted nature of Queen Mary and that of the courtiers of all ages, and even the rulers of mankind, whose schemes and stratagems, passions and designs are concealed or denied by the countenances and the words under which they are disguised! This singular phase of human nature is generally the practised art of vanity or ambition—the art with which the statesman or the aristocrat occasionally elaborates the scheme of a vast deception, making himself the axis round which revolves a living lie, and is a moral perversion of that “knowledge which is power,” and “that wisdom which is from above.” Such are the artistic semblances, studied from the earliest approaches to public distinction, so highly got up and worked out, from head to foot, that to an ordinary observer the fiction and finesse are the smile of benevolence, or the expression of candour and regard. The white-robed innocence

of childhood and the holy simplicity of God's dear children, who are uncontaminated by the world, may often be deceived, but know not how to deceive. And such was the mind of Mary Beatrice of Modena.

The wind being fair for France the sails were hoisted and the yacht was soon under weigh for the sea. The wind, however, which was at first favourable, soon changed, and became squally, now blowing in puffs, and at another moment sinking to a lull. Captain Gray seemed rather to consult the signs of the heavens above him than the tossings and rushings of the waters beneath.

"What think you of our voyage now, Captain Gray?" asked Madame de Labadie, who happened to know him, looking closely into his countenance, as if she would rather trust its expression than his words for a reply.

"So long as the wind continues north-west, and does not rise higher than it is now, we may yet hope to keep our course, if we can but steer clear through the Dutch fleet which is riding in our direct route."

This answer, which Lauzun overheard, awoke in his mind a slight suspicion; involuntarily he put his hand on his pistol, but dissembling his fears, said calmly,

“Why not go beyond and avoid them?”

“’Tis not easy to do so, Monsieur,” replied the Captain. “The breeze will soon freshen into a gale, and the weather already begins to look ugly; the sea will break with such violence, that I doubt the ability of this boat to lie to.”

“Then,” observed Sir William Walgrave, who was deeply interested in the conversation, “then our resource must be to run before the wind.”

“Then we must scud,” says Gray.

“What would be our direction in such an event?” demanded Lord Powis.

“She would not, probably, answer to her helm, and Calais would be out of the question. And should the wind suddenly change, of which I see every symptom, the French coast could not be gained.”

The Countess of Almonde, perceiving that there was a consultation involving the safety of her beloved mistress, had ventured to mingle with the group of speakers.

“On what coast shall we be cast?” inquired she, to whose mind, in her anxiety amid the agitated waters, all ideas of places and distances was lost in confusion.

The captain, regarding her with a look in which sympathy and concern were singularly mingled, replied—

“While the clouds whirl about in such uncertain eddies, and fall down so heavily along the horizon, we cannot be certain in so small a craft. There is no danger, madame.”

“Yes, but,” sighed she, “in such an event, if we cannot reach the French coast, we shall be leaving that land which it is so very desirable we should reach.”

“What ho! boat ahoy,” was distinctly heard above the wind, and interrupted the conversation. All looked earnestly at the horizon, and descried a ship just hove in sight. The captain took out his glass to examine her more distinctly, and thus the party broke up. The two ladies hastened back to rejoin the rest of the queen’s attendants, who, while the captain had been engaged in conversation, had quietly, without exciting his notice, assisted the queen down into the cabin, and there made the best of the poor accommodation which the miserable hole afforded, for her and her babe.

Meantime the vessel which had been descried came sweeping over the waves to windward, nearly astern.

"Boat ahoy," from the strange vessel was distinctly heard by Captain Gray.

As she came alongside, to the great delight of all on board, the lily of France was hoisted aloft, but only for a moment fluttered in the breeze.

The answer was quick, short and nautical, but it was given in a tone of caution.

The French flag naturally attracted the attention of Lauzun, to whom the king had especially entrusted the care of the queen and prince. He addressed the captain in French, by whose answer it appeared that the Frenchman had made observation of the English yacht, and apprised Lauzun of the perils to which it was exposed in its present course. The head of the yacht was immediately put about, and she was now stretching well over for the Downs; where Captain Gray hoped to make such an offing on this tack as would enable him to insure a landing at Calais next morning.

The ladies, whom the cabins could not accommodate without crowding upon the queen, immediately took a position apart from the rest of the company, and where they were tolerably out of the way of the working of the ship, at the same time they could see the manœuvres of the vessel, which struggled against the

weather with more motion but less danger than formerly.

“Are you acquainted with the commander of the French frigate, who spoke our vessel just now, and conferred with our Frenchman in the language of their own country?”

“I believe,” replied the lady, without reflection, “he is a friend of Admiral Pepys.”

“I have good reason to believe that the king, about a fortnight ago, sent the Admiral an order in his own hand-writing to let the ‘Anne’ and ‘Isabella’ yachts fall down to Erith, if report be true, to convey the queen and the infant Prince of Wales to France; but to his great annoyance the order has been countermanded.”

This was almost too much for the lady. Her dialogue with the captain seemed more likely to invite than to divert his surmises as to the rank and designs of his passengers.

To cover her confusion and discomfort, she tried to talk indifferently about a seafaring life, but could not conceal her regret at the delay and danger of their voyage, which she feared could not be made directly to France.

“My only fear,” returned Gray, “is that we shall be driven upon the French coast too soon,

and dashed to pieces among the breakers, which are running mountains high.

Madame de Labadie now rejoined the ladies, and told them all she had learned from Captain Gray, which only increased their intense anxiety and concern for the poor queen, who, unlike her royal descendant—the present queen of Great Britain—suffered agonies from sea-sickness, and was well-nigh suffocated in the close, miserable berth in the cabin, designed for the washer-woman, and which was destitute of the most common necessities of the voyage. Great and sad, however, as were her privations and discomforts below, they were less intolerable to that august lady than the scene on deck would have been while seas dashed furiously over the bows of the little vessel.

The gentlemen were still earnestly talking together in low accents of the adventure in which they were involved. But in such a small vessel, where everything that was going on could be heard from one end to the other, they were often interrupted by the gruff voices of the men in the fore-castle. The conversation of the sailors might now and then be heard above the storm. It turned on that subject which interested persons of every rank. The spluttering

accents of a Dutchman relieved him of this burden : “ A tousand tyfils,—twenty tousand tyfils ! Gott for tamn, the moder who smuggled de son of de brickbat ouman into the ped in de warming-pan, and did pring out von poy for de Prince of Wales. Tamn de tyfil, if James was de fader of dat poy ? ”

An Irishman, to whom this language seemed to be addressed, blessed himself, *i. e.*, made the sign of the cross.

A third speaker said, “ You be d—d you lubberly Dutch wagabond, as your father was before you.” Here was a volley of oaths, which were more satisfactory to him who uttered them than edifying to the reader, to whom we only give a specimen.

“ I am no d—d papist, but my name's not Jack if I don't smash his bloody peepers for him, —the lowland splaw-footed liar—the herring-gutted, bare-poled swill-tub—guzzle gin. I hates papists, popery, priests and damnable idolatries ; ‘ whoop, papist ! ’ says I to every one on 'em. I am a good protestant, I'm d—d if I am not. To that I'll stand. But why this scutty-muck of a coast varmin should call the queen of England ‘ moder ’ and her babby a ‘ brick-bat ’—the dirty little dog ! ”

Paddy here broke in thus,—“Your sowl! your sowl! Dirty and short!”

“And as dark as this very day in December,” said another Irishman, “and by the piper that played before Moses, as muggy too.”

The Dutch sailor foamed with rage. Jack took no notice, but continued,—“The blessed beggar! to abuse the king and queen of England! A king is a king, and I take my boible oath on’t.”

“It’s the religion entirely, of ould Ireland,” retorted Pat, “the Isle of Saints—poor in every thing but the ould faith, which the king houlds to be the thruth. Sure ’twas the first and will be the last. Glory be to God!”

These last words caught the ear of the queen’s chaplain, who was not far off. He gave poor Paddy a look, which none can give but those to whom England ascribes the wisdom of the serpent, if not the harmlessness of the dove. For a moment Paddy was silent, then, to the amazement of his listeners, touched a lighter key. “All I meant to say, and the divil a more, was this, that the rale ould faith was like sperits, especially whisky. It is all the bether for age.”

Then broke in a fourth voice dismally, “Woe! woe! to the uncircumcised Philistines! down with Dagon and his adherents—Baal and his

priests. Oh ! the proud Egyptians—the wicked Assyrians—the Moabites—the Edomites—the Ishmaelites. There is, indeed, a day of deliverance to the righteous—a day of pouring out wrath upon the ‘ Man of Sin.’ The perjured James Stuart, whom you still call king, will be renounced by the righteous. Far from keeping the oath which he had called on angels to witness, he has crammed popery down the throats of the hungry. He has been guilty of a rape on the chastity of the Church and has brought in the scarlet wh— of Babylon.”

“ The sword is drawn, that winna be lang o’ o’ertaking ye, ride as fast as ye can, tantivy ho ! ” chimed in a Scotch Puritan.

The words of the Dutchman were fiercer than those of the Englishman : the words of the latter less fierce than those of the Irishman, and the words of the Scotch puritan fiercer than all the words of all the other speakers.

But the howling of the tempest and the orders of the master, most powerful of all, soon silenced the sagacious speakers.

It was now these men’s turn to work the ship, and they were piped away.

The faithful band who were in attendance on the incognita queen were by no means confined

to the Roman Catholic aristocracy, nor to one nation. While those on deck were conversing of many things, and lamenting the hardships of the times and the anticipated confiscation of their lands and loved mansions, they could not but overhear the remarks of the crew.

While all which we have narrated was passing on deck the poor queen was convulsed with sea sickness and sufferings. The ladies Almonde and Pelegrina Turinie had descended into the cabin, just in time to pay those delicate attentions to their royal countrywoman which her situation and her illness so urgently demanded. The place became more stifling than ever, the gale rose higher and higher ; the little bark tossed and rolled and induced those feelings which none save sea-sick passengers have endured, and which none can describe, but to which the infant babe is insensible, and whiles he sleeps amid encircling wretchedness smiles a ray of joy on the mother.

The delicate court ladies, who had up to the time of their escape from Whitehall been reposing on the lap of luxury, or, like exotic flowers, had been tended and sheltered from the rough breath of our climate, were already drooping under the alternations of cold and heat,

from the deck to the confined space into which they were now huddled together.

The distress of these refined and elegant ladies may be well imagined. The sick sinking of the heart, as the ceaseless swell of the sea surges and heaves and falls to the depths below,—the roll and shiver of the giddy bark on the top of the wave,—her plunge into the trough of the sea, which threatens to swallow her,—all conspire to fill the ladies with alarm. The wild waters howl round the little vessel and cry out for their prey,—and splash, splash they dash against the thin planks which are the queen's strongest defence against their fury. Mary's prayer for succour and safety through that trial was fervent, and as often as she pressed the crucifix to her heart did the name of Him whom it represented rise to her lips. She prayed, "Mary, star of the sea, pray for us now, and at the hour of our death."

She faintly endeavoured to rally the courage of her attendants, who were yielding to the influence of fear. "No created thing," says Mary, "can shake the confidence of the soul that hath faith in God, the Creator. The floods, though they rage, cannot drown our love. While all things change, the true religion and the sea flow

on the same always, just like the Author of the one and the Maker of the other—"the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever!" It is now just a thousand years since St. Walburga, the daughter of a Saxon king and saint, passed over these tempest-tost waves from England, on a pilgrimage to Italy. Oh! vain woman that I was, to yield to the voice of the charmer, which brought me from Italy to England, to wear an earthly crown, when I might in some calm convent in the south have been hidden from the world with God, and ensuring that crown of glory which He would have prepared for me. Then, like Walburga, His power in me might have governed not a nation but the elements. She left all to follow her Saviour and her God. To Him she prayed in such a storm as this, perhaps even in this very spot. The wind and waters owned the voice of God, speaking in his servant—obeyed, and sank into quietness and peace."

The queen only mourned her separation from her husband. He had, especially in times of adversity, been all in all to her; and her affectionate heart had found in him an object in which all the sacred ties of wedlock were centred. His God—his country—his altar—his home—his history had become hers.

It was not until she had ceased to be a stranger in a strange land that she was exiled from the land to which she had been reconciled and torn from the man who had begun to make her happy in this land.

The queen had all this time been reclining in the centre of the little cabin, where she was surrounded by her ladies; who, now feeling sick themselves, all but Pelegrina Turinie, respectfully removed the queen to a sort of rude berth in the side of the ship, where the motion became intolerable, and brought on violent illness, which alarmed them for their suffering mistress. The Signora was now left alone to minister to the wants and heartcruel hardships of her Majesty. The accommodation, intended for a mere washerwoman, denied the royal party the common decencies which nature required. The Signora knelt by her beloved mistress, and supported her in her arms.

Gloom bordering on despair was on the queen's countenance, nor was it till the storm began to subside that sleep for a moment came to her relief. When she awoke, Lady Almonde, who had so far recovered as to be able to take the place of Pelegrina, was bending over the queen. "Oh! Anna," cried she, "how sadly has your

beautiful young life been darkened by my sorrows and bound up with my fate ! We were induced to exchange the glorious canopy of celestial light, with its roseate hues and tints of gold amid cloudless blue, for the drizzling rain and inky sky which have changed our bright hopes into darkness and gloom.

“ But of all our calamities this is the worst. It has indeed, my Vit, been a doleful voyage, and I wonder, even now, whether I shall live through it. I have been compelled to leave the king my husband ; I know not what will become of him. His unsuspecting nature will mislead him, and I fear he will fall into the hands of his foes. Were I by his side, I could bear up against any misfortune, as I have done up to this time.

“ Of the nine sea voyages which I have made this is the most dreadful. He is away, and even your tried tenderness and devotion cannot atone for his absence.”

She feebly inquired after her boy, then sank down exhausted, as if life was passing out of her.

In the mean time the little prince, who was by far the most lively of the party, crowed merrily, and behaved in even the most minute particulars as if he had been a real washerwoman's or any other woman's child. But the ladies told him

he was a sailor prince,—a little man,—a perfect sea king,—the image of his mother,—and that his father never would be dead while he was alive. He was what we of the present day would call “an infant phenomenon.” Whereupon his wet nurse felt an indescribable thrill of royalty steal through her, which was almost too much for her. After all, she was the support and nurture of a king, if strictly her blood did not in the common acceptance of the word flow in his veins. She exulted in the praises bestowed on her foster son.

Dark night had now settled down upon the water. The winds and the waves were hushed. Above the stillness of the night rose softly the plaintive swell of the everlasting sea, like the voice of the past.

The tedious watches were marked by no adventure, still there was that in the thoughtful eyes and clouded brows of the company on deck which denoted minds ill at ease.

Though the conversation of Captain Gray was expressive of the frank manliness of the sailor, it was regulated by the delicacy which forbade obtrusive curiosity. Lauzun, too, was ever by his side and occupied his chief attention.

At this distance of time one regrets that Gray

was not identified with the faithful confidential band. Under even ordinary circumstances, perhaps one hour of the free, the almost unavoidable intercourse of a ship, can do more to thaw down the ice which freezes up the warmest human feelings than months of heartless ceremonies on land. In the solitude of the ocean his social nature and the necessities of his lot throw him upon the sympathies of his companions. He has a community of dangers which makes him seek a communion of interests with his kind. In the fortunes of his fellow voyagers he sees his own. In the destiny of his neighbour he himself is involved. But when the dear object for which they risk their lives, and therefore their all, is one and the same, the centre of their hopes and their fears, then it is that every sordid motive yields to a noble and generous sentiment, pervading the whole companionship, encircling it with a social bond of family union and undivided strength.

If this conclusion be correct with reference to strangers who have met for the first time in the little world of a ship, how much more forcibly must it apply to those who have long loved and lived together, been long actuated by the same loyalty, unselfish as it is sincere !

However conflicting may be the creeds which divide us in our heart's devotion to God, whether Protestant or Catholic, they cannot stand between us and those to whom we are otherwise endeared. Such was the case with those who followed the fortunes of the Stuarts, and more particularly of those who were cheating the dull night of its wearisome length, by a conversation in which each and all were equally interested.

Of all present, perhaps, none were making greater sacrifices than the Marquis Powis and Lady Strickland. Powis after the refusal of several offices was content to accept the higher rank of Marquis.* He is now leaving, perhaps for ever, his "red castle on the hill, and the pleasant lands below."

The old cavalier knight banneret Sir Thomas Strickland of Sigergh, with his lady the sub-governess of the little prince, the ancestors of the erudite and accomplished Miss Strickland, to whom the writer is much indebted for the history on which he has founded this tale, risked their estates in Westmoreland, and finally Lady Strickland, according to her will, died in comparative poverty, and had little to

* Agnes Strickland's "Queens of England," vol. vi. pp. 300, 301.

leave. Her family lost all the property, such as Thornton Briggs, which had not been secured from the grasp of William III.*

It was between these two and others of the devoted servants of the Queen, that the following conversation took place, while the yacht was riding peacefully at anchor off the Downs.

“Ah!” said Powis, “we all warned His Majesty of the miseries which he was bringing upon himself and us. If he would only have been forwarned! Father Petre’s zeal and intemperance urged him so far that he could not recede.”

“But,” said Lady Strickland, “how cruelly Halifax, Nottingham and Clarendon deceived the king!”

“Ay, that is true,” says Powis, “and the Bishop of London, the sly old fox, said, ‘I am confident the rest of the bishops will as readily answer in the negative as myself.’ Thus either evading or denying that he had ever invited the Prince of Orange by word, writing, or otherwise, and that none of the other bishops had done so.”

“Upon my sacred word of honour,” says Lord O’Brien Clare, with strong feeling, “number one figures so selfishly among the mushroom men of

* “Lives of the Queens of England,” vol. vi.

the day, that the fine ancient nobility of Catholic times have no chance where every one is for himself, and the devil for them all."

"The snake in the grass is our poison, and spits its venom into the face of the monarch who cherishes him. Only let him show his head in the open day, and by the Lord Harry we will scotch the brute."

"When the demon of discord," observed Père Givelui, "enters into the hearts of the people he destroys their high and holy inspirations. Their destinies are obscured: no longer are their notions patriotism or peace."

Powis,—“Just so, very reverend father, as Clare observed, our statesmen are schemers, with the mean, low cunning of the crawling reptile,—no honesty—no truth—such are the characters formed in time of civil discord and domestic strifes, when the noblest qualities, corrupted by a sordid love of gain, or perverted by party spirit inflamed by conflict, are too often combined with vices, which dim their once unsullied lustre and rob them of their genuine merit.”

Lauzun, who had now joined the little party, regretted the infatuation of James, who closed his ears to every warning, more particularly to

that of Louis, who had proposed the junction of the English and French fleets.

“Oh!” says that hero in the royal cause, “Oh! that the unhappy monarch had listened to Bonrepaus, who endeavoured to prepare him for the designs of his adversary the Prince of Orange and this invasion.”

The queen's chaplain remarked, that the queen had told him that the king refused to believe that a daughter whom he so tenderly loved could ever conspire with her husband, his nephew, to dethrone him.

“Yes,” says Powis, “he was but too ready to concur with Sunderland that William's war-like preparations were provoked by the state of the Continent.”

O'Brien Clare.—“I do not blame our Ambassador at Paris. The fact of the matter was, Skelton saw with pain the incredulity of his own Sovereign, and therefore gave their high mightinesses a slice of his mind. But the English monarch proved his own enemy, the enemy of Skelton, but the friend of the invader; upon my sacred word of honour he did. The sneaking traitors, who disgraced their high rank as commanders in the army, Churchill, Kirk, and Trelawney, were in the king's hands: God

forgive him for letting them desert to the enemy. Had he been ruled by Lord Faversham, and sent the whole lock stock and barrel of them fresh and fasting to the Traitor's Tower, by the Lord, it would have served them right."

Lord Powis declared that what most surprised and overwhelmed the adherents of the king, was the passage of William and his fleet by the Straits of Dover right down the Channel: "We had all relied on the zeal and skill of Lord Dartmouth, and are still at a loss to know how he could suffer the Dutch fleet to pass the Downs, where the English fleet was stationed; and within two or three miles of the Admiral, without even a shot being fired."

Lord O'Brien Clare: "'Twas not Dartmouth who was to blame, but the Protestant gale. The same wind which was favourable to the prince, was adverse to Dartmouth."

The Marquis now politely entered into conversation with the pages François and Dusions, and was joined by Count Lauzun and Captain Gray. The conversation naturally and involuntarily turned upon the Dutch fleet, which had returned from Torbay, and was hovering about the Channel with an eye to the

interception of troublesome loyalists, and with an eye to the crown, which was, as it was said, a better fit for the Dutch than for the English head.

CHAPTER VII.

Off to sea again ! lay her off."—*Shakespeare.*

While softly, and softly, over the sea,
I heard a music pass,
Soothing the winds and softening the waves
Till they lay as molten glass.—*The Easter Ship.*

LIKE all other ills the sea sickness had an end, and before morning was so far mitigated that the ladies freely talked over the voyage, naturally recalled the scenes through which the queen had passed during the last eventful fifteen years of her life.

"Only fifteen years ago," sighed Lady Almonde, "the merry monarch—peace be with him!—attended by the principal lords and ladies of the Court, went down the river in state procession on board the royal barges, to meet and congratulate the then newly married pair, who are now," she added, while a tear stole down her cheek, "separated and exiled, the mere sport of fortune and of the winds."

The king by this time, in his anxiety to rejoin his queen, would be on the water, so

that both, as her ladies observed, were exposed to similar perils. How sad the contrast to the bright morning, when their royal highnesses came up with the early tide from Gravesend, with the Duchess of Modena!

"May light shine upon her!" said one of her attendants.

"Yes," remarked the Signora Pelegrina, "how widely different the dress of the beautiful Mary Beatrice from that of the Italian washer-woman! It goes to my heart to see our royal mistress disfigured in such an envelope, unworthy of so much dignity and grace. With what elegant simplicity was she then attired. The speaking dark eyes, classic features, and graceful form of my royal companion of fifteen years was, and still is, to my mind, the very beau ideal of female loveliness."

The queen, who now awaking from her sleep, partly overheard her two countrywomen, interrupted the last speaker, saying, "In your raptures and admiration of the self-willed bride and her dress, you have forgotten the best part of the story. Do you not remember how, in the Catherine yacht, we crossed the Channel with a prosperous breeze, and towards evening arrived at Dover; and how the Duke of York, now my

husband and king of England, received me in his arms, before I could set my foot upon his shores? Little did I then think how dear, how very dear, he would be to my heart. Oh, my husband!—my king, my love, my lost, my unhappy husband!”

Long she tried to restrain herself, but her whole frame, way-worn and convulsed as it was by sea-sickness, sank beneath her emotions; the rays of light left her noble countenance, which was now blanched into the hues of death. She lay like unconscious marble.

Lady Almonde approached, seized her hand and covered it with kisses. Her Majesty's pulse was still; her breathing imperceptible. Very slowly after some time she opened her eyes. Nature alike in the peasant and the monarch, the wellspring of love, of life, and of all things, resumed but languidly her course. The blood, which before seemed frozen in its channels, now once again returned, like the soft tint of a pale rose to her cheek. She raised her head and looked anxiously round and faintly smiled on her sorrowing ladies, who all knelt by her side. She pressed her crucifix to her lips, and was lost in devotion to Him whom it brought to her mind.

Slowly passed the tedious minutes of the night—loaded with care they were—but still enlivened by conversation on deck and even in the dismal cabin. It seemed as though the dawn would never come. All wished for the day, and sighed for a view of the longed-for coast of France.

The wind was fresh, at west-north-west, and the tide was just beginning to run on the flood. The anchor was weighed once more, and the little deck was a scene of activity and noise which aroused the attention of the ladies below. Lauzun descended to the cabin to offer his assistance to the queen, who now being much recovered, gladly left her close dark prison with her ladies for the deck, where she could inhale the pure fresh air of Heaven. The night air breathed the flavour of land. The little bark was again in motion before the gale. The deep interest which pervaded the minds of her passengers was tinged by a shade of melancholy, which was deepened by the darkness around. There was, however, quite a reunion on deck of the little party. The effect of the night on the frame of the queen was such that it was desirable to keep her as quiet as possible. Of her own accord she shrank from the intrusive

gaze of the crew, and retired behind her attendants. The ladies, exhilarated by the freshness of the sea air, and feeling more at home with the gentlemen and Captain Gray, began to break through those severe restraints which the peculiarity of their situation imposed upon them. The conversation had become general. Lord O'Brien Clare was a free, openhearted man, full of life and candour: what would have been egotism in others was in him Irish frankness and natural feeling. He courted not admiration. The company were endeavouring to lighten the weight of their sorrows by lively conversation, when they were suddenly startled by the cry, "A large sail on the starboard bow!"

"What do you think of her, captain?" said Lauzun, anxiously.

"I think she is a man-of-war; but I cannot make her out clearly through the darkness, which is now thicker than at any other part of the night."

"The devil you can't," says Lord O'Brien Clare (who was himself a yachtsman). "Is she standing this way?"

"Yes, my lord, under topsails and top-gallant sails, which look as white as snow floating on the night wind."

To the alarm of all on board, except perhaps the captain and the crew, the stranger was bearing down upon the yacht.

"What is she?" cried Powis, with evident concern, "and how far is she off?"

"She appears to be a Dutch frigate, about half a mile off and more," said the captain, looking through his glass. "She is rounding to the wind, and on the same tack that we are."

"Is she a friendly vessel?" cried Lady Almonde in a tremulous voice.

"By her present manœuvres, lady, I should say she was not. So far as we can observe them, I think she must be an enemy."

"Is she English?" asked the other ladies.

"No. An English frigate would behave differently. A few more minutes will enable us to speak decidedly."

The stranger was soon within two cables' length of the yacht, where was now a dead silence, which Gray was the first to break.

"Ship ahoy," hailed he. Lauzun was by his side, suspicion on his countenance, which said to the captain as plainly as countenance ever spoke, "Perfidious Albion!"

"Upon my honour," burst out Lord O'Brien, "there is nothing like taking it easy; let us seem

indifferent to the Dutch dog, and strike up a song." His lordship set the example in fine style, and sang with all his might the old glories of Brian Boru.

The captain retained his calmness, and demanded a reply from the frigate. "What ship is that?" asked he in a tone of authority.

The only answer from the great vessel was, "Vat chip is dat?"

The Dutch captain, evidently annoyed at the utter indifference with which he was treated, thundered out something in Dutch, which Gray answered through his own Dutch sailor.

Their voices pierced through the night wind.

The yacht was right under the bow of the frigate and looked like a sea mew under the wing of some majestic water fowl; for the frigate was spreading her sails, as the bird spreads his plumage above the placid sea, and was only lying-to to satisfy the curiosity of her commander. So close were the vessels by this time that a missile might easily be thrown by the hand from one into the other.

"We wait your pleasure," said Gray, to a fat, lazy-looking, splotch-faced Dutch officer. "Come down and examine our despatches." The old fellow, however, did not admire the

descent from such an elevation, and declined the invitation, but demanded in a gruff tone all letters and papers entrusted to Captain Gray; whereupon, as if in great hesitation, Gray drew reluctantly as it were from his bosom, letters addressed to the authorities of the Hague, and other vouchers equally confidential and valuable, labelled "On the business of the Prince of Orange."

No sooner had the packet reached the hand and met the eye of the Dutchman than twenty mariners were seen climbing among the ropes, and sail after sail was opened still wider to the wind, until bearing the ample folds of all her canvass spread, the Dutch frigate was urged along by every breath of air, and was soon wafted into the midst of the fleet to which she belonged.

The fugitive passengers began to breathe more freely as the Dutch vessel sailed away. They looked inquiringly at the captain, for they were not quite certain whether he had betrayed or protected them. He read their glances, but was reserved towards those who denied him their confidence.

The steady and experienced seamen, however, who knew him best, evinced the most implicit

and reverential reliance on their kind, thoughtful, yet spirited and supreme commander.

That there were machinations carried on by the Jacobites, even at this stage of their fall, was plain to all on board who did not think by proxy, or who did not think at all.

All who concurred with the suspicious party were by them at least considered clever and cautious. O'Brien had no suspicions, and was therefore deemed thoughtless and foolhardy; he was painfully sensible of the reflection which had been cast upon his judgment, and was on the spur of the moment but too ready to resent it. Bursting out with an oath, which it is not necessary here to record:

"We are always clever," retorted he, "with those who imagine we think as they do. To be shallow, or in other words to be Irish, we must differ from those with whom we converse."

We know not how far the facetious nobleman would have run on if he had not been cut short by a cry which fled from mouth to mouth along the deck,—*"the Dutch fleet!"*

The ladies started, the gentlemen were struck mute with astonishment. Lady Strickland was the first to break the silence. "Keep near to *her*," said she to the rest of the company. "In

every event, keep as near her person as possible. I am certain my kinsman, Sir Roger Strickland, vice-admiral of England, can no longer be with the fleet at Portsmouth; for he never would have permitted this insult to the British Channel and the British flag, to which Lord Dartmouth has submitted."

Gray did not appear in the slightest degree disconcerted, but evinced no disposition to impart to them his knowledge or intentions.

His tone and manner were of that kind which while they denote the cool self-possession of the speaker, never fail to inspire confidence, and command obedience.

Every face was turned in the direction of the Dutch fleet, which amounted to about fifty sail.

There was apparently but a slow, nearly imperceptible motion of the ships, which was, so far as the early dawn of a clear frosty morning could reveal their motion, like the lazy movements of slumbering but living creatures, more by listless volition than by the impulse of wind or the direction of human agency.

The very muzzle of the Dutch guns gaped frightfully on Gray's little bark, and seemed to fascinate her into the jaws of the destroyer;

indeed, at no time, while passing through the fleet, was there a single moment that the deck of the puny yacht might not have been swept, and herself and all that she carried plunged into the depths below by a general discharge from the battery of any one of the fifty men of war.

The proximity to such a neighbour was a fearful peril, but the quiet self-possession of the Captain allayed in some degree the apprehension of the passengers. He begged the ladies, who had gathered round the Queen, to retire to the cabin, and had no sooner seen them down, than he took the helm himself, and seemed unconscious of everything but the safety of his ship. For some time not a sound broke the pervading stillness of the twilight scene. It was, however, difficult to restrain the feelings and voices of the crew and faint accents of a Jacobite song, which gaining strength on a dozen voices, reached the ear of Lord O'Brien, who, with an accent and look which none but the Irish can utter and give, darting a quivering glance at Paddy, sang out in a rich brogue—"not that, none of your land-lubber songs. Blood an ouns, let's have a verse of the say to roll out on the top of the morning. Now my gay boys!" Then to the

utter annoyance and horror of the cautious passengers, the crew struck up as if by an irresistible impulse,

“The waves become their winding-sheet,
The waters were their tomb;
But for their fame the ocean sea
Was not sufficient room.”

“The Divil a wiser they’ll be for that,” said Paddy, and yet it appeared to him, as he afterwards affirmed, to have wrought a miracle.

“But,” says O’Brien, “throw some life into the thing—none of your swaddling psalm-singing, Jeremiades.”

“Sure, ’tis for all the world like a keening at a wake,” observed Pat. “It will show indifference and self-confidence, your honour, to come out with a sprightly notion.”

The nobleman, who seemed quite at home with the sailors, started a song, which, so far as we can judge, was impromptu, or at least an original composition.

“A sail! a sail! they cry,
Hark, to the swell of the joyful sound;
Your nerves brace strong, brace high,
And boldly steer thro’ the fleet around.

“Quick then unfurl the flutt’ring canvas wide
Outspread like the wings of a dove,
To fly before wind, to sail against tide,
Far away from the land we love.

“ Three cheers for the flag which still braves
All the storms, and still proudly waves
High over the water which laves
The land of our birth, our own fertile shore
Where we shall all meet together once more.”

If the unmeasured song of the sailors be as uninteresting to the readers as it was irksome to the anxious passengers, we may be glad it is over. It seemed, however, to the nobleman who had started the singers to have had the desired effect ; for it was not ended, when, to the joyful surprise of all, they found themselves to the south-east of that portion of the Dutch fleet which had caused their alarm, unnoticed and unquestioned, so that the yacht was now entirely clear of the enemy. The whole of the sails of the yacht now swelled out before a favourable north-west wind. The ship leaned her side to the gale and glided pleasantly through the waters, leaving a long furrow to track her course, which might be seen rippling beneath the first rays of the morning.

The stars were fading from the winter sky, and gradually yielding to the first faint blush of the sun, which was kissing its early greeting to the waves that washed the French coast and rising from their embrace out of the eastern horizon ; the Dutch ships through which they

had so miraculously passed could now only be distinguished in the distance by the glittering of the sun against their sails, and were soon mingled and lost in the north-west sky.

Mary of Modena and her friends were separated for ever from the land of their splendours and their ruin. As the little band of fugitives, after so long a period of excitement and alarm, neared the haven which promised safety and repose, their spirits rallied, their energies returned, and the pure cold morning air gave fresh health and vigour to their bodies.

As they all stood on the deck watching the gentle swell of the sea in the calm, bright morning, they were cheered by the sight of a sail, showing, as it skimmed along the golden path which the sun reflected on the sea, the pennant and colours of France. Varied, but by no means anxious, were the speculations on her character, her sailing qualities, her object, and her destination. The beautiful stranger, for beautiful she was as she became more and more visible to the naked eye, even half-way down from the graceful spars and topsails—the little speck of white on a field of gold, arose higher and higher on the eastern margin of the sea, like some white gull on the summit of a wave ; until at the end of

half an hour a lofty fabric of canvas towered above the waters, while softly first, but swelling into a tide of song which the opposing breeze could not resist, and to which the sighing sea seemed tuned, arose a holy chant. It fell as soft as snow on the sea, and melted into Mary's heart as soon, and even touched the rough songsters whose recent melody had so satisfied themselves. The ensign and banner of the Cross waved gracefully from the highest spar of her topmast, far above the lilies of France.

At her head was the crucifix, the foot of which the waters kissed. On her stern, in a robe of heavenly blue stood the Madonna, in a calm, majestic attitude, with her right foot on the head of a serpent. The ship was called in honour of her whom this figure represented, "The Ocean Star." Already through the clear light of a sharp frosty morning might be seen on the deck a goodly company all kneeling in the sun's bright rays in prayer. It seemed like a vision, and yet to Mary it was all real.

Music has for most minds a soothing influence and a charm at all times, but as it thrills along the water it fills us with mystic transports we cannot define. To Mary it was like the angels'

song on waves of light ; it absorbed every feeling of her heart.

“ Through every pulse the music stole,
And held sublime communion with her soul.”

The thrilling accents of the Latin Church were wafted through the air, now fragrant with the incense from the altar on which the priests were celebrating mass.

The mission ship, for such she proved to be, now lay alongside the yacht, lingering as though loth to part company. There stood the celebrant in snow white alb and amice, over which glittered in the morning sun the rich embroidered chasuble, resplendent with gold and silver, the maniple and stole ; assisted by the deacon and subdeacon in their respective vestments. The candles on the altar feebly flickered, unseen to the eye of sense, like the living faith which lighted up the souls of the missionaries. The jewelled crucifix above the tabernacle met the upraised eye ; a golden chalice richly gemmed in emeralds and rubies, multiplied and flashed its varied hues at the elevation of the Host. From first to last the spectacle and the ceremony were, under the circumstances, the most gorgeous, affecting, and impressive which can be imagined. A deep feeling of the devotions with which the

passengers of the yacht were so familiar burst involuntarily from them into a tuneful and heartfelt response to the chant of the priests on board "The Ocean Star." The silvery voices of the ladies, led on by the grave confessor, and sustained by the gentlemen and one or two of the rough singers, who understood the service and belonged to the Roman Communion, formed sweet and harmonious response to the chant of the priests. "The Kyrie Eleison" was sung alternately from ship to ship, "The Gloria in Excelsis" came from both ships, and flowed out into one volume of sacred song, which rolled through the expanse of heaven.

Both vessels were becalmed under the shelter of the French coast, for the wind had changed.

Nothing could be more impressive, more solemn and soothing than that sacred drama, where all seemed so supernatural and so sublime, that one knows not what most to admire. If any part could more than another affect a hearer who separated himself from this worship, it would be the plaintive, almost wailing soul-subduing tones which lingered and hung around the awful words, "ET HOMO FACTUS EST," and brought all on board both vessels prostrate on their very faces to the deck; except perhaps the Dutch

sailor and Captain Gray, who were too much absorbed in their own duties and management of the almost motionless yacht, to attend to anything else.

The infant prince had been brought on deck to share in the blessings of that divine service, which consoled and cheered the exiles from England. The vessels soon were gliding away from each other almost imperceptibly—until the “*Dominus vobiscum*” of the “*Ocean Star*” died away on the rising breeze, and the loud, “*Et cum spiritu tuo*” from the yacht lingered and faded on the bosom of the waters.

We will not attempt to describe the scene of tears and smiles, the convulsive burst of joy which ensued, as their little bark was safely moored off Calais.

CHAPTER VIII.

The scum

That rises upmost, when the nation boils.—*Dryden.*

He hath borne himself beyond the promise of his age.

Shakespeare.

No event is more common in narratives of this nature than the early introduction of the maiden on whose fortunes the interest is supposed to turn.

So deeply affecting and romantic, however, have been the adventures, the hair-breadth escapes, the wanderings and perils of the royal pair since their painful separation at Whitehall, they absorb so much of our feeling, and involve us so far in their afflicted affairs, up to this stage of their respective journeys, that we have not been able to divert our attention from them, or to bestow it even for a moment on the noble youth and lovely girl, around whom it delights the novelist to throw a spell of enchantment, which transports his readers through his volumes.

Though neither time nor circumstance can prevent or annihilate such ineffable affection as the bard of every age has sung, which romance imagines, and which each of us in the bright spring day of life has felt, for some dear one : yet there are obstacles to the early marriages of first loves, and the chance is that such obstacles never admit of a happy issue, of which, at least, we could ever hear by "tale or history." There are passages of our own secret life known to no earthly being but to her or him, whom each of us long, long ago has loved and lost, which, even at an advanced stage of our existence, leave a tinge of romance in our memory and our mind.

What being is there so degraded as not to share the empire of his heart with some one who can divide his cares and multiply his pleasures ? Who can even listen to a tale of true love unmoved by some tender recollection of the past ?

To the thoughts of young Strickland, as he walked and watched on that little deck, where we left him in doubt and anxiety, for the monarch to whom he was attached there rose a crowd of regrets ; his heart was in the scene endeared to him by the young memories of the fair girl, whom he loved as a child loves a child, yet more

fondly than a sister; who at that hour was probably an exile from Whitehall, with her Royal mistress, on the tempest-tost sea, or exposed to perils more hideous than death. His reverie, sadly as it abstracted him from the present, was only too soon broken by the coarse ribaldry which assailed his ears from the shore.

“ Ah ! the blood-thirsty villains ; shame on them papishers, 'em shouldn't be suffered to live after their hellish plots, d— 'em, lamb 'em.”

Such exclamations from many voices, followed by a volley of oaths and d—n 'ems, struck upon his ear and 'alarmed him for the safety of his sovereign.

Strickland was brave as a lion, and his fear was for the king, not for himself, but he knew there was no appeal, no retreat by which they could escape. He could only listen, and watch, and wait, and arouse the king and Sir Edward if it should be necessary.

Much of that jesting was going on which always amuses an English rabble, whether feasting their eyes on the criminal in his death pang, when around the scaffold, or passing the long night in expectation of some tragic horror.

“ Nothing but the d— devil himself could

have kept the ugly hulk above the water, waddling and ducking as she drove before a gale that blew great guns."

"Ay," says a waggish waterman, "she must be a chance child of the Flying Dutchman."

Jack Benbow, overhearing the remark, which was intended to be very witty, swore a tremendous oath, that the hoy had gone down head foremost with all her sails set, emptied her ballast at the bottom with her crew, came up again and brought up also the poor souls on board safe and sound as a trout. "To-morrow they'll have more easting in the weather than they happen to find to their comfort."

"How long do you think their voyage is likely to last," demanded the full-faced humpty-dumpty landlord, Ames, of the "Ship" public-house, laying a finger on his jolly red nose while speaking.

"That's tellings," said the fellow whom his friends called the Big Bouncer.

The sailor in whose charge the master had left the hoy, overhearing this, jumped ashore, and said, "It's information you want, is it, Master Ames?" dropping his voice so low as to reach no ears but those of the publican, "Well then, listen to me."

Those two rascals, perceiving that they were now alone, apart from the rest, who were concocting mischief at a little distance, the latter speaker raised his voice, and with an expression of hardened, low cunning in his countenance, said to Ames that it was worse than folly to spend his valuable breath in words. "I'm up to a wrinkle or two," says he, knowingly.

"It's gain to be so knowledgeable," observed the amiable man of the "Ship" inn.

"Ah! bless me," says Jack of the hoy, "what would become of us all in these strange times, if we didn't turn an honest penny while there is a chance?"

"I have brought up a dozen of fine children in this faith, and I'll be d—d if I don't leave them something more than my honest name. Be gum and I ought too, for a nimble sixpence is better than a lazy shilling, and a shrewd hit begets sixpence, and a sixpence begets a shilling, and shillings beget pounds, and so on; like as the parson read in the Bible."

"Come now, old chap," said Ames, "you are scudding away out of the proper tack. None of your shilly-shally—answer my question at once."

"Not here—not here,—not now," replies the Jack. "'Tisn't fit for a poor man like me, who

have no eyes nor ears ; and often no tongue, to tell everybody which way the wind will blow next."

The publican cursed in his heart the sneaking treachery of the rogue, whose love of lucre was only exceeded by his own cupidity.

"Our skipper will possibly drop into the 'Ship,' for a drop of your Schiedam. Him knows as much about your 'Ship' as thee knows't about his'n."

This was enough for Ames, who waddled back to his house to catch what customers he could, especially the skipper of the hoy.

It was now dead of night ; the rabble had dispersed ; you might hear a pin drop on the deck, when the master of the hoy returned, with those of the crew who had for an hour preferred the "Ship" on dry land to that on the water. They threw themselves down under some canvass in the steerage, and soon gave evidence of their slumbers.

The youthful officer who paced the short deck during the melancholy watches of the night listened and sighed for the dawn of a better day than that which had passed into this night. Cornet Strickland, of the Life Guards, had acted from the first in concert with Sir Edward Hales

in the escape of the king. He was at that period of life when the mind is most sensitive ; the immediate transition from the boy to the man, full of young hope and ardent aspirations, his heart overflowing with noble and generous qualities, and an enthusiasm which led him to devote himself to the cause of misfortune and danger, with the chivalry and romance of olden times.

While thus pacing the deck he was suddenly startled by a violent shock against the craft, which made her shudder, and by a voice shouting, " On, my hearties ! cleave the papisher cut-throats from the crown to the brisket ! Shoot Sir Ed'ard 'Ales, who only two years ago was guv'nor of Dover Castle, where he flogged three innocent children into papists and confined in dark dungeons their Protestant parents, because they would not offer sacrifice to the viceregent (vicegerent) of the devil."

" I seed 'um at the great 'ouse," cried a scaramouch, " when we burnt the Wirgen, the pope, and old Nick, and Guy Faukes, before his popish face. I seed idols to which the priest was offering sacrifice."

" The gemman whose osses han't had no whoats at the Ship and that ere 'Ales is as like as two pase."

“Have at ’em! Pitch into the son of the red wh—,” cried a scripture reader.

“Hold,” says a third, who ran up the boat-side like a cat from the second boat, which had now reached the hoy.

“Take them aloive, there’s money set on their heads. Huzza! for Protestant Billy, freedom of conscience and plenty of gin!”

“Do,” says another eloquent speaker; “like the beastly sons of Baal, in the net which they have made for themselves, secure the hatchway.”

A cry of astonishment rather than of fear escaped Strickland, but fortunately it was drowned by the confused din. He would have called Hales, but to awake fears which he could not remove was vain. Besides, for the present the king and his friend were prisoners. A ruffian, armed to the very teeth, by the light of a flickering lamp, discerned young Strickland, whose gay uniform caught his eye. Perceiving that he had placed himself in an attitude of defence near the hatchway, the ruffian made a lunge at him with a sword (for in that day a duel with swords was as common nearly as a boxing match of our time), but he skilfully parried it with his trusty weapon; a second and a third attacked the slight but manly youth; he caught the thrust of

one dexterously in the folds of his cloak, and with such address met the furious but ineffective flourish of the other that he disarmed him, sending the unwieldy sword flying from the hand of his brutal assailant into the midst of the bystanders, who looked on in amazement. The three men were now closing round our young hero, with horrid blasphemies on their lips and insults too gross to write. The blood of his loyal ancestors already boiled within him, and yet the consciousness of danger gave him a calm presence of mind which never forsook him.

“Shame! shame!” with supreme dignity shouted the young man; “three against one, and a mere youth too; stand back, you cowards; one at a time, or two at a time, my brave fellows,” glancing at those around, whose sympathies he desired to enlist in the cause of the king. “Let us have fair play. One cheer for fair play, and old England for ever!”

A jolly old triton took up the cheer, and was joined by every man on deck, crew and assailants. “Huzza! for the young ’un. He’s a plucky one anyhow, though he bears the colours of the red whore.”

The anxiety Strickland felt for the immediate welfare of the king, put him rather on the

defensive than the attack. At length a flesh wound from the second of two well directed thrusts made at the same time by two antagonists drew blood from him.

"Well pinked, by gum," roared out the bystanders amid general applause.

"Not fair," exclaimed the ancient mariner.

The third bully, taking advantage of the opportunity, dealt a tremendous blow with a bludgeon from behind on the sword hand of the soldier, who for a moment parried it, then dropped the good blade he could no longer wield. Hard beset as he was, Strickland would not yield an inch, but with his left hand snatched one of his pistols from his belt, and fired it at the coward fellow who had partially disabled and wounded him. It was no other than the blotched monster Ames, who fell heavily on the hatchway.

"Bad manners to him," says an Irishwoman, who appeared as if by magic, and flung herself wildly into the *melée*, under a light which only made the darkness visible.

"The next time the nasty spalpeen laves the world, he will be afther doing it in more purliter style, and not with a 'curse in his mouth. Ames," says she, while he struggled as if with a strong muscular action.

“Will you have a priest, for the sake of your sinful sowl? he’s handy, for your convaniance,” said she, thoughtfully.

As if with a last dying effort, the wounded man gasped out—“I am no d——d papist; I’m bad enough, but not as bad as that neither,” added he, groaning.

The blood rushed profusely from the over-charged veins of the toper. The sight of blood and the mention of a priest had the same effect on the rabble as a red rag has on the fury of a bull.

The coolest of the schemers were excited to vengeance, and demanded blood for blood. Even the lazy, drunken crew, who up to this time had been asleep, or indifferent to a disturbance which brought no grist to their mill, began to shake off their lethargy. A yell arose, as if the spirit so familiar to their lips had stirred within them. “Bind him hand and foot, send him to be d——d, as his grandfather was before him.”

“I’ll lay you a Jacobus to a brass button that he is a bloodhound, and is bound to hunt Protestants.”

“Down with him!” cried a dozen voices.

“Never mind them, sir,” whispered the old man of the sea to Strickland; “they shan’t

hurt a hair of your head. Let yourself down in our boat," pointing to a yawl in charge of a hale young man; "a pair of oars will carry you over the water like a wild duck."

The mob was setting upon the soldier in a body, and neither his activity nor skill in fencing could avail the over-matched youth, who was performing miracles with one hand; and all seemed over with him, when the Irishwoman made a diversion in his favour.

"By the powers and all the bloody wars!" shrieked she; "divil a one of ye's will be a man before his mother. Tare an' ages, and tunder and nouns! O murther in Irish!" wails the woman. "Is it the iligant young gentleman? God presarve his honour!"

"Don't you see Ames weltering in his blood, you Irish papist, Judy?" cried a number at once.

"Troth, its himself that's a beer barrel—the full of a door—the dirty dhrop was in the baste. Is it for the likes of him you'd be laying a hand on the handsome young soldier, God bless him?" Here she made the sign of the cross, and sprinkled holy water in a circle round her.

Then seeing that nothing could save Strickland from the assault of his opponents, she threw herself between them and the overwhelmed

young man, who was reeling beneath their blows. She cried out to the old sailor to help them, and he did his best.

“Never let it be said that Judy Magrath was such a nasty stag as to see the son of his father cut down.” She was now flung down under foot. The old man and his son stood over her.

“Let the spalpeens walk over my dead body, before they touch the pure blood of his honour,” cried she. “May the Blessed Virgin be good to us now and at the hour of our death.”

The men sneered, but began to desist from further violence, shamed by the singular act of devotion of the Irishwoman.

By this time all the miscreants from the two boats had boarded the hoy, and increased the confusion of the parties on deck. They aroused the drunken crew and forced them to enter into deliberation with them, which they could bring to no practical conclusion, since their leader, Ames, lay prostrate and groaning out curses over the hatchway. A very confused notion of the scuffle, which seemed at first fatal to mine host of “The Ship,” took possession of the last comers. The proofs which the young soldier had given of unrivalled coolness and courage, which would have done honour to a

veteran, seconded by the threats and entreaties of the brave old man, and the sudden dash which the Irishwoman made at the fellows who were closing in upon Strickland stunned them, and went far to disarm the fury of the rabble. There was one circumstance, however, which did more for our hero than all the rest.

All present hated and feared the man who was now weltering in his gore. He was loyal to no party, even while he was avowedly pledged to their interests. Treachery was the element in which he kept "The Ship" above water. He could only live in mischief. His delight was essentially in the work which the author of evil had given him to do, either for friend or foe, Papist or Protestant.

One voice only was raised in his praise, that of a sot still under the beery influence: "Master Ames brews good ale, his browst was main fine drink, which had a flavour of Protestant hops and popish malt."

All this clamour over the hatchway, just above the prisoners' heads, for such the king and Sir Edward now really were, filled them with a horror which exceeds description. The dark blood from the wound of the fallen landlord was trickling down, through the chinks of the hatch-

way, within a few inches of the poor monarch's head. In vain they tried to force the door. The king bitterly whispered to Sir Edward Hales :

“ God help me !—God's hand is hard upon me and all who love me. It is surely the blood of our guide—a gallant youth he appeared. Who is he ? ”

“ He must speak for himself by and bye, ” answered Sir Edward.

“ How can he speak when he is slain ? ”

“ Nay, my liege, say not so, I trust he will yet prove our deliverer. None attached to the house of Stuart have such puddle blood as this in their veins.—But hearken, they are raising the hatchway. ”

And so it was ; for Ames, whose ample collops of fat enveloped him, as if he were enclosed in cushions of thick soft quilted armour, like the peculiar fashion of the times, had prevented the pistol bullet from touching any vital part ; it had only passed through this superabundance of flesh ; so that the young soldier, by letting so much pent-up blood, prolonged rather than shortened the man's life. His followers staunched the blood and bound up his wound ; and he soon rallied sufficiently to enter earnestly into the secret councils of the schemers.

“We want Father Petre, and Father Petre we will have,” cried the rabble.

“Hold, my fine fellows,” says the high-spirited cornet, “so sure as Father Petre ever cumbered the sides of the hoy, so certain is it that we flung him overboard, to find like Jonas a bed in some whale’s belly.”

“That’s your sort,” said the friendly old sailor.

“Be aisy,” cried the Irishwoman, who was now recovering herself, “sure that’s how the hoy lost her ballast and danced about so light on her heels, that she was dhrove in among yees. And bad cess to the seed and creed of the spawn that boards the darlint vessel, God bless her!”

The old man looked her into silence. The fact is, a recognition had taken place between the young soldier and the old tar. The latter had served under James, when Duke of York, and had not only seen Robert Strickland as a little boy, but had carried him on his shoulders and made little vessels for him on board Admiral Sir Roger Strickland’s own ship, or in his yacht on cruises of pleasure.

The suspense which afflicted the king and his companion in danger was now worse than death. Strickland longed to relieve them, but

really knew not how without betraying their rank.

“Let us try and speak them fair,” says he to the loyal old sailor.

The young man then addressed the careless and desperate group. “I am quite ready,” he said, with composure, “to meet any terms which my unhappy situation gives you the power to enforce so far as honour allows. You have but to name your demands and we will satisfy them.”

His experience of the people with whom he had to deal, limited as it was, taught him that money was eloquence more persuasive than speech. Suiting the action to his words, he drew out his purse, which contained a considerable sum of gold. Ames remarked its dimensions and its fullness with an ugly grin, which distorted his blubber lips and played through his shaggy moustache like a gust of wind over a thatched roof; but could not with the fell swoop which he desired pounce on his prey while so many hawks' eyes were upon him. This was the reflection which went deeper than the pistol balls. He looked at the skipper. The skipper made no sign. Some of the hearers actually touched their sou-westers at

the sight of the imprisoned shiners and the sound of Strickland's promise. There was a muttered sort of a greedy growl, like that of wild beasts over their flesh meat.

"The gemman have behaved genteel, and shall not be put upon," cried the old man of the sea, and so saying he took Ames aside, partly supporting him, as he was still weak from loss of blood. In a few minutes they returned and raised the hatchway, still wet with the blood of Ames, and down they went together. They find the king, who, though unknown to all but his immediate friends, yet, at the sight of these strange intruders, could not conceal his uneasiness and trepidation, though tenderly consoled by Sir Edward Hales.

"I knows them," says Ames, recovering his boldness, "the last is Sir Ed'ard 'Ales. Thee besant the man to do good to the 'Ship.' One good turn desarves another. But, Sir Ed'ard, what's 'tother bird in the cage? 'Birds of a feather flock together.' Who stowed 'em there? A priest I'se warrant," saying this he shook his shock head and grinned like grim death. "It is Father Petre; I knows him by his lean jaws. Search the hatchet-faced old Jesuit." The old sailor, Strickland, who had followed them down

the hatchway, and Ames conferred together for some time, when Sir Edward, who was treated as the principal in the business, guessing the subject of the conversation, addressed Ames persuasively, and observed that he had better send his companions away, and thereby secure to himself the liberal ransom which he, Sir Edward, would pay him down in gold.

“Catch a weasel asleep with his eyes open,” says the cunning publican. “What’s yourn is mine, and what’s mine is my own. A papist is a papist, and money is money,” adds he with a frightful wink. “Down with the dust.”

Sir Edward Hales, seeing that he was the leader of the gang, handed him a purse containing fifty guineas, and promised him one hundred more if he would allow them to pursue their course. Ames took the money, and promised to go on shore with his party, over whom he had an uncontrollable influence, and pledged himself to promote the escape of these passengers ; but before he left the cabin, persuaded them to give up all which they most valued into his hands, as he could not answer for his rough customers, he said. The king handed him three hundred guineas, all the money which he had about him, and also his watch ; the jewels they

deemed valueless, for they took them for bits of glass.

In this extremity, true to his business-like habits, James demanded and obtained the fellow's receipt for those trifles. No sooner was Ames off with his rich booty, than his men, who hated and feared him, pressed rudely about his Majesty.

The outcry of the day and the place, the nervous dread which fevered every good Protestant, justified the most exorbitant demands on the suspected. The capture of a disguised Jesuit was a regular prize. To let him off was to be guilty of a crime only less heinous than that of being a plotter. Justices' justice was more the result of terror than of tyranny. The ruffians, therefore, had nothing to fear from any brutal assault which they might make upon those on whom they detected the mark of the beast. They were accordingly insisting upon searching the person of the king, when Cornet Strickland sprang to his side with a pistol in his left hand and a casket of jewels in his right, which, though not severely wounded, was stiff. "Take this," he cried, "or take that—which you prefer. A bullet for the first man who lays a hand on the defenceless gentleman who has given three hundred guineas to your honest friend Ames, or," holding

up the casket to the glimmering light of a lamp, "this casket, which will pay you better than treachery to two gentlemen who never injured you."

Hales interposed with a sword in one hand and a pistol in the other. The ruffians preferred the jewels and trinkets of gold to the inferior metal with which the fire-arms were loaded. The miscreants made off with their prey. In the mean time James had secured beneath his under garments some sacred emblems of his faith, his coronation ring, and, what he valued more, three great diamond bodkins, which the queen had left behind her.

Under the impression that the marauders had made off with their illgotten gains, Sir Edward ascended the stairs, or rather ladder, with the intention of exploring the deck, hoping to find the coast clear, and the crew working the craft out of danger; when, to his horror, he found the hatchway was battened down.

The little party were prisoners. They heard a clamour overhead. Next came the nautical language and monotonous song to which the anchor was heaved up. Then the rush and tramp of feet were heard upon deck. The hauling of ropes, the measured cries of the sailors, and the

stern command of the skipper. At this hour the tide had risen, the wind was favourable, and it was but too clear to the mind of James that the hoy was under weigh for Faversham. The thought mastered him ; he fell into a fit of despair, followed by a state of stupor, from which he was only aroused by the grating of the boat against the beach. The hatchway was raised, and Ames waddled down into the dungeon below.

CHAPTER IX.

Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted Pomp ? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious Court ?—*Shakespeare.*

SCENES of suffering and sorrow, while they invite our sympathy, afford but a melancholy theme “to point a moral or adorn a tale.” Right gladly, therefore, do we now turn for a change from the unmitigated wretchedness which the fallen monarch has brought upon himself, and out of which he sees no escape, to the tranquil beauty of the free and open country of Oxfordshire and Berks, as it slopes down to either side of the Thames.

To emerge into the pure air of Heaven from the abodes of pent-up misery is refreshing to the mind. To quit for a moment even the splendour of a crowded court, its glittering gauds and heart-sickening strifes and stratagems, must ever be a real blessing to those whose narrow realms are usually bounded by selfish interests and petty triumphs.

Leave these, gentle reader, in the haunts of mean magnificence, and the pangs which they inflict, the paltry palaces of princes ; and follow us to the sky-canopied temple,—follow us to sylvan saloons carpeted with green and flowered with daisies,—embowered temples in secluded glades, where Nature holds her tranquil court,—what though no glorious flood of summer sun lights up the landscape, and stripped of their honours as are the arching boughs which meet over the recesses of the Thames ; yet, how grand and how noble is the solemnity enshrined in that cold sylvan solitude !

To the young, especially, in the glow of their youthful emotions, such spots amid the dingle or bushy dell, the wild woods and water, have a charm—a world of bliss. The redbreast still warbled round the leafless coves, wooing, as it were, the “ calm decay ” and stillness of December. Evergreens were among the trees what the robin was among birds, and both had a classic chant which blended in harmony with the ripple and the sigh of the wind, calling upon man to drive fierce passion from his breast and be at peace.

Such was the divine eloquence of nature on one winter's morning little less than two cen-

turies ago. The meadows were silvered over with frozen dew, but the sparkling rime was disappearing before the influence of the sun, bursting into short-lived glory—except in the long and varied shadows cast by the trees, where the frosted tracery remained unthawed and as brilliant as ever; like faithful friendship, deep and visible in the dark shadow of adversity. So much depends on the state of mind of the beholder, and the weather, in which he passes through a country, that what appears beautiful to him one day may be uninteresting, or even painful another, especially if the sights or sounds form a contrast to the tone of his feelings.

To the general observer the banks of the Thames are, we must admit, more remarkable for their merchandise and sober aspect of civilisation than for natural beauties, especially below London. Yet, even amid the almost viewless marshes and retreating vales we catch glimpses of the picturesque as well as the useful. The landscapes, like those who people them, need a close and patient observation to be duly appreciated. Both improve on nearer acquaintance.

The travelled eye, which delights in varied prospects, loves to rest on bolder scenery.

The features of England are young. Her

venerable cathedrals, time-honoured churches and ancient castles, even in their ruins, form a solemn contrast to the general aspect of the country.

The mellowed and autumnal tints and hues of advanced, unbroken, sacred old age, which shade the faces of other countries are lost in the young and yet the matter-of-fact, the ever present interests of England.

Nothing, however, can be more picturesque than some of the clustering cottages and half-concealed hamlets, which nestle among woods and dot the teeming country along the rich slopes of the Thames, as it winds its way through fertile groves and meads.

The banks of the Thames are in many places fringed with evergreens and studded with pleasant villas.

How many changes has this river witnessed in the land through which it flows ! How many human beings has it borne to grief or to joy ! What diplomatic stratagems, what civil wars have been matured on its banks, into political revolutions, while one dynasty has only been levelled, to erect another on its ruins !

Yet even amid such scenes and memories, nature triumphs over every vicissitude, and

survives unchangeable and unchanged. Not only the eternal mountain clothed in snow and throned in clouds; but the lowly river, which wanders through the scenes of the varied changes to which it conduced, bears no trace of age or wrinkle, and still retains the character of its youth.

On the day which we commemorate in this chapter, the winds breathed plaintively through the reeds. A pleasant sadness reigned over the water.

Of the many beautiful windings of the Thames there are none more picturesque than those situated in the neighbourhood of Nuneham, Reading, and Henley. Emerging from the seclusion of these reaches on the morning we have mentioned, might be seen through a break in the trees, an eight-oared boat, built according to the fashion of the period, well manned. The stout heavy-built concern, bore about the same proportion to the swift, elegant and graceful Oxford or Cambridge build of the present day as a clumsy dray-horse bears to a fleet and high-bred racer. The crew seemed well selected, hale, merry-hearted, somewhat stouter, but yet younger than the picked men of our day; evidently trained more by hardy sports and

habitual out-door life to physical exertion and athletic exercises than by any prescribed regime or privation. There was a slighter figure at the helm; but this youth, probably not exceeding sixteen years, made up in sinew and hardness for a greater and less eligible weight.

There is nothing, not even the manners, habits, costume of Oxford men themselves, which has undergone a greater change than vessels and boats of every description, especially according to the ever varying cut of Oxford and Cambridge, during our own quarter of a century. To rebuild on paper the very best boat of the 17th century would simply be to reconstruct a monster only less hideous than a steam-tug. The only thing unchanged in our memory connected with boats are the names of the builders.

The fabric which hove in sight was all but flat bottomed—a mere tub to the enlightened eyes of an Oxford man of the nineteenth century. The stroke, however, was regular in measured melody, but not the time of the light lively move of “thirty-six to the minute.” Whether the young Oxford of that day displayed their rowing powers in the “dark blue,” or rejoiced in the party-coloured and fantastic drapery which variegates the Isis now-a-days,

faithful history does not record. However this may be, the crew were, at any rate, uniform, though destitute of that dash and finished performance which distinguish our sprightly contemporaries on the river. The boat shot steadily a-head at every stroke, but the peculiar style of her crew seemed calculated for endurance, and judging from the liberal provisions and the abundance of good cheer which still remained on board, a mere stranger might come to the conclusion, that, unwieldy as she was, her course had been from Oxford, and that at this ungenial season she was on an expedition either of adventure or pleasure, or both, which few men of the present generation would be hardy enough to undertake.

“Now we are in smooth water,” cried the boatswain; “all settle down to your work for a few minutes with a good will, and send her spinning round this turning.” A few more long, strong, steady pulls with the oars deep in the water, brought the boat into a small creek, so sheltered by the high grounds and copses to windward of them, that the water was as unruffled as the sleep of an infant. A calm stillness stole over the scene.

“She’s a first-rate vessel,” says No. 2.

“And a jolly crew,” quietly observes the steersman.

“I never thought we could have made such way, by Jupiter,” breaks in No. 3. And while all rested themselves under the sunny bank, wine or something quite as powerful went freely round after the rural meal they had enjoyed in the boat, and even some claret, which might have found acceptance with the most critical of the Dons, and other drinks far superior to Sherry Cobbler, or any of the present substitutes for the juice of the vine, unless the undergraduates have them from the *Governor's bin*.

The generous drink had begun to work a joyful influence upon the party.

“We shall be too late,” sang out the captain.

“Too late for that claret,” shouts out a youth who had evinced a copious capacity for the best beverage of his time, but who never exceeded a bottle at a sitting. He kept a steady look out as helmsman, and steered his course upon the Scylla and Charybdis principle.

“I recommend a bumper of that mellow old port,” says Harry Hough, “which my uncle, the President, with difficulty saved from the clutches of that semi-popish Bishop Parker, or his proxy ; whom the king, God save his

Majesty, thrust into our President's lodgings a year ago."

"Ay, and we shared his punishment for our contumacy," struck in No. 8, who had never been able to recover his position. "What a jolly laugh we had at old Jimmy when he lost his temper and self-respect at Christ Church! Let us all then drink this same bumper, to the honour and glory of the liberator, the brave Prince of Orange, the Protestant Protector and Potentate."

Scarcely had the words escaped the young man's lips, when his eight companions rose as one man, and as from one mouth their indignation found vent in one unmitigated hiss, which convulsed the boat and made her tremble in every joint, so that she seemed like a vast snake hissing out her fury and her venom.

"The swilltub, the gingutted rake, the rapscallion Dutch dog! Eagle nosed Billy!"

The topic of the day had painfully occupied the young men's minds, and suggested their present plans. But never as a body had the University, for a moment, in thought, word, or deed, been disloyal to their king.

"There was a pause, a fearful pause," well nigh prophetic of the end of the disloyal

speaker ; to whom the epithets of “ traitor, rebel, &c.,” were merciful to what seemed in store for him.

Twice he essayed to explain—twice he tried to qualify what had fallen from him—twice he attempted to draw the attention to one Francis Alban, a Benedictine monk — Mr. Anthony Farmer, the sot, and what was worse, the papist. Three times did he make the most violent efforts to make himself heard in a direct appeal to their personal feelings and interests, in order to arouse their resentment and evoke their concurrence.

“ After the war waged by the mighty monarch of three crowns against a small literary society over whom, on the richest foundation in Europe, he would obtrude a papist as president, in defence of our own vested rights and immemorial privileges when he expelled, or to say the least rusticated, no less than fourteen of us Demies——”

A roar of derisive laughter, which young men can best give, and a renewed storm of hisses and other inhuman sounds drowned the speech and shook the very timbers of the boat. Amid the uproar Hough, standing at the stern uncovered, made the remote and secluded recesses of the woods ring again with “ Here’s health and hap-

piness, and a long reign over us, to our lawful sovereign, King James II." In which toast the offender was compelled to join, apparently with much energy, if not real heartiness.

"By the altar of Paphos," exclaims Hough, "the very woods are still re-echoing with our loyalty, and we may sacrifice our noble selves to our nobler cause in this adventure, unless we can restrain these outbursts, which may reach some insurgent squire in his unseen mansion."

"By the hammer of Vulcan," swears No. 5, "We will drive this can on his head for a helmet who first talks politics, popery, or priestcraft. By the Thyrsus of Bacchus, a second bottle of that fine old port shall drown all anger and heal all wounds which the first bottle has made."

"By the ægis of Jupiter we shall want a better roof than a winter sky, and may not loiter here all day," cries another.

"Would you actually fight for the king, against William of Nassau?" demanded the crew of Harry Hough, but without waiting for his reply, went on—"Consider that hitherto there has been but one Catholic bishop in England—Dr. Leyburn; but three others, Philip Ellis, a monk, Dr. Giffard, and Dr. Smith, were ap-

pointed on the 30th of last January. Already," chimed in the crew, "the kingdom is divided into four districts, one of which was allotted to each on the 20th of last July."

"By the scissors of Atropos," impatiently declares the stroke oar, "unless you cut these questions short, and merge all the bitter recollections of the past which only poison the present we shall never be able to pull in the same boat."

Although the mirth of the young men had now become cheerful rather than boisterous, each had spoken enough, if not precisely the sentiments of all; and any one of the crew had drunk enough for an ordinary occasion.

Various and many were the liquors which even at this period, it would appear, were appreciated by Oxford men.

One cried out, "If there is contention in the wine, let us have a pull at the 'huff cap.'"

"I prefer the 'mad dog' this cold weather," says another, "when he does not bite."

"If he bite," cry Nos. 3 and 4 at the same time, "a hair out of the dog which bit you is the best cure. The stuff for us is angels' food."

"I call it dragon's milk," remarks No. 5, with a knowing wink, and quaffs off a foaming

tankard of something which looked like strong beer.

The rest of the men declared their predilection for "go by the wall," suiting their action to their words. These young gentlemen gaily applied many epithets of endearment to the stores which Hough, their good Acestes, had stowed away.

"You remind me," says that prudent gentleman, "of what our butler said to the porter and his assistant whom he found muddled in the cellar—"You lug away at the old October, as pigs lugging at their dam's teats." Whereupon there was a murmur against such vulgarity, and a threat to sconce the speaker; who went on as if he heard them not, "or to be more classical and to keep clear of the Isthmus of Suez, like Romulus and Remus, when they emulated each other in sucking the wolf."

Like young life in every age of the world, this joyous company had their entrancing, their ecstatic delights, their triumphs over difficulties, their exultation in their strength. Partial success, at least so far, had crowned their struggles. They only required elder men's praise to come pleasantly to their ears and confirm their self-confidence.

The victories of heroism they had won, by their devotion to the monarch to whom they owed nothing but loyalty. Noble endurance, trials of temptation met and conquered, had filled each with proper self-esteem. Self-interest and even Protestantism had been less dear to them than their hereditary though misguided king.

The mind of youth is deeply susceptible of impressions, made generally by its own prejudices and passions, but more indelibly impressed by the opinions of others and strengthened by experience—impressions which time can seldom deface or destroy.

For instance, the youth who would oust his king and drink the health of an usurper had been personally wounded and injured; he attributed his injury to a Catholic king, and hated the religion on account of the wrong with which he associated his grievance and his trial. The rest were identified with Oxford, and governed by the spirit of forbearance and loyalty which distinguished the members of that university.

The discontented youth, in the spring of life, in that bright season, when the soaring heaven-winged bird of hope sang most sweetly in his ears at the very gate of his earthly Paradise

had been driven an outcast from the fertile field of his aspirations.

Oh ! false and faithless hopes of soaring youth ! the syren voice too often seduces thee to the rocks of ruin, which prove the shipwreck of thy fortune. We gaily quaff the rosy cup of nectar, and find too late that disappointment is at the bottom.

How pleasantly the hours of that winter's morning wore on, and fancy led the mazy dance of coming joys. It was, amid surrounding conflicts and heart-rending strifes, a happy day to the young boatmen,—full of pure enjoyment ; and willingly, too willingly, would I pause on it long and relate the words of bliss, and hope, and even love, which, in the bright glow of youthful emotion, were spoken by rather more than half of the expelled and restored undergraduates of Magdalen College, beneath the transient gleam of a December sun—so beautifully expressive of their fortunes. I would rather depict the feelings which brightened that glad hour. Willingly too, would I veil the darker scenes before them. Willingly would I transport myself to the days of my boyhood on the Isis or the Thames, with the choice few whom I loved and have lost, or with the

one college friend whom still I retain ! I would linger and loiter in the sunshine of the hour under that well-wooded bank, then so bright and so fresh, and contrast it with the dark cloud which has come over our prospects on this side Heaven, and shrouded the children of imagination in death or in gloom. Fate or Destiny, or call it what you will, is moving inevitably forward, "*omnia in pejus ruere*"—we must on. I would not change the dream for its fulfilment—the wished object for the event. "Man calls a wish : that comes ; he says he called another." The flowers which unfolded their loveliness in the dream have faded since he awoke ; their very fragrance is gone. The shrine of our idol is empty,—our companions, though dead, it is true, still speak, but only from the catacombs of our memory and the graves of our hopes.

But as our object is to let all parties speak for themselves, we have only to observe in justice to the Oxford undergraduates of the 17th century, that neither the extraordinary exertions of their adventure, nor its excitement, nor novelty, induced them to exceed the social pleasure of sobriety. The exhilarating potations of those days were strong and copious ; but the under-

graduates bracing were stronger and the undercurrent of their thoughts deeper.

At no moment of their aquatic festivity did their indulgence arise to the orgies of Bacchus, or practically illustrate the sentiments of the classic vinous poets of their studies. Their carousing cups and libations, were far too powerful for a reading man of the present day, or even a book-worm of that period. "*Vinum locutum est*," in the person of the deprived and unrestored Demy. But by the suppression of disloyalty and dissension complete good humour prevailed. The solitude and repose of the whole scene, though rather cold, had such an attraction for the young men, that in its monastic seclusion they appeared to forget the object whatever it was, of their voyage, until reminded by Hough, that such rest could not last for ever.

"But where is the king now, and where can we see his Majesty?" demanded half the crew at once.

"The only thing we can learn for certain," said the steersman, "is, that the conditions imposed upon his Majesty are that each army should remain at the distance of forty miles from the capital. William has accordingly agreed not to advance within forty miles of London the next three days."

“If so,” observed Parker, who was the stroke oar, and a distant relation of the discomfited Bishop of Oxford, “the king may already be near Reading, where we may offer him our homage and services.”

“How can you vouch for the truth of this report?” asks the quondam Demy, who had ceased to be a member of the University, and who was innocent of Jacobite principles.

“The contradictory tidings and absurd reports of the newspapers,” rejoined Hough, “are as silly as they are false. The President had the earliest and most probable intelligence from Ellis, Pepys, or Evelyn, or some of those late fellows, who enter all the events of these stormy times in a ledger.”

“A journal or diary, you mean, Hough,” chimed in the crew.

“I speak,” said the steersman; “under correction. Still, their system of book-keeping is Italian, or double-entry; so that at a decided turn of fortune, a balance may be made out to the credit of the nephew, or tender father, or son-in-law, according to the profits or losses of either side; making a safe book in favour of the winner, well hedged against losses.”

Whatever might be the intended drift of this

last remark, the unsophisticated, unsuspecting, and disinterested loyalists either did not clearly see the advantage of such arithmetic, or cared not for the authority farther than it might direct their movements, and decide the rest of their journey. There was a pause, after which, all the young men, as is but too common in such cases of difficulty or doubt, began to advance separate and inconsistent opinions; each was more ready to give his counsel than the rest of the company were to receive it.

One proposed that they should return to Oxford. Another, that they should at least rest for the night at Henley or Reading. No. 8 went so far as to insist upon London as their destination. Even the most thoughtful of the party showed by the advice which they offered that they neither understood the state of the country, nor the nature or extent of the political warfare which divided it.

“There is, if I remember rightly,” said Hough, “a jovial old squire, my uncle by marriage, with whom I used to hunt in this neighbourhood, when I was at school at Reading; if we could but fall in with him, he would give us such countenance and counsel as would meet your approbation, and bring us

to a safe and happy decision. We cannot be far from the Oxford Road, somewhere about half way between Henley and Maidenhead."

"Come Tate, my boy," says he to the dispossessed Demy, "and let us go in quest of the fine old gentleman," for he wished to protect the unpopular youth. No sooner, however, was the proposal made than there was a regular mutiny and a burst of discontent, which threatened to disperse the crew and to defeat their object, when the distant music of a pack of hounds caught their delighted ear. All traces of the frost had by this time disappeared, and the dogs had evidently taken up the scent; but they were still far away, for the well-known notes barely reached the ear on the "southerly wind," but under no "cloudy sky." The council which was so near breaking up without any satisfactory conclusion resumed their places in the boat, and brought their heads down on a level with the bank of the river to drink in the charming sounds.

Prince, Protestant or Papist was all the same to the Jacobites or poor Tate at this moment.

The cover lay in a valley almost low enough to be called a marsh, watered by a stream which

now occupied a bed that in summer formed a road. There were gentle slopes on either side clothed with rushes and moss, and behind and stretching away there was a wide plain through which this offshoot of the main river wriggled, sometimes visible, sometimes hidden in a wooded glen. It seemed to subside into a sheet of water.

The neighbouring country, whether on the Oxford or the Berkshire side, varied but little in surface, though at this period well wooded. There was nothing to interrupt the view of the chase so far as the eye could take in the prospect. In this pleasant station the young men enjoyed a full view of the exciting run in which they longed to be actors. Both sides of the valley were now occupied by groups on foot or horseback, as the most practised sportsmen believed the fox would take this direction.

On the Oxford Road which led to Henley might already be seen, though not yet by the Demies, many equipages, cumbersome and unwieldy, but still gay and gaudy; some of which were filled with ladies, whose waving feathers and fluttering colours heightened the effect of the low and lonely landscape, and gave that

variety of beauty and brightness in which England so seldom rejoices.

The keenest of the sportsmen were fearful of a check, and remained behind lest they should overrun the game, and others even walked through the thick cover, earnestly watching the dogs as they sprung from copse to copse, and made the woods and waters vibrate with the deep notes which had reached the boatmen.

“The fox is starting with the wind,—they are off. What rasps are the fences, and how heavy the ground !”

“Not they,” cried Hough. “They’re still hunting the old fox in the Hazel cover,—he may not break away this half hour or more.”

“He is breaking, by Nimrod,” says No. 8.

“By the little foxes which set the barley field on fire, Reynard will not stir till the dogs are right on him,” says No. 7.

Tate deemed that the hounds had even been together in full chase.

No. 5 slightly retorted “that may be so ; there is a babbler in every pack, which gives tongue when he is at fault.”

The sounds came nearer and still more near the boat, until at length the young men heard,

“Tally ho! there they go.” The shout seemed to re-echo from a hundred clear, strong voices, as the hounds now really for the first time in full cry burst from the cover in one compact mass, rising the intervening hill which had concealed them. The young men were in ecstasy, and only longed for horses. As quick as lightning every horse was away except a little group which surrounded an elderly gentleman. The restrained animals bounded and plunged with impatience. The huntsman and the master of the hounds were first down the hill, and over the very creek or recess of the river, in which the Oxford boat was sheltered. Red coat after red coat followed not a hundred yards above their bow; the breadth was incredible; but the horses and men gallantly cleared it, all riding safely and well.

The young men forgot everything which might once have been heavy on their hearts as they watched youths of their own age and station take the brook flying. More than one of their own acquaintances at college they recognised, especially the Honourable O'Brian Clare on an Irish hunter.

“Now look,” says his friend No. 7, as his whole face beamed with excitement; “that

fellow knows his horse and his horse knows him." He was ascending the hill in a sharp canter, which he slackened in his descent towards the boat.

"Just look how he holds him together," cried Hough, "and sits him as if he were part and parcel of the noble animal."

To the utter amazement of all he was actually upon them before he could pull up without a regular smash.

The Irishman cried out—"Are his hind legs well forward?"

"Yes."

The young man, with one cut of his whip, rose his horse to the full height of the boat, and at the same instant singing out, "Now, Faugh-a-ballagh!" he gave a wild Irish screech, which no one but a wild Irishman could give, and which no animal but an Irish horse could understand.

"That's the way to take it, my hearties," cries the Honourable O'Brian, as he literally flew right over the boat, and came down with the lightness of a bird.

Had he thrown his grandmother, who was descended from Brian Boru, "right up against the moon," he could not have electrified the

Saxon minds of those over whom he so unexpectedly leaped, with greater astonishment.

Should the accomplished horseman of our own day, considering the width of the brook, doubt the possibility of such an achievement as this veracious narrative here records, the writer can only say that he himself, in a desperate run at the foot of the mountain of Forth, in the county of Wexford, witnessed when a boy a still more daring exploit. A middle-aged huntsman, called old Parle, a seasoned vessel, who had a wonderful capacity for whisky, after tossing off two glasses of neat poteen at a shi-been house under a rock, and making glad the heart of his "*baste*" with a portion of a third, took a leap a few minutes after, when the fox broke away from a furze cover and the hounds were in full cry, which far exceeded that near Henley-on-Thames nearly two centuries ago. He rushed pall-mall at a stone wall on the side of the mountain, obliquely descending towards Sledagh, and as he himself expressed it, "put a shout under" his fierce horse, which re-echoed from rock to rock, and before you could say "Paddy Murphy," was at the opposite side of a road, no boreen, but a road upwards of sixteen feet between the walls, where two jingles, or

jaunting cars, could pass each other on their road to Wexford. He appeared to lift the skinny, long-legged horse rather than tax him with his weight. He gave him a cut of the whip, and a screech, and cleared two stone walls and the road between them.

But then, valiant gentlemen and still more dauntless ladies, should you ever aspire to such celebrity, let us entreat you for your safety and your renown, never to "look before you leap." To look is to be floored, to be thrown out of the saddle, and out of the chase; in Ireland to be "spilt" and to be "kilt." But this Irish horse of the Irish Oxonian has carried us away too far from the course.

The dogs, true to their instinct, followed close upon the trail of the fox, and eagerly sniffed in the delicious odour. The hunters were rushing forwards with reckless haste regardless of the treacherous and swampy nature of the moss-covered ground. For some time there was no check, no rebuke, recalling the hounds to their duty. But "now then, forward Brushwood, hark away, Jowler, yoicks, Babler, Pompey, &c.," and such exhortations were heard. Everything promised an excellent prospect of prolonged sport and a fair run; when the old dog fox, like

other animals, bipeds, as well as quadrupeds, making up for his weakness by cunning, became too wily, where not too swift for his pursuers. He crossed and recrossed the brook, plunged himself into every slough to deaden the scent, so that for ten minutes the hounds were at fault. At length, however, once more the full pack bursting from a thicket, followed by the most dashing of the sportsmen, took the brook about a hundred yards under the bow of the Magdalen boat. The fox was at this time well off and the dogs after him in full cry ; while the horses were partly swimming and partly jumping in the water which few of them could clear. Many of the "look-before-you-leap" riders had fallen over their horses' heads or had passed over a bridge a little higher up the stream, making a circuit. The crew who themselves were all keen sportsmen, were regretting their hard fate which left them "nowhere," when an apparition passed before their astonished eyes, and in an instant interrupted their regrets and their observations.

CHAPTER X.

Her form was fresher than the morning rose,
When the dew wets its leaves ; unstain'd and pure
As is the lily, or the mountain snow.—*Anon.*

Not since the memorable day on which the Oxford reading man recollecting himself suddenly pulled up in the hottest moment of an exciting chase, and cried “ Oh ! my lecture !—my Livy lecture at two o'clock !” has there been anything so unsportsman-like and critically “ slow ” as our division of chapters in the midst of the hunt.

We left the horses and their riders in full pursuit,—some floundering and plunging in the brook, and some more fortunate, riding before the wind having crossed the water. The hounds were yelping and barking with their heads up, or baying a long deep note : the huntsman encouraging this dog by name, and abusing that, until off they went again in full cry. The few stragglers brought up the rear ; but a gradual dip of the ground on the Berkshire side of the Thames

concealed the group, whom we before noticed as lingering behind. They had now descended the slope, and it was from this hollow that there arose to the view of the young men a rider, who seemed recklessly, at full speed, to rush furiously through, rather than over, yawning trenches, down headlong to the widest part of the stream, where it began to retire from the Thames.

“By the girdle of Venus! there’s a lady!” cried Hough.

“No, by St. Hubert it’s a man,” cries Parker.

A nearer approach clearly revealed to all a lady, elegantly mounted on a thorough-bred horse, or at least a steed with more of the racer than the hunter in him. Jet black he was, except here and there spots like snow flakes, which the foam from the bridle bits had thrown upon him.

The huntress, as far as the Oxonians had time to observe, was a lovely young woman, the striking beauty of whose animated features was rendered still more beautiful by the glow of exercise in the chase. She wore a close-fitting coat or vest, and a hat, her attire resembling in a great degree that of a man; so that Parker at first sight might easily have mistaken her sex. Indeed, her riding habit so nearly approached

the present fashion that we can scarcely fancy it of so old a date.

Her long waves of auburn hair streamed in the breeze, having in the hurry of the chase escaped from the imprisonment of ribands into the free air of heaven. Her horse had evidently been so long restrained, that he was frantic with impatience, and though she rode down the marshy decline with an admirable address which would have brought her in at the death (if that fox were doomed to die that day) had not the high spirited animal's ears been so often greeted by the sounds which he could not resist, and which rendered him unmanageable, for his proper place was the first in the field. The marshy ground retarded his pace, but still it was too swift and unmeasured for the tremendous leap which lay before her. "Not so fast, not so fast," cried one and all of the crew imploringly; but she heard them not, or the horse obeyed not her directions.

Hough, who was now at the helm, for all had resumed their places, had a fine view of her uncommonly fine face and graceful figure; to which an ineffable charm was added by the romance of the now lonely scene. Her unexpected, nay, extraordinary appearance made an

impression on the beholders, deepened by the sense of her danger. Her horse in his terrible impetuosity made some perilous leaps, but coming to a more level and firm ground the fair horsewoman began to recover her control over her high-mettled horse. To clear the breadth of water before her was impossible, but higher up the stream was practicable, and she turned his head that way. But at this crisis the distant notes from the upraised throats of the hounds, as if they were in an agony of excitement, and almost at the same instant the echoing burst of a French horn made the coal-black steed prick up his ears. A few bounds placed him on the verge of the widest and deepest part of the stream, half-way between the boat and the bed of the 'Thames. But so great was her skill and self-possession, that the beautiful huntress was neither dismayed nor discomposed. In a moment the horse was midway in the stream, bearing his rider, apparently with as little concern to her as to himself. Indeed, both appeared no strangers to such a mode of crossing the country. On an attempt, however, to regain his footing, he made a rush for the the opposite bank, up which he was scrambling with unabated vigour in the direction of the

hounds. The lady was firm in her seat, and even aided the horse by her motion and address. She was, as it appeared to the youths, out of danger; when the bank gave way, and both sank, the horse still backed by its rider, into the stream, to which they soon began to yield in its course at this point, towards the main river. Still the active young damsel retained her seat in the saddle, and tried to sooth the poor horse, who, conscious of real danger, snorted and plunged. He struggled once more to regain the bank which had given way. She patted him on the neck, "Steady, Blackbird, steady, lad," says she, soothingly. Still to all but herself the rider's fate and that of her noble animal seemed inevitable. Whatever might be the feelings which overwhelmed the young men at this moment the intense desire to rescue the maiden was uppermost, and thrilled through each heart and communicated, as if by magic, its impulse to the oars which now, as one piece of machinery set going by one spring, sent the boat shooting ahead by desperate bounds, within an oar's length of the object of their anxious concern. Another plunge of the horse might place the rider beyond their reach, for he was going right

for the stream. A clear, loud voice was at this instant heard from the treacherous bank, and an elderly stranger in pink, who watched the struggles of the steed and the efforts of the maiden with great but certainly not breathless eagerness, cried out, "Well done! Lily; sit steady, my girl; give him more of his head. Gently, gently; speak to him; get his head to the current. That's the way—coax him—don't press him, my darling child. Stick to him—stick to him. Keep yourself well back in the saddle. That's your sort, wench. Bravely done—bravely done! A little more round with his head—now touch him with the whip." The result of this counsel was, at any rate, an escape from the mid-stream of the river. But yet at times all save the horse's head was immersed in the water, while he neighed to the horse he saw on the bank. At length the active animal neared the side where the huntsman was standing, and with one dauntless spring Blackbird placed his fore legs on the bank, while to the dismay of the beholders his hind legs were unable to find a footing. He faltered—he fell back. "O uncle! uncle! save me!" cried the young woman. The gentleman, holding by his horse's bridle, leaned over the bank to reach

her, and was all but engulfed himself in the water. The lady whipped—screamed—but all in vain. The beast worn out by exertion, yielded without an effort to the stream. This was indeed a moment of danger; and though by no means insensible to it, the poor maiden still indulged more hope than fear. She extricated herself from the stirrup and the saddle, with the intention of springing towards the bank before her horse involved her in his fate. The stranger shouted “that’s right, Lily,” and was himself about to plunge into the stream to her assistance, when for the first time he espied the boat making towards the horse, which looked as if he would by a violent effort throw himself into it.

The young men’s efforts to reach the lady were tremendous, but caution was necessary. Hough at length leaning over the stern seized the fair creature round the waist, and her safety seemed no longer doubtful, when the terrified horse by a lunge and a spring, which he made for his own security, drove the boat out into the stream and jerked the rider from his back, and the steersman, who still clasped the lady, from the stern. Being an expert swimmer, and the lady being now clear of the horse, he felt confident he could support her, until his companions

drew them both into the boat; nor was his confidence vain, for in another moment they were both safe in the boat. The horse when lightened of his burden succeeded in landing close to the huntsman, who gave the two hunters in charge of his groom, who had come in search of him while he joined the party in the boat.

All eyes were now tenderly fixed on the maiden who had been rescued from drowning, and who now with much delicate attention to her comfort was laid on the men's overcoats. The huntsman looked into her face with an indescribable concern and affection. She made a silent gesture of recognition, accompanied by an effort towards self-recovery. The youth, who at the risk of his own life had borne her above the water, still gazed fixedly on her as she lay utterly exhausted. Her beautiful hazel eyes were again closed, the long bright natural flowing ringlets of her luxuriant hair fell wet and disordered over her shoulders, and her face was very pale,—there she lay like death. The huntsman kissed her fair cheek again and again, and, having wrung the water from her hair, tenderly bound the long tresses round her ivory brow; while, with soft words of fondness and joy, he

poured forth mingled expressions of thankfulness and apprehension.

She faintly opened her eyes in wild wonder, and murmured, "Oh uncle! who is he? Where is my preserver?" Her small fair hands were raised as if in prayer; and a gold crucifix, which had escaped from her bosom, she pressed with fervour to her lips.

No sooner had Miss Penderel, for that was her name, in some degree been restored to herself, than becoming conscious of her singular situation, she begged in a feeble voice to be left alone with her uncle, who was no other than Squire Morton, of Morton Manor.

Whatever might have passed between uncle and niece, the result was the squire's immediate conference with the young gentlemen. He expressed to them in plain but courteous language, on the part of his niece, her deep sense of her obligation for the powerful assistance which they had rendered her in her perilous situation, which might have been fatal had not such effectual help been at hand. The extraordinary circumstances to which she owed her introduction to Mr. Hough, and her present delicate position, forbade her to intimate all which agitated her breast. Gratitude would not suffer her to be silent.

There were two difficulties which prevented Mr. Morton's conducting the young lady to his own residence, where she would meet with every domestic care ; first, the distance, which was more remote and difficult of access than her own abode with her guardian on the banks of the Thames ; secondly, even her temporary absence from his protection would incur his displeasure or give him pain. Her mother, a good Catholic, on her death-bed intrusted her daughter to the guardianship and care of Lord Lovelace, in the belief that the seclusion of Hurley, and the protection of such a powerful Protestant, would shield the orphan girl from persecution and annoyance. For orphan she was, as her father, Captain Penderel, had been slain some years previously in the civil wars.

The Penderel family for their devoted loyalty in assisting Charles II. so materially in his escape after the battle of Worcester, had received munificent rewards and grateful considerations, which by management and commerce had grown into valuable estates, so that Lily, the only child of Peter and Lilia Penderel was born to a large fortune and golden prospects.

The fine old English gentleman, Squire Morton, was younger in spirit than in years.

His manner was easy and unconstrained. His was that winning smile, and ready laugh, and witty jest, which even while his heart was secretly sad, delighted the young men. The unaffected courtesy of conversation of which he was a master was acknowledged by all. Despising the vices and unhallowed levity of youth, his claim to the attention and regard of younger men was felt, because his generous happy temper conceded to his juniors those indulgences and pleasures, he had long ceased to enjoy. His conversation and wit were chastened by experience, but not impaired or soured by age.

Smoothly glided on the boat and the hour, till at a turn in the river a little further down, at the sudden opening of a dense wood, they came unexpectedly upon a rich and lovely landscape, unfolding features of great variety—pastures and pleasure grounds laid out with exquisite taste, unthought of and unlooked for. It was with feelings of some surprise that the Squire surveyed the scene, scarcely recognising the hanging woods of Hurley in the changed landscape before him. An interval of several years had elapsed since he was last there. Mere saplings had grown into ornamental groups of trees. The marshy pond stagnant

with duck weed had flowed into a clear lake fed by a tuneful cascade.

Political severance had divided the Squire and his neighbour, the proprietor, so painfully, that nothing but the emergency of the moment would have suffered him to place his foot on what he considered forbidden ground. The aspect of the place was only less altered than that of the times.

“ I have lived through many a storm in England for more than half a century,” said the Squire, with a touch of melancholy in his voice, “ and yet I never expected to see such social disorder as the owner of this domain and his colleagues are preparing for themselves and their country. The scenes of the great Rebellion have left less important results than this revolution, which we cannot avert, will soon realise. It will entail far more cruel calamities and domestic quarrels upon families who have hitherto lived and loved together in the same affectionate household.” These words seemed more like a monologue in audible thought than an address to any second party.

It was in the very midst of the civil war which had distracted the nation that Mr. Morton wooed and wed the amiable, lovely, and patriotic sister

of the five brothers who sheltered Charles. It was while in attendance on his Majesty, under the humble roof of the Penderels, that the aunt of the present Miss Penderel nursed Captain Morton and tended the wounds which he had received in the desperate fight, in which Poyntz, Cromwell's general of cavalry, cut to pieces young Morton's regiment. She nursed him into love. She cured him of one malady, and gave him another. The flame glowed the more brightly because it was mutually reflected. Their thoughts blended,—their desires harmonized—they were married.

The boat had by this time arrived as near to the mansion as it could. "Here we are," cried the squire. "You see through the avenue," pointing in the direction, "the mansion only a few hundred yards from the river." The boat was immediately made fast to the stump of a tree in a little sylvan harbour, where the bending woods formed an arch, only wanting the leaves of summer to be perfect.

The sport and spirits of the party had been "*damped*" by this aquatic accident, as the squire observed, and added in a whisper to his niece, "I never before knew you were a water Lily;" but her pale, cold face filled him with

anxiety, and it became now a delicate question how to convey the dripping and shivering girl to the mansion in which her uncle felt it his duty to place her. The young men expressed the greatest sympathy and devotion to her will. After a few moments' deliberation, it was settled by the squire and Hough that a litter should be prepared.

It was scarcely the work of a minute to cut down willow bands and fasten them to two oars, about three feet asunder. On this rude litter the maiden was borne with so much care and gentleness, that an observer might imagine the common occupation of the young men had been to rescue and transport the heroines of romance from the castles of tyrants and lady-killers to the abodes of safety and honour. The nature of the contrivance, the unusual, singular, and even romantic circumstances which surrounded her position, and the age and situation of those who so valiantly bore her to her destiny, were more than she could endure without the most agitating excitement. Her plight but ill assorted with the homage of her escort and the mode of her woodland progress. What a variety of novel incidents for the exercise of the gentle reader's imagination! What a painful, diffi-

cult, and delicate reality personally to experience !

There the lady reclined borne along by an unknown party of young men, who, for aught she could see or tell, might be Demy scholars of some modern Robin Hood, living and learning as undergraduate outlaws beneath the academic shades of nature. Whatever were the thoughts which disturbed her, they were soon interrupted by the arrival of the whole party at the mansion, which was called Lady Place, and which was extremely secluded. The ruins and traces of an ancient monastery, especially at the western wing, were evident to the eyes of the visitors. The deplorable plight of the young lady, however, allowed no time for observation or delay.

Such an unusual and unexpected arrival at any time would have astonished and alarmed the inmates of this retired mansion ; and have been looked upon with suspicion ; but in the protracted absence of Lord Lovelace, the proprietor, admission to the very residence, which was her home, had been demanded for, and denied to Lily Penderel. Nor was it without explanation, and a recognition of the half-drowned young heiress, that the hall door was

at length thrown open by two tall footmen in the Lovelace livery, which well accorded with the name.

“Farewell, for the present, my dear Lily,” said Mr. Morton.

“Farewell, Miss Penderel,” whispered Hough, assuming a firmness and indifference which he by no means felt towards the lovely stranger.

“Farewell, uncle,” faintly murmured the girl.

“Good bye, good bye,” said both Mr. Morton and Hough, while the rest of the party respectfully bowed their farewell. So saying, they resigned her to her attendant, that she might support her to her own apartments. Scarcely had the *femme-de-chambre* looked upon the death-like face of her young mistress, than she uttered a dismal shriek and fainted. Both for display, effect and sensation, nothing which the young mistress had said or done in the worst shock of her peril could be compared. The butler and house-keeper applied the usual remedies to recall the damsel to sense and motion, but not to her duty; for her language and look when she began to open her eyes were wild and wandering. She screamed for a doctor—she screeched for a priest, until the subject of her alarm, more terrified at the consequence of such a call than for

herself, softly said, "Diana, this is no time for fancies and stupors; help to free me from my wet dress."

"But oh! what has happened? What will my lord say?" exclaimed Di (as she was generally called) aghast, with the necessary expression of concern. "Oh! my dear Miss Lily — no, Miss Lily's ghost. Oh gracious gimmeny and gilly-flowers. Oh Lor! Oh my! What shall I do?"

While Di gave vent to these idle expressions of wonder and concern, Mrs. Mountain, the housekeeper, a goodnatured sensible woman, with the assistance of her less refined maids, took off the young lady's drenched garments, and laid her on her welcome couch. She then administered some restoratives, and soon had the happiness of seeing the exhausted girl fall into a sweet soothing sleep.

On learning that the fair girl was now in the enjoyment of that safety and repose she so sadly needed, Morton and Hough, at the pressing invitation of the old butler, entered the mansion, feeling assured that the courteous and pressing invitation of the servant was the surest indication of the hospitality of the master. The rest of the party returned to the boat and resumed

their aquatic excursion in quest of the king and the loyalists.

As the two gentlemen entered the spacious hall, from which they had a varied and extensive view of wood and water, the elder remarked, "there was in early boyhood a sort of companionship, if not intimacy between myself and the present inheritor of Hurley, which continued during our youthful sports at college, as well as at school, and even to a later period. He has not, however, in our more advanced life, included me among his true friends. Politics divided us. I preferred my loyal principles to the munificent hospitality of a noble rebel. He could never bring himself to tolerate the royal cause ; owing, I think, less to his political principles than his anti-catholic notions, which at this crisis lead him but too plainly and powerfully to favour the popular side of the religious question. He was once a moneyed man, and had a keen eye to his interests, which were hostile to his sovereign and his duty." Lowering his voice, he added, "He has, I tell you in that confidence which your disinterested adherence to the sovereign who has trespassed on your vested rights merits, gone so far as even to harbour and encourage traitors who hatch plots in the lowest nests of iniquity.

Ay, in subterranean haunts and cellars !” Here the Squire with difficulty restrained his indignation which struggled for words, but mastering his feelings, he exclaimed aloud, unable to withdraw his eyes from the scene, “Ah! happy hills, and fields, and floods, over which my joyful childhood long and often roamed. In yon sequestered shades, before the demon of discord divided us, I spent many pleasant hours with Lovelace, long, long ago ; when we were both young. And even since, I have strayed in these woods with her whom I still mourn, and whose image I see in the dear girl whom you this day saved.”

Again sinking his voice to a whisper, he continued—“In the underhand and private interviews which the Prince of Orange assigned to Lovelace in the United States, that pious and devout nephew and son-in-law, expressed himself highly delighted with his prudence, his strategy, and the enlightened views which he so liberally entertained of the factions which afflicted his native country. His services have earned promises of distinction from the future religious deliverer. To make political capital, he cherishes great designs against the ancient faith, looks down upon his neighbours,

and at the same time is so prodigal of his hospitality to secret schemers, that his estates have become deeply involved. He has borrowed an immense sum on his own trust, as guardian of Miss Penderel, on the security of this 'Lady Place.' Against the Catholic heiress herself he has designs which may transfer her to the Protestant protection of the Dutchman; but by Heavens!"—— Before he could finish his sentence dinner was announced. The Squire, who for the last ten minutes had been standing with his back to a huge fire of blazing wood, turned round and led Hough to the library, in which the repast was sumptuously laid out. So excellent was the fare, so delicious the wine, that to describe them would only be to tantalise a youth with young Hough's appetite, but like his companion unable to gratify it. The Demy, though at first thoughtful and absent, soon began to feel at home, invigorated by the cheer of the house and the captivating conversation of the Squire. That unselfish courtesy which wins the heart was natural to Morton, and rendered him a universal favourite, especially with the young. He yielded to the habits, feelings, and even peculiarities of all with whom he conversed. It was not the false and varnished face of accomplished

hypocrisy, under which lurks interested designs, but that beautiful benevolence which silently speaks and beams through such features as his. His principles were a fortress seldom assailed by the enemy; for his manner and the charity which adorned it disarmed animosity and killed ill will. Yet his character had often evinced a valour which even his enemies, and they were few, were compelled to respect. Under the exterior of the country gentleman lay a depth of feeling and yet a gentle urbanity, adapted not less to the court or saloon than the battle and the camp. The gentleness yet gaiety of expression which reigned in his features gave an irresistible charm to his actions, and even his gestures. So far as the young man could form an estimate, Mr. Morton was rather qualified to be the votary of generous pleasures than the aspirant of lofty ambition. After a few words which had reference to the nature and vintage of the wines, the resources of the delicacies of the table, the elder gentleman spoke of his early youth, and plunged forty years backwards into the days when, like Hough, he was young. After much conversation, he added, "It is difficult to grow old with dignity and free from vain regrets.

To enter the tranquil vale of years, with the verdant vista of hope before me, and a happy resting place at the end of it, is what I most covet. But a sentiment of bitterness against my contemporaries and neighbours poisons my happiness and curses my old age."

"Then, sir," says Hough, "your countenance is a hypocrite."

"No," says the Squire, "but the greater part of my life has been social and serene, and the bad passions which treachery and rebellion have revived, or rather created, have not yet seated themselves outside. How can you or I, or any man of honour, look passively on and see the rightful descendant of our ancient kings and his heir driven by his own subjects and his children from the throne of Great Britain! Oh! that Lovelace and his rebel band could retrace their seditious steps! I would myself, though fallen from my father's creed, welcome home again the discarded ancient faith, sooner than let our own King James be exiled from our shores and excluded from his rights."

A tear stole down the loyalist's manly cheek. Hough was shocked at such an alternative as the ancient faith, which had already disturbed the peace of his college; but restrained his

feelings and was silent. While the young man revered the Stuart dynasty, the religion of his sovereign he dreaded and abhorred.

Only too glad to divert his thoughts and words from such a theme to one of mutual interest, "Sir," said he, "with your permission I will pay another visit to Hurley, to enquire after the health of the young lady, whom we are forgetting." He blushed, and waited for a reply.

"I believe," said her uncle, "Miss Penderel in other circumstances than those which surround her, would have as much gratitude to express to you, as the safety of the life which she owes you may be worth. But as her uncle and friend, I cannot advise you to approach her. Besides there are other reasons, which bye and bye I will give you for this counsel. In the mean time let me learn something of your plans."

The disappointed youth imparted so much of his project as formed any distinct plan in his thoughts. "But at this moment, Sir," said he, "I find myself unable very clearly to explain or define our movements."

"My advanced age and subdued spirits chastened as they have been," replied the Squire, "by the loss of my wife, and the solitude

of my lot, make me almost envy you the energy which carries you forward. The very uncertainty of the expedition as well as the romance which throws charms around your adventure, transport me back again into youth. The danger and hardship, the toil and risk, invest with enchantment the perils which we court. Such, after all, my young friend, are the vicissitudes, hardships and recreations which educate the mind and body more effectually than the sergeant's drill, or the schoolmaster's lecture. The system of forming men to piety and greatness by example, is of all others the shortest, the most easy, and the best. Pride recoils at precepts, "*exempla plus possunt quam præcepta.*" The most heroic virtue is made the object of our senses, clothed as it were with a body and exhibited to view in the bodily labours and mental studies of the monks, who once prayed in Lady Place and toiled in the fields of Hurley for their daily bread; leaving an example which it is easier to condemn than to follow. And though I am a staunch Churchman, I cannot believe that the old monks who, seven hundred years ago, according to all accounts, both Catholic and Protestant, filled the world with such monuments of religion and science, can

have been so much worse than those who have execrated their memory and trampled on their graves.”

“ ‘The evil being ever mingled with the good,’ ” said the Demy, “superstition which we detect in the earliest records of Oxford, mars the grand structure of science—the nursery of education—to which England, we must confess, owes something.”

“Our ancient university,” continued the Demy, “was a seat of learning before the monks of Hurley dedicated their church to the Virgin. Early in the eighth century Frideswide, daughter of the subregulus Didon, and his wife Saffrida, having received an early education under Elgiva, a most pious devotee, succeeded to the superintendence of the conventual church in Oxford, dedicated by her father, the founder, to St. Mary and All Saints. In the process of time, by the munificence of the King of Mercia, certain inns were constructed in the vicinity of the church, adapted as much as possible to the character of a religious establishment.”

“Quite true so far,” remarked the thoughtful Squire, who had been, according to the fashion of his day, a student at Christ Church when quite a boy, before he went to the wars. “Much

before your date, even in the sixth and seventh centuries, there is scarcely to be found in the whole Western Church the name of a person who had written a book, but who dwelt in, or at least was educated at a monastery. And you are, of course, aware that the pious young lady, Miss Frideswide, to whom you allude, not only embraced a monastic life herself, but induced twelve other virgins of high families to follow her example."

"But still," retorted Hough, "many centuries before Protestant Christ Church, Oxford as a University, was famous for its learning."

"I must remind you, my dear young friend, that however sincerely we may be attached to that pure and Apostolic branch of the Church, planted in these realms, about a century and a half ago, we cannot forget that long before Universities were founded, monasteries and often the palaces of bishops were the seminaries not only of the clergy but the schools for noblemen and statesmen: the nurseries of science as well as the field of bodily exercise.

"To the libraries and industry of the monks we are under God indebted for the Bible in its integrity, for the greatest works of the ancients, and the sources of that very knowledge, which

we exert against their memory and their faith. There were many books in the archives of the University which had scarcely met the light, unless it was that light of conflagration which consumed them, since the Reformation."

"The Bishop of Oxford," said Hough, "in a lecture at St. Mary's, which was afterwards sent to James for his sanction, edified us in such terms as the following :—'The soft whispering zephyr, which at first was only breathed to fan the chaff from the wheat, rose higher and louder and still more loud, until it roared itself into that awful storm which raged over the land, and descending in fury upon the church of thirteen centuries, swept away the most noble monuments which the hand of religion had ever raised.' His versatile Lordship was eloquent, but not more so than the interesting ruins of Lady Place."

"The Saxons," added Morton, "hated and destroyed the most valuable memorials of the British faith. If there were any records in Britain, they were either burnt by our enemies or carried away across the seas."

"So says Gildas," observed the young man, not reluctant to show his reading, and then took up the strain which the Squire had commenced.

“As the Saxon treated the Briton so the Dane treated the Saxon.”

“Just so,” remarked the Squire (in admiration at the Demy’s Church history), “but it was reserved for the Reformation to desecrate the Sanctuary, to destroy all which was most sacred—most dear to the heart of a Catholic, in the ‘Isles of the Saints.’”

“I must admit,” says the Demy, colouring, “that at the twilight and dubious dawn of the Reformation, or the new religion, as many of its authors call it, abbeys, cathedrals, monasteries and libraries, such as this in which we are dining, all suffered more or less. Fearful, no doubt, was the barbarous destruction enacted and re-enacted within these very walls, and many the volumes pillaged and destroyed which had cost the old monks who inhabited this place many years of hard writing.”

The Squire, helping himself to a bumper of old port, which had less dissension in it than that of the Magdalen cellars, and passing the bottle to the undergraduate declared that “Neither the Britons under the Romans and Saxons, nor the English people under the Danes and Normans brought such havoc on the monuments of learning as the Reformers.” To confirm what

he said, he took down from one of the shelves near him a work entitled 'Declaration of Leland's Journal, anno 1549, apud Fuller,' and resumed the "Declaration." "The spoils of England's most noted antiquities," &c., &c., he went on to say, "not only were these material monuments, on which time had written the history of the church, defaced and mutilated, but the prestige of her greatness, sir, is gone."

At this instant a third person, unperceived by the two speakers, so absorbed were they in their discussion, joined them, and taking up the conversation said, "Not only so, but the Unity of Faith as well as the tablets on which it was engraven was dashed to atoms."

"Ah! Mr. St. Aubyn, your arrival at this moment is most fortunate, for I was about to describe this mansion, which is a history in itself; but you who are so familiar with its traditions and its vicissitudes, will be far more able than myself to impart information on the subject that will interest my young friend Mr. Hough, an undergraduate of Oxford, and you will claim my thanks for so doing. In the meanwhile I will make some inquiries after the health of my niece, whom our young knight-errant here has rescued from drowning."

CHAPTER XI.

Dark, shadowy elms beneath embower
The cloisters and high fretted tower.—*G. Richards.*

Where once our fathers offer'd praise and prayer,
And sacrifice sublime ;
Where rose upon the incense-breathing air
The chant of olden time.—*Caswall.*

THE gentleman to whom the request at the close of the last chapter was addressed might be between forty and fifty years of age. In person he was prepossessing, his eye thoughtful yet wandering, his high, broad forehead, expressive of benevolence ; his mouth, delicately formed, softened when speaking into a smile of great sweetness, and displayed a row of exquisitely white teeth. He wore the sober dress of a plain country gentleman and a dark periwig. His manners were calm and polished, yet reserved ; and the smooth and silvery tones of his voice were peculiarly pleasing.

“ It gives me unaffected pleasure, sir, to meet a member of the celebrated University of Oxford, so illustrious in the annals of England, and so

distinguished by the vigorous resistance of the loyal College of St. Mary Magdalen against the unconstitutional encroachments of the king upon the inalienable rights of the Presidents and Fellows."

The young man bowed and blushed, and said that he had the honour to be one of the Demys whose names had been, by the decision of his majesty, struck out of the Buttery books ; but that he had with the rest been again restored, and owed his sovereign nothing but loyalty.

"There is something so noble in the sentiment which you evince, that I only regret the atmosphere of Lady Place is not such as you can long breathe ; for though through many vicissitudes it has been as true to the ancient faith as loyal to the hereditary Sovereign, it is not what it was. Are you, young gentleman, related to your President, whose name you bear, and whose manly defence of his position and his college, not less than his loyalty, have won the admiration of his country ?"

"I have," replied the Demy, "the happiness of being his nephew. I was present when he desired leave to address the king's commissioners—and appealed to the Sovereign himself, who

desired him to dispense with the statutes of his college."

"The Lord Sunderland it was, I think," said Mr. St. Aubyn, "who a year ago summoned your society to attend the king at Christ Church."

"Yes, sir," replied the other, "the secretary involved us in unnecessary difficulty."

"As matters were," remarked St. Aubyn, "your college was notorious for papists."

"I fear we must plead guilty to the charge," said Hough.

"Did you ever see," said St. Aubyn, "Father Petre, the Jesuit, in company with Sunderland, or dissociated from both these a Franciscan friar from Lorraine, in close confabulation apart with the king?"

"The ecclesiastic to whom you allude," rejoined the young man, "enjoyed the confidence of my uncle and the college."

"His name," said the elder speaker, laying much emphasis on the word, "was, I believe, Mansueti, a true friend to the king's best interests."

"To resume our former subject," said Hough, "there is so much about the old ruins, which throws a mysterious charm around this old place, that my curiosity will be greatly relieved

by your guidance through some of the most remarkable of its apartments."

"To give you the least idea of such a labyrinth would occupy hours—to extricate ourselves from its windings and secret passages might be a task of difficulty, if not of danger. There is, however, just over your head a ground plan of the ancient abbey and the modern building erected on its site."

Hough, standing on a massive oak chair, took down from the panelling a well delineated terrier or chart, which was suspended between two pictures. That on the left-hand was a full length portrait of Richard Lovelace, the warrior, who in the reign of Elizabeth erected Hurley Mansion on the ruins of the monastery of Lady Place. That on the right-hand was a much fresher looking painting. The full length portrait of a commander-in-chief—captain general of the army. There was also in the costume a dash of the admiral, which blended strangely with the military uniform. Singularly awkward in his posture, and somewhat misshapen about the shoulders, appeared the chief, in spite of the evident efforts of the artist to conceal the defect. Hawk-eyed, sharp featured, eagle-nosed, and a brow as stern as it was impassive.

Cold, however, and passionless as must have been the original, he could scarcely have been indifferent to the withering glance of scorn which Mr. St. Aubyn cast on that countenance.

“ You remember,” observed he, looking down on the coloured plan now on the table, “ approaching the house through an avenue of noble elms ascending a gentle eminence from the river.”

“ Yes,” replied Hough, “ but Mr. Morton interested me so deeply in the local scenes, which he associated with the place, chequered as they were by his recollections of other days, that they tinged my own thoughts with a shade of melancholy, and absorbed my whole attention.”

This remark set the grave speaker off on the traditions and legendary lore connected with each nook and corner, over which he passed his finger, but remarking the impatience of his auditor, he returned to the description of the house.

“ This avenue terminates in the flight of steps which lead to the entrance hall, and command the wide wooded range of country you mention.

“ The site of Hurley House was a Benedictine monastery, founded in the reign of William the Conqueror, and dedicated to the Blessed Virgin ;

hence the house was termed Lady Place. The Manor came into the Lovelace family about the sixteenth century. Sir Richard Lovelace, who was knighted in the wars as his epitaph declares, acquired a large sum of money in a naval expedition with Sir F. Drake, with which he built the house, on the ruins of the monastery. His son was created Baron Lovelace. The house is a perplexing labyrinth of dark rooms running one into the other, and of passages that lead to nothing. The garden, as you may observe," continues Mr. St. Aubyn, "lies in the front of the house, and has of late been much improved and kept with great care, especially these borders and bowers which have been tended by the beautiful Lily, herself the fairest flower. Besides the entrance with which you are acquainted, through this garden there are also many others, but little known.

"On entering the hall, which is large and lofty, you would doubtless observe the ceiling so richly covered with plaster mouldings of elegant flowing scroll work, intermixed with fruit and flowers, and the walls also ornamented with groups of musical instruments and books, all in stucco work. On one side of this spacious apartment is a staircase leading to a

balcony running round it, into which the doors of the various apartments on the second floor open. The upper hall or saloon has some very fine painted landscapes in the panels, which have been by some attributed to Salvator Rosa, and by others to Antonio Tempesta.

“The lower rooms, with their large bay windows and massive furniture, have a rich imposing appearance, while the upper rooms, simply intended for the sudden and indispensable claims of hospitality, have none of the elegance and comfort you see around us.

“The most curious and interesting portion of the building is the subterranean vaults and passages—remains of the old monastery; these are invested by the peasantry of the neighbourhood with a mysterious awe, which has, I think, been encouraged of late by the present owner. The largest and most curious is the vault under the hall, and under a portion of the room in which we are sitting. The ceiling of the vault is about six-and-a-half feet high; it was formerly the burial place of the monks. How perverted, alas! is that sacred crypt, the catacomb of the holy dead, who still speak from their tombs and upbraid such sacrilege. Look here at this inscription on the floor:—‘Three

bodies in Benedictines' habits were found under this pavement, and many other relics of the ancient faith.' In a deep, dark recess beyond which few here have hardihood enough to enter, there are, I am told, various writings."

"I am curious to visit this mysterious vault," said Hough.

"I fear it will not be in my power to be your companion to the lower regions," said the other. '*Facilis est descensus Averni*;' but to return may not be quite so easy."

"The following inscriptions record the chief facts connected with the history of the vault. They have been copied from the brasses and stones into this paper," said St. Aubyn, handing a transcript to Hough:—

'Dust and ashes.

'Mortality and vicissitude to all.

'Be it remembered that the monastery of Lady Place (of which this vault was the burial cavern) was founded at the time of the Great Norman Revolution, by which revolution the whole state of England was changed.

'*Hi motus animorum atque hæc certamina tanta
Pulveris exigui jactu compressa quiescunt.*'"

"Indeed, sir, it is said that several secret consultations for calling the Prince of Orange

into power, have been held in this vault. And doubtless, in the Protestant history of England and in the affections of the usurper, should he succeed to his uncle's throne, this refuge of the traitors will be honoured; and by his mighty highness and his successors held sacred."

The young boatman was here tempted to put in his oar. "However this may be, or however individuals feeling themselves aggrieved may, as loyal subjects, be justified in rising against their lawful sovereign, and inviting an invader to usurp his hereditary dominion, I know not; but the history of Lady Place is the history of England and all the revolutions, the political and religious changes of which Mr. Morton was speaking, when you gave us the happiness, and, as I may now say, the edification of your company."

Mr. St. Aubyn was just making a remark on the sin of rebellion against the reigning dynasty, and pressing Mr. Hough to try a second bottle of claret, when the feeble blast of a French horn cut short their conversation; the confused cry of many voices and the tramp of many feet were heard almost under the window of the library.

All was bustle and excitement, yet it was not the well-known clear notes of Lord Lovelace which had startled the household. Dimly in the

distance they perceived a horseman approaching by the avenue ; some cried, “ ’Tis our noble lord himself.”

“ My lord sits his horse more proudly,” said another ; “ and his charger is a bright bay ; but the miserable animal you see is gray.”

Indeed, any darker colour could not be distinguished at this hour ; for the last rays of a December sun were but faintly lingering on the verge of the horizon.

As the horseman came nearer, his dress indicated a private soldier of Lord Lovelace’s cavalry ; and the stumbling, jaded pace of the heavy animal he rode showed that all was not right. The poor steed advanced more according to his own will than by the guidance of the dejected rider, who, it was now observed, clung to the saddle for support, more like a dead thing than a soldier. No sooner did the way-worn and distressed beast drag himself and his helpless burden to the courtyard than it was but too plain that both horse and rider were wounded, and faint from loss of blood. The poor man could neither retain his seat nor dismount without the assistance of two grooms. The dismal babel of this hubbub on the outside soon excited a wild tumult within. Lights began to fly from

window to window, and females' voices were heard demanding in shrieks the cause of this sudden alarm, to which the confused and contradictory cries of those who were in the courtyard afforded no distinct reply.

At length a window on the staircase was suddenly thrown up, and the tremulous but shrill voice of Diana Vine cried out, sensitively, "What means this disturbance?—you will shock my young mistress."

"The Colonel—Lord Lovelace—our master is returned mortally wounded, Mistress Di Vine," was the answer of the many from below.

No sooner had these words reached her ear than she tripped down into the yard with her snow white handkerchief at her eyes and an appearance of great mental agitation, "Oh! my dear young lady! 'twill be the death of her. The cream-faced loons! the murdering villains! the bloody hounds! the wretches!" Scarcely had her feelings vented themselves in these affecting exclamations, ere she was struck with shame at the paroxysm to which she had given way, for on first glance at the poor object which lay before her she exclaimed, "Good heavens! gracious powers! Oh! lor! if it isn't Tommy Tidmarsh, the trooper!"

However pathetic the beginning of her lamentation might have been, the conclusion provoked a titter which the melancholy circumstance could not suppress. The abashed abigail, conscious of the ridicule which greeted her, and sensible of the deep interest which her news would have for her young mistress, made a more hasty than graceful retreat. Extremely indignant at the whispers of the company, she hastily ascended the stairs to Miss Penderel's room, exclaiming as she went, "Well to be sure! Trooper Tom Tidmarsh! who could have thought it?"

No sooner had she reached the apartment of her mistress, and communicated her tidings, than Mr. Morton descended into the scene below, and joined Mr. St. Aubyn and his young companion, who had been already attracted to the spot.

Amid expressions of sorrow and joy;—sorrow for the wounded soldier,—joy that the dying trooper was not his colonel, their lord and master,—the three gentlemen could with difficulty make themselves heard. No sooner, however, did they learn the real state of affairs, than they approached the sinking soldier, and tenderly administered a stimulant, which so far revived him as to enable him to answer such

inquiries about Lord Lovelace and his troops, as their pressing curiosity or concern brought uppermost. It was with pain and difficulty the poor fellow gasped out, that Colonel Lord Lovelace, at the head of one hundred horse, of whom he was one, was marching towards Exeter with the intention of joining the army of the Prince of Orange there, when his party was suddenly attacked, defeated, and cut to pieces, and himself taken prisoner by the militia, near Cirencester. The trooper owed his escape from the field to the freshness of his horse, which had not been wounded till the time of his flight.

Having learned as much of the affray as the weakness of the soldier allowed him to narrate, the Squire invited Mr. Hough to walk home with him, observing that the hour was late, and that the return of his companions seemed uncertain. A groom led his horse. Both gentlemen wishing Mr. St. Aubyn farewell struck into a path through the woods, making a short cut across the Oxford Road for Morton Manor.

It was a starlight night, not a sound was heard, save here and there the rustling of the underwood, from which a deer, startled by their footsteps, sprung across the path. The Squire was the first to break silence :—"Poor Love-

lace! misguided and disloyal as he is, I am sorry for his fate. Had he confined himself to his home duties and the management of his estates, how happy might he have lived—a friend to the royal and the loyal!—a friend, too, and a true guardian and protector of Miss Penderel, his ward.”

Hough, unwilling to trust himself on such delicate ground, turned the conversation.

“During my first long vacation, two years ago, I had an opportunity of hunting in this neighbourhood, and am familiar with the ground over which the old fox led you this morning, but I never saw one take the water so desperately. I recognised many a fence which I had taken. The glades and meadows stretching away into Berkshire, are fresh in my mind.”

Whether the pleasing impression upon the young man's mind was entirely the effect of his return to scenes associated with the hunting season of 1686, or, was the result of the past day, we cannot at this remote period decide.

Desiring to indulge the young man in a mood to which he himself some fifty years before had been no stranger, the generous and grateful cavalier entered fully into his feelings. He regretted the necessity of the Demy's departure

from a neighbourhood in which he felt so pleasing an interest. "Anxiety for your welfare, however, compels me to say, that if you return to Lady Place you will either meet with a repulse, or, being suspected of the crime of loyalty to your king, you may be severed from your friends, and even detained as a prisoner. I have already, as a warning, extended my confidence further than I had intended."

"Though I am a sound Protestant, I am loyal," answered Hough, "your confidence is not misplaced, as you will find."

"I am sure it is safe with you," said the elder man. "I have great faith in the frankness and honesty of youth. You have, young man, that in your face, and voice, and manner, which fully justifies my trust. Probably St. Aubyn may have warned you against the perils of the place. Beneath that mysterious vault sedition, treasons, and stratagems are hatched by the hell-birds of the Orange faction."

How far he would have run on in this strain we know not; for at this moment the twinkling of lights in the windows of Morton Manor house attracted the attention of both the companions. The next moment the hall door opened before them and closed behind them. Morton con-

ducted his guest into a snug dining room, with a blazing wood fire on the hearth, which threw an air of warmth and comfort over the apartment. They were soon seated and chatting away till midnight; and when they shook hands at parting for the night it was with feelings of friendship, nay of affection, which the events of the hunt and its consequences strengthened more deeply in the course and converse of one day, than an ordinary acquaintance of a year could mature.

Our hero of the preceding day had been exhausted by its adventures and fatigues, which resigned him to late but deep sleep. He was dreaming of the chase, of the extraordinary leap of O'Brian on his Faugh-a-ballagh, but above all of the singular and sudden apparition of the charming young huntress, and the imminent peril from which he had rescued her. In his dream he was still with great difficulty bearing her through the water. The cry of the hounds was still in his ears; and this at least was no delusion, for the distinct, but hoarse and exhausted cry of two hounds still in agonising pursuit of the same fox which they had found and lost so often in the chase of yesterday, was heard in the woods of Morton at daybreak; so inveterate had

been the struggle for life and death, that it was only interrupted, if at all, in the dead of the night.

At length the dogs gave tongue so near the house that the well-known music broke his slumbers, and put an end to the dream with which it had harmonized. Hough sprang from his bed, but his thoughts still hovered between dreamland and reality. To dress, and to inquire into the cause of so rare an occurrence, was the work of a few minutes. The youth learned from the grooms, who had at that early hour been exercising the horses, that they had seen the old dog fox in a shuffling trot making for an earth, followed by two hounds that could scarcely drag themselves along. Being hard pressed and unable to make the earth, the old fox took refuge in one of the out offices of the manor-house, and they had there secured him alive, and would make a pet of him as long as he lived. The two dogs were for ever disabled; indeed the whole pack was sorely injured. Some of the horses were dead beat, and those that were riderless dashed wildly away, leaving their owners behind, so that the perilous adventure of Miss Penderel was not the only accident of that celebrated hunt.

Mr. Morton, naturally an early riser, had been up some hours giving the necessary orders to his stablemen and boys for their various employments during the day, before Hough joined him. Their first greetings over, the Squire took his guest's arm and walked into the breakfast room. The room itself exhibited more of the comfort than the elegance even of the period. Seasoned logs of firewood burnt brightly on the hearth of a wide fire-place, round which a great number might enjoy the agreeable heat. None of our modern dainties graced the breakfast table; no aromatic coffee, no fragrant tea imparting its delicious flavour to the steaming water; no fanciful shapes of butter, or many-coloured shades of bread, or rich tempting rolls; but solid food—ham and beef, and above all, the savoury venison pasty. Silver flagons, in which the health of the Stuarts had often been drunk, now mantled with October ale, and lesser goblets of mild mead, formed their repast. The appetite of the Squire was sharpened by his morning exercise. They both enjoyed the cates with a relish which only early hours can bestow. At times, however, Hough seemed more anxious to talk about Miss Penderel than to gratify his appetite. Em-

boldened by the friendly, cheerful tones of his entertainer's voice, he lifted his eyes and tried to frame some excuse for his own protracted delay in the neighbourhood of Lady Place. They were now tête-à-tête, and mutually pleased with each other. Morton, not thinking it possible that such a short acquaintance with his niece, even under such unusual and affecting circumstances, could have made any deep or indelible impression upon any young man, however susceptible he might be of the softer passion, talked pleasantly of Lily Penderel, her amusements and pursuits, her amiable disposition, her deep religious feeling and her accomplished education. "He feared," he said, "that the efforts of her guardian to win her to the Protestant faith, or alienate her property and apply it to that interest which she despised, in the deep seclusion in which she lived, would destroy her happiness 'and chase the native beauty from her cheek,' and then will 'sorrow eat our Lily bud.'"

More than one tankard had been quaffed by the squire, when, by his particular wish, to the no small surprise of the Demy, he filled a bumper and drank to the health of Miss Penderel, "the Lily of the Valley," "Soon may

she be transplanted from the hot-bed of treason to the house for which she pines."

There was at the bottom of this convivial mirth so much gravity that Hough took it seriously. He turned the conversation to the hunt of the preceding day, he spoke of the desperate endurance of the hounds and the fox, and his dream which was broken by the real cry of the dogs.

The Squire smiled at the importance his young friend appeared to attach to his dream, and said carelessly, "What do you think, Mr. Hough, of dreams?"

"They are," said the youth, "a presentiment of some coming event of solemn import."

"I think," said the other, "they are rather the impression of the past, the images of scenes through which we have lately travelled, especially when the imagination has been excited at every step, and the physical frame wearied and exhausted. Fancy then reproduces for us in sleep, or even in drowsy hours, the phantoms which haunted us throughout the day. The whole of happy youth is but a dream both night and day. Oh my boy, the thought of youth! the bright joyous dream of early days! How like Eden uncursed by sin and sorrow is the

pure visionary trance which boys and girls enjoy in their bright dream of morning life !”

“ Then, Squire,” said Hough, “ you believe that youth is the sunny side of the hedge ? ”

“ The bitterest fruit of advanced life is experience. The prospect is Paradise ; the retrospect a wilderness,” observed Morton, thoughtfully. “ It is not till the storm has come down that the youth can believe a tempest may fall upon *him*. The old man is afraid of tempests which are not yet born, but which may ‘ be in the womb of time.’ ”

“ The judgment may, like good wine, I suppose, rejoined Hough, be mellowed and matured by old age.”

“ Just so,” said the elder gentleman.

“ Like that old port you praised so much.” He went on—“ Wine and human nature lose their strength unless both have been substantially sound and good in youth.”

“ A man, perhaps, so far as activity is united with vigour, is never in greater perfection than at twenty-five. Up to the age, however, of thirty-five, in the course of ordinary life everything has been acquisition, and the development of different powers, especially when such talents are exercised. Thenceforward, or rather down-

ward, all is gradual decay. At a much more advanced age our Sovereign's judgment and decision are not equal to the goodness of his heart."

"And why not?" said Hough.

"Because a Sovereign who is really strong-minded would never have placed himself in such false hands as are consigning James to exile. It is not his toleration of Catholics or all Christian sects; it is not his despotic theories, nor even his notion of the Divine right of kings, that throws the imputation of folly on his conduct; but a combination of amiable weaknesses, an unsuspecting nature, a too fond faith in the affection of his own flesh and blood and in his pretended friends, which have conspired against him."

"There is a power in love notwithstanding," remarked Hough, "which masters the world."

"Only," replied the elder, "when it is exerted by a Sovereign whose sterner and stronger qualities command that respect which disarms public indignation and lives above private vengeance. Speaking of these traits in the character of a Sovereign, I cannot but regret the temper of mind and violent outburst of impatience which

report attributes to James in his unwarrantable aggression on your college and its privileges."

They remained sitting at the breakfast-table, Hough with all the exciting anticipations of an impatient spirit under prolonged anxiety and hope. The heavens for some time threatened a downfall, when the clouds suddenly broke and rolled away before the wind, and a gleam of sunshine at length gave promise of finer weather. Hough was about to wish the Squire farewell, but the latter held him by the hand, saying, "We cannot part in this way, you must tell me the course you mean to follow. Are you for Oxford or London?"

The reply was, "I must seek my companions. I can do nothing till they return to Hurley, and bring me tidings."

Mr. Morton said, "Then let me hear of you as soon as you can;" and conducted his young guest through a spacious oak panelled hall, which bristled with huge antlers and other trophies of the chase, interspersed with various curiously arranged arms, whose battered condition attested the service they had done during the civil wars. He pointed out, as they passed, the armour he had worn when he received those dreadful wounds which had been tended by

the kind hand of his beloved Mary, sister to those brave brothers whose courage and faithfulness had preserved the life of their king, Charles II.

At this moment a horseman found admission to the Squire, and presented him a sealed packet.

“The king,” exclaims he, on reading it, “is on his way back to London, and I must join him immediately at Gravesend. Farewell, my dear young friend. We may soon meet again in more active scenes. I shall be in the saddle and on my way in an hour or two.”

“I wonder for what the king can want Mr. Morton,” thought Hough, as he left the Manor House. “Something is troubling the fine old fellow’s mind; probably something about Lily.”

CHAPTER XII.

Here if thou stay, thou canst not see thy love
Besides, thy staying will abridge thy life.

The time now serves not to expostulate.—*Shakespeare.*

HOUGH as an undergraduate had seen but few females of grace and beauty, and these only at a GRAND COMMEMORATION, or an occasional display of beauty and fashion in Christ Church meadows. The inexperienced youth was therefore subject to that first impression which is the strongest and the deepest. The merest accident of an hour had pressed to his bosom a being, whom the romantic adventure had invested with all the charms of imagination. He had enshrined her in perfect beauty, and endowed her with all the riches of virtue and intellect. Harry Hough was bookish, but his reading on the whole, had not confirmed his choice of celibacy and a fellowship. How could such a meeting be his first and his last with such a girl ! Her religion and his prospects at college, it is true, were

inseparable obstacles to anything more than a mere visit of inquiry. He would see her only this once, and with this very prudent resolve, he retraced his steps of last night to Lady Place, singing as he went,

“ By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever woman spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me,
To-morrow truly will I meet with thee.”

Then he would stop suddenly and sigh to himself, “ *has* she appointed me to revisit her ?” Then new fears and undefined suspicions of her reception of him as a young stranger, mingled with his concern for the happiness of the lovely, lonely girl. Anxiety for his king, for the safe return of his companions, all struggled for a place in his thoughts.

After all, there was one thing certain, the necessity of his visit to Lady Place on account of Miss Penderel. His step, which before had been impelled irregularly by the varied feelings which agitated him, now became more regular and measured, the wild, quick whistle, which had been tuned by his conflicting thoughts, now subsided into soft, sweet cadences expressive of a calm decision. He had soon passed through the private parterres and pleasure grounds, and

was in some doubt, at a spot where seven similar paths branched off into seven different directions, which way to proceed, when the gardener startled him by a rough challenge and repulse. The Demy in that off-hand, dashing style, peculiar to young men of spirit, assumed an angry air, and asked the fellow whether he could not distinguish a friend of Lord Lovelace and the good cause from an enemy. The horticulturist recognising the voice as that of the young gentleman who had been admitted with Mr. Morton the previous day to the great house, changed his manner, and doffing his cap said, "Hope no offence, sir, I was ignorant at first of your rank or your object. My lord's orders are strict."

In reply to his first inquiry, Hough learned that poor trooper Tom had early that morning breathed his last, in the arms of Cicely, the kitchen maid. For that poor sufferer, it appeared, there was one heart which had throbbed in sympathy, which had bled more painfully than his wounds. That of a lowly maid in Hurley mansion, whose joy, whose hope, whose very being had been blended with the being of the prostrate trooper. The silent, secret depths of her sorrow, her love, and her lament gushed not

to her lips ; yet her concentrated grief for the man whom she loved, and who had loved her, was the most pure and affectionate which the human heart is capable of feeling. So deep was her grief that, as the gardener observed, "she could not long survive her sweetheart." No further tidings of his lord had reached Lady Place, he was certain. "If, sir, you desire to know the nearest approach to the house, take this path through the ruins, then keep to the left until you come to a flight of steps. When you reach the top, turn to the right and continue straight on till you come to a door, through which you can reach the main entrance. But now I think of it that door is locked, and 'tis as much as my place is worth to give you the key."

"Surely you might to a friend."

"Have you any token, sir?"

"Yes," says Hough, thrusting a Jacobus into his hand.

"These be ugly times, but a gentleman is a gentleman. Bide a bit, sir." And straightway he hurried off, returning in a few minutes with the key, charging Hough to be sure to bring it back to him.

Hough following his guide's directions soon found himself entering a narrow passage, secured

at the end by a door of great strength, wrought curiously with iron ; he with difficulty opened it, and descending a few steps discovered what appeared a main entrance to the mansion, from which branched off several narrow passages running into a secret labyrinth of turnings among the ruins. Following the main passage, he at length reached an open door leading into a spacious corridor. He was about to make known his visit, when an apparition flashed by the door. It was no other than Lily Penderel herself, gracefully attired in all the elegance of the period—the lady whom he had been so desirous once more to approach—the very object of his visit ! She cast on him a look of recognition, placed her finger on her lips, and signed him to retreat, then vanished. The door at the same time closed between the lady and her preserver. The bolt grates harshly on his ear, he feels that the bright vision, which had been all but within his grasp, is lost to him for ever. Unconscious of danger, he yet felt that the silent sign of retreat was intended as a warning, and that his presence might endanger the liberty and happiness of the fair being whose life he had preserved, if not his own ; he therefore slowly turned to make the

best of his way back. So lost was he in thought, that he became unmindful of the intricate windings of his path, and unconscious of having made a wrong turning, until he found himself in a long passage, the dim light of which enabled him to discern strange figures in niches and emblems of the ancient faith, which but too plainly told him he was in the depth of the subterranean caverns of the old monastery. Vainly did he endeavour to regain the right path ; passage after passage did he traverse in the hope of discovering some opening to the grounds above, until, notwithstanding his great strength, he sank down on a detached portion of the building which had fallen in, utterly exhausted. While thus resting himself, the perplexed young man for the first time heard, or thought he heard, the sound of human voices. He listened more attentively, and was now convinced that the sounds he heard were the voices of various speakers. He could not distinguish the words, for they seemed to cling to the beetle-browed vault from which the sounds arose. His first impulse was to call aloud for assistance, but the sign and look Lily had given him kept him silent. He listened again. The speakers were indubitably in secret conclave, and their half-smothered accents

died away dismally and were buried in the sepulchre which was the chamber of their birth. At times a voice more shrill than the rest declared its meaning, and made the youth, who was the very soul of honour, regret to find himself an involuntary auditor.

So anxious was our young friend of Magdalen College to extricate himself from this delicate and dangerous position, that he made several most desperate but ineffectual efforts to gain his way back into the garden, or to escape by some other passage from the subterranean caverns in which he had entangled himself. At moments, oppressed by the dread of his detection under such circumstances, his impulse was to effect an entrance, if possible, into the chamber whence the voices reached him, and at once to throw himself on the mercy of the speakers. But, on mature reflection, he felt that his mind was not in a frame befitting such a bold decision.

After their first greetings, he heard the speakers, in a general sort of conversation, thank God for the downfall and ruin of the Stuarts and their family; charging them at the same time with what appeared to him to be the inventions of falsehood and calumny. When these patriots offered up praises to the throne of

Him that cannot err, for delivery from Popish plots which never really existed, he could scarcely restrain his feelings and be silent. But when he heard one of the party regret the absence of Lord Lovelace at such a crisis, and his infatuation in still indulging that Popish Penderel girl, his ward, in her fancy for a priest, and the mummerly of the bloodthirsty Catholics, his blood boiled at the insult, not to her religion but to herself. The old superstition would soon be so confirmed in her, it was observed, that her conversion to the Protestant faith and her marriage with a man of the right sort would be not quite such an easy task as Lovelace imagined—that though old Morton was Protestant, he had still some lingering in his breast after the Harlot. He was not to be trusted; nor would her vast estates conduce to the support of her Protestant guardian's prodigality, unless his sinking fortunes give her a more affectionate interest for him, and the suitor whom he recommends, than he had been able to obtain from her when his worldly estate and political prospects were more exalted. These remarks came so painfully to Harry's ear, that he could not resist the temptation which a crevice in the thick partition that just caught his eye offered

him, and both the eye and the ear mutually made a sort of necessity their united apology for their curiosity. He thus discovered that the remarks which so far had been made were rather of a domestic and private character, connected with Hurley House and its surroundings, than with state affairs. "While we are priest-hunting," said one, "my lady Lily is fox-hunting,—yesterday in the chase, she had a ducking which was enough to settle a witch, but a young fellow who happened to be on a wild-geese chase in an Oxford boat, hauled her out of the water, dripping like a river-goddess as she was, and placed her in his bosom as a forget-me-not. 'Tisn't every young blade who would pick even a beautiful papist girl out of the water in these times, when, as Lord Lovelace said, "there should not be a Popish man-servant, not a Popish maid-servant, not even a Popish dog to bark about the king."

"But then a Popish water-mymph, or Popish Venus rather, and she an heiress, may be worshipped even by a good Protestant without the sin of idolatry," cried another.

Poor Hough felt strongly tempted to charge the speaker with insolence, with profanation,—but to yield to such a feeling had been insanity.

Patience was his strength. To avoid what he could not endure was the feeling which drove him from his present position, and urged him he knew not where ; more than once forcing himself through narrow doors, or rather holes in the walls, he found himself nearly suffocated by the dust of the coffins of the old monks, into which he had helplessly sunk amid the dark, dank, silent abodes of the religious dead. Several attempts to gain access to the chamber out of which the voices struggled to his ear were defeated by opposing walls or closed entrances, apparently identical with the walls themselves. Not that he would trust himself to the inmates, but make good his former resting-place. After much groping up and down, he at length recovered the old spot from which he was so glad to get away. Yielding to what he considered his fate, he resumed once more his seat on the fragment of the building, or the statue of some saint ; he could not tell which. The noises which at first had been suppressed and conversational had risen into more regular and measured accents. Remote footsteps of new comers awoke the echoes of the crypt, and when they had subsided, after the pause of a minute, which to him appeared an hour, he could not but

distinctly hear a call from mingled voices for "Sydney, Col. Sydney," who responding in a clear ringing voice, said gaily, "Here I am, my lords, at my country's service, and at your good pleasure. First of all let me heartily congratulate you on the signal triumph of our cause. But where is my right reverend and gallant friend, the military Bishop of London? Who so fit to preside over brother officers of the army as this distinguished officer of the church militant? What says Lieutenant-General my Lord Churchill to the question?"

The answer was cool, calm, and unhesitating, but in a tone naturally, or perhaps organically, gruff and unpleasant:—"The Right Reverend prelate, Dr. Compton, having preconcerted the escape of the Princess Anne, is making preparations to accompany her Royal Highness, and forming a cavalcade at the head of which he is to escort her Royal Highness to Oxford, so that she may to-morrow join her amiable spouse, or even fall in with the Prince of Orange. There will be a grand reunion, probably in one of the halls of the university; the progress of her Highness and the Bishop will most likely be through Reading. But here comes my Lord Halifax, the delight of the senate, born and bred

to move in assemblies,—bearing all the marks of a hard ride : vote his lordship into the Chair.”

A third speaker complimented the great secretary as a popular leader—the most important of the three commissioners sent by the king to the prince.

“And as a minister in the confidence of both parties,” added Sydney, sarcastically. “Besides, his influence over the provisional government of the peers in the metropolis will give weight to his counsels and direct the decision of this meeting.”

The wily minister excused himself by saying that he had only that very morning presided at the council of the Peers at Whitehall. “I was,” cried he, “actually adjourning the sitting, that I might be present much earlier at Lady Place, and avert great mischief, if not civil war, by prompt action and conference with the Prince, who is at hand to redress our wrongs, and whom the nature and purport of the information which I have received most materially concerns, when my Lord Mulgrave appealed to the feelings of the assembly. The tender Sheffield spoke to the feelings of the heart, and gained the majority of the Peers to his side. The feelings of the heart mastered the honest convictions of the head, and compelled us to resume our seats, for a purpose

which I will communicate in the course of our deliberations.

“ All I can do after the business in which I have been so many hours incessantly engaged, is, to decline the honour which you offer me. At Whitehall it was only the absence of the Archbishop which imposed upon me the task of President of the Council.”

“ His Grace, the Archbishop,” observed Nottingham, “ has then, it would appear, become as indifferent to the interests of the Prince of Orange, as he had been morose to King James, and uncivil to the queen and the royal babe.” Before the Earl could say more, Sydney was unanimously elected to that Chair which he had so often filled at such meetings, previously to the landing of the Prince of Orange on our shores. Among the titles which were challenged, Hough, who by this time had a sort of accidental glimpse of the members of the conclave, could distinguish those of Lords Halifax, Churchill, Clarendon, Nottingham, Cornbury, and the Duke of Grafton, who all appeared to be present : many others were called who answered not to the summons. After several calls for Sunderland, to which there was no response, Colonel Sydney without reluctance took his place, and briefly

opened the business of the meeting, if indeed crimination and recrimination deserved the name of business.

“There is no need,” says the Chairman, who also assumed the office of chief speaker, “there is no need that I should detail all the eventful changes and political conflicts which have distracted our country since our last meeting.”

Taking his lesson from the illustrious chief at whose court and in whose service he had learned the science of political intrigue, he continued, “Usurpation, I am convinced, can never be a real success, till legitimate succession is branded with infamy and odium; for even up to this crisis the prestige of the old family and the inalienable rights of the hereditary monarch cling too closely to every class, especially to the common people, the private soldiers, and faithful sailors, to allow the approaching revolution to be crowned with unquestionable victory. Then, why not expose the vices of the tyrant?”

The Dutchman's motives were too personal, his object too ambitious, his treachery too palpable to be long concealed beneath the transparent veil of Protestant purity, or religious zeal. His succession could not for some time, at least, be respected. The long designed edifice of his own

dominion in Britain must be erected on the battered and scattered materials of the house of Stuart.

If any man in Europe was well calculated to promote the interests of the Protestant champion, and secretly aid him to avenge the country's wrongs in this emergency, it was Sydney—burning to resent, yet deliberate and cautious in visiting upon James retribution for the punishment that monarch had inflicted upon his discarded subject, whose brother, too, owed his death to the brother of James.

The unexpected birth of the 'royal boy,' whose advent prophetic bards had sung, awoke the jealousy of the royal sisters, Mary and Anne, who affected suspicion of their step-mother to conceal their feelings of disappointment at the event. But William of Orange, who, in right of the king's eldest daughter Mary, had long and fondly entertained a hope of the three crowns, through the medium of Van Citters, the Dutch ambassador, and Sydney, entered into the feelings of the Protestant malcontents, and espoused their cause. The intrigues of William, supposed to be secret, were confided to so many, that they became too apparent at last, even to him against whom they were

contrived. A single agent, in every way fitted to elude suspicion, was indispensable. In the person of Henry Sydney, the younger brother of the ill-fated Algernon Sydney, a ready instrument for the purpose was found. His political principles, his Protestant predilections, and above all his animosity to James, which burned to avenge on the house of Stuart the death of his brother Algernon, qualified him for a spy and a ringleader of the disaffected, and recommended him to the prince.

At this secret meeting he sketched with a masterly genius the whole reign of James: he exhibited him dispersing favours to papists and their priests—undoing the glorious work of the Reformation—handing over Protestant England, shackled and enthralled by the yoke of more than Egyptian bondage, to Rome. The Established Church had taken his support on trust; she had accepted his promises as *facts*, and what is the result? He drew a frightful picture of the country, sinking at once into Romanism and hopelessness. He went on to contrast the temporal as well as spiritual destitution of popish lands with the great, glorious and free institutions, and the blessings of the Protestant North of Europe. “I know not,” cried the

orator, “ whether this idolatry be addressed more affectionately to the Harlot of Babylon, or shamefully opposed to the Church which her royal head is sworn to defend. However this may be, my lords, the work of destruction can only be corrected by your energy and decision. But to remind you that as the dynasty, which is justly abandoned, has redeemed no pledge, so it merits no sympathy,—were only an insult to your patriotism and your understanding. I need not tell *Englishmen* that a king who loses his crown must have deserved his fate. If in every instance he has not abused his power, he has been too weak to use it worthily. Though he let the courts of justice follow their own decisions, not only are the sins of tyranny and oppression to be laid at his door, but there are plenty chargeable upon his popish but less indiscreet predecessor. In the name of liberty, for the sake of honour and truth, in the name of freedom of conscience, let him be at once and for ever dethroned. The time has arrived. His doom is fixed. His fate is signed and sealed. For the freedom of thought, the unbiassed choice of a religion, and the supremacy of conscience, the people will pardon anything. We are all friends to loyalty ; ‘ we love the king who loves the law,’

respects its bounds and leaves us free. But, my lords and gentlemen, trust him not too far. When once the king turns pope, and dictates our religion, foreign interference is not only sanctioned but desired by the masses of our countrymen, who at this moment of excitement have no time or thought to inquire whether a liberated and grateful people will realise all their expectations. It is enough for them to feel that they are oppressed. The reigning dynasty must not only be dethroned, but expelled. A truer and a better, but, above all, a more Protestant system, must be set up in its place. The Protestant hero is at hand. He is come rather to conciliate than divide us. He regards not the sacrifice of his personal interests—his domestic ties, when offered up on the altar of a country's freedom and a people's rights. He will not stain our hands in the blood of him who slew our brothers. We will not resent the atrocities of the butcher Jeffreys. The tyrant cannot face justice. He will abdicate—we shall be free!" Cheers of applause, mingled with a murmur of dissent, followed this peroration. The gallant speaker took breath, and went on to revert briefly to former deliberations in which he had taken a prominent part.

and which for many months preceded the actual invasion of the Prince of Orange. He recalled the attention of his noble hearers to some of the most important of their assemblies, in which, as he said, he had the honour to take a leading part during the year which was closing so auspiciously on their efforts. He entered on what may be called a narrative of the foreign policy of James' reign, which had alienated his foreign relationships and gained him no advantage at home. The faith of treaties had been broken. Names, dates, places—even statistics—were quoted by him orally, without any written aid. “However modified by passing events in Europe—especially in Holland—and at this moment,” says the speaker; “however influenced by the armed forces which are on their way to the metropolis to demand that justice which we have dutifully asked in vain; whatever may be the nature and extent of the redress of our grievances (and they are many and severe), which the reluctant monarch has conceded; we know that his clemency is extorted by a power which he cannot resist. The measures of his abdicating majesty and of his popish cabinet, his conversion to Protestant interests from his past misrule, are the result of that mean fear which

the invading deliverer inspires, and affords not the shadow of a shade of any real or permanent advantage. We have been taunted," said he, "with the charge of fomenting discords at home and animosity abroad. We have been arraigned as disturbers of England's peace, the promoters of foreign aggression, as conspirators in league with the enemy. But what, my lords, are the foreign alliances which we would sever? what the domestic policy which we condemn?—The unnatural federacy of Protestant England, with Papistical France, against the powers of Europe. The despotic tyranny of unmitigated supremacy of Priestcraft over your wives and daughters, your privacy and your homes sacred to family endearments and confidence! I, for one, am free to confess that I mingle my private wrongs with a nation's grievances. I cannot, however, conceal from others or from myself, that I once enjoyed a place in the household of James, when he was Duke of York, and was attached to his person"——

"Or rather to his Duchess," sneered Grafton. Clarendon coloured deeply.

"And if I voted for his exclusion, my motives were conscientious. But my habits and pursuits were always more congenial with those of

the late king than with those of his brother James."

"Until," cried Cornbury, "his late majesty refused to sanction your command of the British forces in the service of the States."

"Though deprived," retorted the other, "of the command of the British troops in Holland, I was never distrusted by either Government, for after the defeat of Monmouth I was sent back with Bentinck to the Prince of Orange, and," continued the speaker, in a tone of half-concealed sarcasm, "this honour conferred upon me was looked upon by all parties as an indication of a good understanding between the two Governments. Had this confidence lasted, and had James not been mad, '*quem Deus vult perdere, prius dementit*,' my stay in England might have averted his ruin. But as matters ripened in England, and prepared the way for the Prince of Orange, I naturally and unavoidably moved in the scene of action and fixed myself in Holland. I am free to admit—nay, I glory in the charge, that I have been the chief agent of communication with the disaffected in England, and the great promoter of the revolution; but I need not tax your patience—We acted consistently. We have shrunk from no responsibility.

We have feared no danger. Burnet, Herbert, Schomberg, and myself have boldly accompanied the expedition to England, unmindful of our safety or our personal interests, with heart and soul devoted to the cause in which you, my lords, as well as myself, are involved."

"It was," said Halifax, "the oppression, venality, and injustice of the great men of Rome that awoke the tempest which swept away their empire,—swept away their glory. The barbarians held them in such contempt that they made their name a term of reproach. When they wished to disgrace a mortal enemy they called him 'Roman.'"

"And so do we," said Churchill, gruffly, "anything Roman—especially a Roman Catholic."

Sidney, the ever gay and heartless rake, feeling that he had gone too far, attempted a joke, and declared that he would not keep a horse with a Roman nose.

"Every nation," rejoined Clarendon, "that has not faith in the justice of its rulers, is always ripe for anarchy; when the measure of the monarch's iniquity is full, the remedy soon follows, and this sometimes seems worse than the disease, so violent are its effects."

"For instance," said Nottingham, "when

the arch-enemy of Royalty, whose genius and military tact brought about the Great Rebellion, from which England has scarcely recovered, then did many excellent persons expiate the crimes of their fathers. The people were religiously taught to violate the sanctuary with a rage which seemed to have gathered strength from ages,—to sweep away the church and the monarchy together.”

“Those,” cried Sydney, with emotion, “who abuse their power, such as the ‘Man of Sin,’ who thinketh that he is God, and usurps God’s place, as James, the last of the Stuarts who shall ever sit on England’s throne; such are the men who excite in the hearts of their victims an impulse of vengeance. ‘*Sic semper tyrannis.*’ The Commonwealth may be a Rebellion, and the change which we contemplate a Revolution, but by whatever name they are called, their object is the same—to tear every shred which covers the nakedness of the great Whore,—to dash to pieces the image of Dagon, before which idolatrous priests would at the sound of the Royal sackbut and psaltery make us fall down and worship.”

“You would turn our churches into stables for your horses,” said Nottingham.

“Better,” answered Sydney, “that they

should bear the traces of such noble animals than retain on their old Popish altars the mark of the Beast."

"Flatterers, parasites and calumniators who never open their mouths, but to advance their own interests," broke in Grafton, "are those to whom the king, God help him, confides the destiny of the nation. They make him swallow whatever absurdity they please, because they wrap it in popery, gilded by what they call truth."

"By just retribution," said Halifax, "such persons destroy him whom they first deluded."

"And destroy themselves," thundered Nottingham.

"But," resumed Sydney, "what a desperate task has mine been, how hazardous and daring has been my part of the undertaking! Now, however that the Liberator is at our service, our councils may emerge from the dark vaults, and henceforth burst into life, light and action; our anticipations are realized. The Protestant hero is come, he has seen, he has conquered. The standard of Popery shall flaunt its bloody banners no more in our faces. Down with it to the ground! Let us rally round the Orange colours of Protestantism; or raise another Cromwell to give us liberty of conscience and the Bible, our

shield, our sword. The policy of the Stuarts is conservatism—conservatism is the quintessence of Popery.” “ Question. Call the Chairman to order, or we ourselves must practically illustrate the principles by which he is guided,” cried many voices, sternly. “ Let him who would govern all mankind, govern himself.”

“ Pardon my zeal, call it passion if you will,” said Sydney. “ Well, passion is at such a crisis the best orator to persuade—the wind which propels our vessels.”

“ It is,” continued the Republican, subsiding into a quiet and sedate manner, “ about six months ago that I had the happiness, with the co-operation of the friends of the Prince of Orange, with whom I shared that confidence to which his Highness admitted me, to form an association, whom we convened at the house of the Earl of Shrewsbury. Of the distinguished members who there and then signed the memorial to that gracious potentate, I scarcely see one present. But I presume they all consider their great object already attained. Dr. Compton’s apology, however, is what we might have expected ; for it is but natural that the sagacious and military bishop should lead his body of reserve into ambush. Like my noble Lord

Churchill, he discreetly anticipates the fortunes of the probable successor to the throne, and therefore earns her good will."

"Others there are," vociferated Cornbury, "who even in the days of James's power secretly opposed him, under the shelter of a prince who might precede the Princess Anne in the government of the kingdom."

"It is scarcely to be expected," added Sydney, "that the many individuals of high rank and extensive influence, aimed all at one and the same object. Danby had sought the friendship of the prince, and promised him his support to crush the enemies of the Church."

"Or rather," said Clarendon, "to evince his feelings towards James, whose banishment when Duke of York he had effected."

"Or perhaps," said Halifax, "to resent his imprisonment in the Tower."

"Of the illustrious noblemen," observed Sydney, glancing around, "who as early as June last sent letters filled with expressions of attachment to William by Dyckvelt, I see before me the Marquis of Halifax, the Earls of Nottingham, Clarendon, and Lord Churchill. Zulestein also pursued the same conduct as Dyckvelt, and returned to the Hague with assurances of our

support. The prince is now here with that armed force which we invited, and is ready to draw his sword in the defence of our common religion.

“Opposition to the court and dynasty of James arises from various causes ; but our object in the succession of William, is one and the same,” said Sydney with a sarcastic sneer ; “the common good. My Lord Devonshire, whose jacket Culpepper peppered, after the prudent part he is taking, will only have to keep his counsel and retain his £30,000 which the King’s Bench fined him. William’s liberal Lords will not value so slight a cut at so high a price. These patriots will stand aloof until the triumph of one party or the other wins their services.”

“Were, indeed, the power of Lords Craven and Dundee equal to their valour, or were the strength of Balcarris and Berwick, and the friends which Queen Mary Beatrice can command equal to their loyalty and attachment, there might still be some doubts of our success.”

“The army is with us,” said Cornbury.

“Only the officers,” replied Sydney, “in whom James affectionately confided, they only

have deserted their colours and stolen away from the soldiers, whom they leave behind them staunch and true."

"Sunderland," cried Halifax, "played the best game."

To this Lord Churchill replied, "Whatever may have been the religious convictions of Sunderland, we cannot I fear respect them, yet he was a sound statesman, formed by his own talents, cultivated as they were by experience and circumstances, to *organize a continual opposition*, rather than to head a conspiracy."

"Probably, what might fairly be deemed conspiracy in a Colonel, is something less degrading in a Lieutenant-General, who owes his promotion to him whom he betrays," said Cornbury. "What, my Lords, is the opinion of Marshal Schomberg on such a delicate question?"

Churchill bit his lip, but was silent.

"For my own part," continued Sydney, "I did not and could not abuse confidence with which I was not trusted, nor could I betray the colours of a sovereign to whom I owe nothing but my banishment, who treated my honour with as much contempt as a greater hero and his renowned general treated the loyal valour of a greater man than Henry Sydney. It is scarcely

natural that the sovereign to whom a commander-in-chief offers that allegiance which is due to the king whom he has deserted should trust him. When such a man goes over to the invader of his master's throne, the world cries 'traitor!' the abandoned and deceived cry 'Judas!' "

"We have not yet been spies in a foreign court, making the ruin of our king the price of his enemy's hospitality," said Cornbury.

"Better," retorted Sydney, "even at the risk of such an imputation, to promote the highest interests of our religion and our country than to repose on a reed which will pierce all who lean on it, or bend under us when we need it most. Better do what I have done than to betray a confiding uncle and disgrace our colours."

"True enough," says Clarendon. "All hope founded on such a delusive basis is folly."

"It is always safer to trust to nations than to kings," resumed Sydney.

"Yet a republic is dangerous to the army," said Churchill: "for the officers of inferior rank and the private soldiers appeal from the judgment, if not the command of their generals, to the decision of the people."

"Even such a jurisdiction is more tolerable,"

replied Sydney, "than the false rule and deception of the Stuarts."

"What a lesson do they afford us," chimed in several voices. "See what recompense those faithful loyal Englishmen received who had perilled and lost all for the cause of the Stuarts. Charles II., whose ingratitude is proverbial, left many to pine away in that indigence which devotion to his cause had entailed upon them."

"The confidence of James," remarked Halifax, "in the disinterested attachment of the holy proselyte Sunderland, confirmed that statesman in power, and enabled him to monopolise the direction of public affairs."

"He could not with all his real or assumed popery," rejoined Clarendon, "induce His Catholic Majesty to make him Lord High Treasurer of England."

"No," added Churchill; "he did much to bring about the expulsion of James, and promoted those measures which eventually deprived him of his crown."

"He did still more," broke in Halifax, "to acquire power for himself. In this light the English Court and foreign envoys considered his conduct."

"The review of the past can only persuade

us," remarked Sydney, "that without the counsel and concurrence of Sunderland, the Prince of Orange, as the future king of England, cannot form an efficient ministry, or conduct the affairs of the country."

"But," said Halifax, "let us not dally with the past; surely the present is full enough of action for the most energetic ambition."

"What may be made practically of this day's deliberation," said Churchill, "and how it may be turned to real account, is the only question worth our notice."

CHAPTER XIII.

I have heard some of the first judges of whist say, that it was no host who played best by the true laws of the game that would win most, but those who played best to the false play of others; and I am sure it is true of the great Game of the World.—*Greville*.

“PERSONAL crimination and recrimination can only prejudice our interests and disunite us,” observed Halifax, sternly.

“This is very well for the great statesman, who has won his way to the very summit of his honours, and secured his own promotion for the future with any dynasty which may accept his services and appreciate them; but less favoured servants of the state must secure their interests and serve their country as best they may,” said Cornbury.

“The noble mastiff majestically disdains the snarl of the cur,” remarked Halifax.

“But,” observed Sydney, “be he

“Mastiff, greyhound, mongrel grim,
Hound or spaniel, brack or lym,

in him you may behold the great image of authority.”

"A dog's obeyed in office," said the Earl of Nottingham, giving way to persiflage, unworthy the greatness of the occasion, and suggested that even at the eleventh hour it was not too late to return to their allegiance, and propose such terms as James might concede or William might accept.

"As the noble earl," said Sydney, addressing himself to the meeting in his blandest tones, "refused to sign the original memorial last July, pleading what his lordship called scruples of conscience, but what the rest of the associates termed cowardice, so now he is inclined to defeat the objects of our present deliberations, and probably to promote prelacy, and even Popery, and be ingenuous enough to reveal our designs."

Nottingham excused himself by saying he apprehended no ill consequences to religion, or the just (laying an emphasis on the word just,) interests of his Highness, which a little time would not effectually remedy.

"My refusal," exclaimed the Earl, "was, I submit, rather a proof of my valour, than my signature had it been extorted by intimidation, nor do I even now imagine that the Papists are able to make head against the supremacy of

public opinion. Englishmen hate Popery as the Devil hates holy water."

"The same," concurred Halifax, "had always been my opinion, even during my correspondence with the Prince."

"Granted," rejoined Sydney; "but you had not then been admitted to his confidence, nor had he placed any trust in your professions of service; your position at this moment demands a decision and a defined line of action, which, may, perhaps, after all, be better known to his Highness than to us, who are only so many steps in the ladder by which you would ascend to office, and then kick it away."

"At the expense of court favour," replied Halifax, "I opposed the establishment of a standing army. I resisted the abolition of the Test Act; and was, as you all know, removed from the council. When a statesman, at the sacrifice of emolument and place, adopts a certain course of policy, however you may censure his judgment, you must honour his principles, and repose on his sincerity. Examine the last acts of my official life amongst you," exclaimed the speaker, and here he raised his voice and moved right into the midst of the assembly, which by this time seemed to have

increased in numbers. "I desire to make this public declaration, and I care not who hears me, that, as often as I have been solicited to accept of situations of trust and profit under the crown, I have as uniformly declined them, not, it is needless to say, from disinclination to political power, but from a discrepancy in the views of the cabinet into which I was invited. No such discrepancy at this crisis, I believe, distracts our counsels, for we are agreed on every point. But upon the precise means of maintaining our own freedom and future course of policy, there may be a difference."

The quiet glances of intelligence which were exchanged through the assembly were in strong contrast with the forced calmness of Sydney, who could barely suppress his rage at such moderation. At length, after an immense effort, he answered, with a tone of ill-concealed impertinence, "Having never held high office, I can scarcely appreciate the peril and the delicacy of a great statesman in a new and untried position which he knows not precisely how to confirm. But I am confident he will be converted into a staunch supporter of the new government."

Halifax said, "We want not so much a new

government as a reformation of the old under the new dynasty."

"Your favourite theory," cried many voices. "My lord would support prelatists and a state church unconsciously to himself; but he will certainly, amid the atmosphere of a Catholic court, hatch the Protestant grubs, which are now apparently dead, in the winter of national discontent, into popish butterflies, by the first gleam of sunshine which revives the spirits of the Stuarts."

"If you have already made any pledge on our parts to which we lent our sanction," said Churchill, "of course in honour we are bound to redeem it; we must sustain your interest as well as our own credit with the prince."

"Heaven pity the poor king! he will have enough on his hands," cried Nottingham, "without the flutter of gaudy butterflies, which were more to the taste of the gay and merry Charles."

"Such butterflies, or even moths, will, ere many weeks," cried Sydney, "sing their wings or burn themselves by the candles which they themselves have lighted."

"It is mere modesty in my Lord Halifax," said Clarendon, with a look of the serio-comic,

“to make so humble an appeal to our sense of his integrity and his worth. You ought, my lord,” continued the speaker, glancing at the late secretary, “to know by this time that no government can go on without you. Your lordship will in due course be the very mainspring to regulate the new Orange machine.”

“My notions may be antiquated or they may be in advance, but the opinion,” said Halifax, “that the time will come when statesmen can only gain the highest prize for which they strive in the wheel of fortune by voting, not only for the repeal of the Test Act, but for the remission of all religious disabilities and political disqualifications, will prove true. The absolute removal of penal restrictions and the free admission of the suffrages of the people will be a necessity, not a merit. The people, like a steed who has once found out that his power exceeds the restraint of bit and bridle, will assert their domination, and dictate terms to the members whom they send to represent their conflicting interests and religious polity in Parliament.” But, as if to qualify what he said, he added, “men will ever be strong partizans, zealous and eager for their own side ; but there is something higher and holier than party,—the common good.”

“Party contests are all very well in their way,” admitted Churchill. “In the government of a country they are a benefit, if not a necessity. Without them where are the colours under which we are to fight?”

“Yes,” retorted Sidney, with much heat, “but there are those who run with the hare, and side with the hounds. The man of mock liberality, or even moderation, who affects friendship to both sides, separately expressing good will to either, would,” shouts he with vehemence, “take precedence of those far more honest, decided, but less cautious than himself. Ye cannot serve two masters is as certain in politics as in theology.” Those to whom this observation was addressed seemed to feel its force, but were uncertain what to say.

At length, the Duke of Grafton observed, “The very best thing I know about a command is family interests. As a bishop is always sure to portion off his daughters with deaneries and rectories, so your knowing old general always marries his daughters among his staff.”

“And hence it is,” said Sydney, “that every ecclesiastical, as well as military mamma, is a Judicious Hooker.”

After a sullen murmur, which bore no articu-

lated sounds to Harry Hough, the voice of Sydney was heard accusing Lord Nottingham of indifference to the Protestant Church. To which that nobleman rejoined that he was sincerely attached to the Church of England, but was as reluctant as he ever had been to drive the monarch from his country and his throne. He believed that some security might be required and obtained for the interests of the establishment.

“I am certain,” replied Sydney, “that the Prince will concede not an iota to popery or its toleration. You must remember,” continued he, “that the departure of Dyckvelt had been followed by a striking change in the behaviour of the Prince; that he became the dictator, rather than the counsellor, of his Royal father-in-law. His demands on behalf of an oppressed people are now enforced by an army. His last words to me on leaving his camp were, that not for those three crowns of Great Britain, nor even for all the crowns in Europe, would he or the Princess consent to the repeal of the laws which they thought necessary for the support of the Protestant religion.”

“The Holy Catholic Sunderland,” said Halifax, “will notwithstanding the Protestant spirit

of the Dutch, reap his reward in the same field as Zulestein, and both will flourish together under the new dynasty."

"Zulestein," said Sydney, "only pursued the same conduct as Dyckvelt; and having consulted the chiefs of the malcontents returned to his master with the letters and assurances of support, which we are this day called on to make good."

"Not only so," said Halifax, "but I can myself produce direct proof that Lady Sunderland on the seventh of March last warns the Prince of Orange of certain propositions to be offered to him by the king, and advised him to reject them. Her apology for addressing him I could quote from a paper in my hand."

"Read, read," cried Cornbury.

"I will gratify the gallant Colonel. The absence of Mr. Sydney, the only person whom I can trust," &c., &c.

"Time presses, and nothing which does not immediately and practically claim my attention must detain me longer at Hurley," exclaimed Halifax, impatiently.

"What is your lordship's destination to-night?" said the Duke of Grafton.

"First, I must see William, and then pre-

cede him with others of his adherents to Windsor, where I join Godolphin and the Court, to receive the prince in state. Sunderland, for reasons best known to himself, has departed from Windsor, where he retired after his disappointment."

"He prefers Amsterdam to London," said Sydney, with a look towards Churchill.

Lord Cornbury, feeling that he was a mere cipher in the great account, declared that a secretary of state who had prostrated himself before the tyranny of Rome, and induced his unhappy son meanly to degrade himself to the same level, could not reasonably return to his first estate or espouse the interests of a Protestant prince."

"Such reflections," remarked Churchill, "are scarcely worthy of the great project we have at heart. And perhaps, after all, the religious conversion of my Lord Sunderland and his unfortunate son was not less sincere than the political conversion of another nobleman and *his worthy* son, who are more closely associated with Royalty."

"I must confess," returned the Earl of Clarendon, "that when I consented to be associated as one of the three commissioners with the Earl of Oxford on the side of the prince, in

the anxious hope of coming to an amicable arrangement with my Lords Halifax and Nottingham here present, and my Lord Godolphin, who is absent, I was not prepared for a change of dynasty, nor were we aware that William's ambition would brook nothing short of the crown. Such a revolution we were not inclined to promote."

The last sentence seemed to tremble on the disappointed statesman's lips. The plaintive tone of the traitor only elicited from the Chairman the following sarcastic condolence—

"My Lord of Clarendon seems ill disposed; the affliction which broke his heart a month ago is still upon him."

Burning to prove his courage and redeem his character, Cornbury could not brook this taunt unanswered. "My sword," he said, with passion, "was never in the scabbard when my country's service required that it should be unsheathed." Then turning to Churchill, he added, "Should the nobleman who has dared to insult Lord Clarendon wish to put its temper to the test, let him measure it with his own."

"My own position and the insolence which runs away glue my sword to its scabbard," was the indignant reply of Churchill.

“Would that the associated colonel's tongue were glued as firmly to his mouth,” cried Sydney, with a contemptuous sneer at Cornbury.

“Neither your words nor your interest with the king or the prince, as the case may be, can confer honour, or impair it,” cries Cornbury.

“To give it here would be to throw it away; to impair what has no existence is certainly beyond my power,” retorted the president; then directing his voice to Clarendon, he said, comically,

“If well-respected Honour bid me on,
I hold as little counsel with weak fear,
As you”——

Nottingham, desiring to turn the conversation, cited the words: “There is what is called the highway to posts and honours.”

“And there is a cross and byeway which is much the shortest,” recited Sydney.

“The question before us is, I apprehend,” said Halifax, “how far we, as sworn subjects, can wage war against our lawful king?”

Sydney.—“If lawful governors become tyrants, or govern contrary to the laws of God, they must be expelled; and, if necessary for the common good, slain.”

“But who is to decide between the father and his children, the monarch and his subjects?”

asked Nottingham. "A third party," cried all. "The Prince of Orange," concurred the majority.

"Do they, or do they not forfeit their right to the throne, which in virtue of succession they occupy?" demanded Nottingham.

"It certainly is the opinion of the bishops," answered Halifax, "that if we resist the king, and favour an usurper, we violate the law of the Supreme Ruler of the universe. Such at least were the principles laid down by the Bishops at Oxford."

"Yes, my Lord, but how long ago? Principles may change. So recent as 1683 the Right Reverend Prelates enjoined, 'that if lawful governors become tyrants or govern otherwise than by the laws of God or man, they do not forfeit the right they had unto the Government.' This is the great point we should consider, before we take a step which we cannot retrace," observed Nottingham, "and favour an usurper. Tillotson and others on his side go so far as to apply St. Paul's rule to the subjects of King James. 'Let every soul be subject to the higher powers.'"

"They at one time," rejoined Halifax, "went even to greater lengths, and asserted, that 'whosoever resisteth the power, resisteth the

ordinance of God ; and they that resist shall receive to themselves damnation.' "

"Certainly," retorted Sydney, who was imbued with a dissenter's prejudice. "That a creature should resist its Creator is a crime which deserves the penalty which good Queen Bess was so ready to inflict upon her bishops. To take a more lenient view of such an offence must be difficult. To say the least of it, this doctrine of non-resistance and passive obedience must be a difficult dogma for a Protestant bishop to maintain, against the supremacy of Rome. It was easier for the Defender of the Faith to fortify than for his successors to defend. Since you are reviving the spirit of theological discussion, and making a Convocation House of this burial vault of the monks, I should not wonder to see some holy father start from his grave and sleep of ages to scare away such heresy and sacrilege."

"The Apostles," said Clarendon, "were accused by the Pagans, who were worse, if possible, than the Papists, of a deep design to subvert the constitutional authorities. All the Apostle would impress on his hearers was, that this was no part of his mission."

"Nero's will was law," replied Sidney, "but

we are Britons. With us the king is as much bound by the laws as we are bound to obey him ; that is only so long as he preserves our Protestant rights. It was not until a small portion of that indulgence which the Protestant Church herself enjoyed was conceded to others, who had broken away from her, as she had from the Church of Rome, that her righteous indignation was aroused. The under-current, which toleration of any but herself excited, had not begun to ruffle the surface of the angry deep, until James played Pope over his bishops. To tolerate a Papist, was, I admit," added he with a smile," to undo the reformer and to demolish the prelatist."

"We cannot bow to your ecclesiastical policy, Colonel Sydney," said Halifax, "for I thought to bring the relieved dissenters into league with the orthodox Church, and to make them dwell together, like brethren in unity."

"Just so," said the irreverent jester, "but the ointment of Aaron's beard did not flow down to the skirts. The oil, which made the Establishment glad, and which made it of a joyful countenance, descended not to naked dissenters, who had stripped themselves of the last rag of Popery."

“In spite of this ribaldry,” said Nottingham in a whisper, which soon swelled into full tone, “we all desired to form a coalition within and without the Cabinet; but not even ‘The Anatomy of an Equivalent,’ by my Lord Halifax could effect our object.”

“In this respect less successful,” observed Sydney, “than your distinguished colleague Secretary Sunderland, who smashed the ‘Magna Charta of Conscience,’ before it could be submitted to the legislature.”

“Our gallant Chairman’s supremacy over the fair sex, may well confer on him some distinguished title, and associate him with his patron, under a dynasty rich in dignities, which few but Dutchmen can expect, and for which the adherents of James are ineligible,” said Clarendon.

“There may be those,” sneered Sydney, “in a worse position to-morrow than the adherents of either. You know the old adage.”

“And I know,” replied Cornbury, “that the dexterous hand which fitted the crown of Charles on his royal brother’s head, can as easily fit it to the head of William of Orange, and as loyally keep it steady on the Dutchman’s brow.”

“Lord Churchill, impatient for the termina-

tion of the meeting, deprecating so much irrelevant discussion croaked out, that he must leave them, as he had objects to effect that very evening. He desired if possible to see William, and also to meet the Princess Anne of Denmark, in her progress to Oxford."

"Two praiseworthy designs, my lord," remarked Sydney. "Probably the great captain is as anxious, and for a similar reason, to make the Princess Anne a queen, as the sarcastic and witty Sedley was to promote the Princess Mary to the same honour. 'King James,' said Sedley, 'made my daughter a countess, and I have been helping to make his daughter a queen.'"

A conversation here ensued, which was fast degenerating into personal abuse, and encouraged Cornbury to say something disrespectful of James in connection with the Countess of Dorchester.

Sydney, whose gay and humorous sarcasms spared no one whom they could reach, and cut sharper than a sword, pronounced Lord Cornbury beyond the jurisdiction of the court of honour, declaring, at the same time, that cowardice is often more successful than valour.

Cornbury turned pale and red by turns, scarcely able to keep down the rage within him.

He only muttered half audibly, "He shall rue this insult."

This threat having been overheard by Lord Clarendon who happened to be standing near the last speaker, he rebuked him with an air of parental authority; "You have in more instances than one," said the discontented earl, "incurred the charge of meanness and indiscretion, loquacious and at the same time secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest, and still there is a miserable conceit left in you at this crisis of our fortunes; you have betrayed the interests of the king and secured no favour with the prince to whom you have sold yourself without a bargain; you are already up to your knees in trouble, and by your rashness will overwhelm me in sorrow; you were first to bring disgrace on our family, and you are last to aggravate the annoyance which you commenced."

"I never hoped, sir, to sell myself for gold," said the noble son of a noble sire, "but I had hoped for something better."

"Pray what is that?" asked the afflicted father.

"Gratitude," answered the other, "and the thanks of the parent whose example I had fol-

lowed so faithfully. If my interpretation of your will, sir, be as erroneous as my desire to consult it was earnest, pardon me; I was under the delusion that my career and the event of my conduct was the plan if not the creation of my illustrious father—that your own sentiments, your scrupulous honour and political decorum, your probity were my guarantee for the steps which I ventured towards the confidence and esteem of the invader.”

“Your words and your actions, Cornbury,” answered Clarendon, “are well assorted.”

“If the union of my father’s qualities with that skill and that rectitude which have made him the most distinguished man in his new sphere of duty be not my inheritance, I trust he will not measure my services by the mere evidence of my success.”

“How could I,” asked the earl, “look the king in the face when my son, who was invested with the royal confidence, left me to lament his depravity?”

“This, sir, seems a new light which is breaking on our broken fortunes; for I had ignorantly believed that you were confederate with William, and that you only waited for a discreet opportunity to throw off the mask.”

“Deceitful to the last,” cried the enraged father.

“There must,” said the other, with bitter sarcasm, which cut the father to the heart, “be some latent spoil of honour buried beneath the ruins of my royal uncle’s fortunes, which will shine out more brightly when the rubbish is removed, and when the men who defied and destroyed him see more clearly what they have done and what they have acquired.”

“Be that as it may,” whispered the son in the father’s ear, “I am ready now to return to that allegiance which you seem to recommend, and to retrieve, if possible, my fortunes with the king.”

Clarendon’s look was blank and very different from the sly malice that twinkled in the eye of Cornbury. The earl pressed his hands to his face and appeared overcome by conflicting emotions.

“I begged,” at length muttered he, “I supplicated,—I did all ; but he refused me. There is now no way of restoring the Stuarts to their own. They will not accept such terms as we can offer. There is no peer in the land more anxious for such a consummation than myself.”

“You had rank, sir,” replied the son im-

pertinently, "and wealth, and influence, and every tie which could have bound you to the king ; you had family influence, more than enough to have made your weight felt and acknowledged, but you seemed to have wavered, you had no definite object, or ends, you were off with the old love before you were on with the new, you became a party without a purpose."

"You are," said the father, "evidently unaware of the very nature of the association into which we are incorporated."

"I know this, there is enough to split us into a dozen parties," cried the son.

"Well," observed the father in a low and serious tone, "had you adopted one steadfast line—I care not what, save toleration of Popery—and taken your stand on that alone, all might have been well."

"And if, sir, you, on the other hand, had dealt your cards differently and aspired to fame, no matter what might have been the game you played, even if you rested your claims on one single question, one great demand for anything,—Romish interests always excepted—had you but stuck to your one specific point for a quarter of a century, you would have been certain of the highest in place the Government. Two opposing

parties will ever be ambitious, either would buy your alliance at any price. So it would have been with me on the contrary side, and thus, sir (if I am not too presumptive), we might each of us have held a trump-card and won by honours."

The earl was silent, although a flush of shame was on his cheek. The heavy demand on his caution overcame much of the expression of that paternal anguish, which the satirical retort of the son inflicted on the earl, who, glancing around, saw that he was observed, and turned abruptly away from the judicious colonel, as do we also who have no interest for either.

Indeed the interests of our story do not require us to dwell minutely on this miserable squabble between father and son. We may remark, however, that of all the bitter barbs which crime has poisoned, there is not one, perhaps, more painful to a parent's heart than the conviction that to his example the erring child owes his worst sins and sorrows. Only less intolerable is the consciousness that the son sinned and the father "restrained him not."

Notwithstanding Clarendon's efforts to evade observation, Churchill, noticing their discontent, said in a whisper only audible to the earl, "Since

our concessions do not come up to the expectations of the prince, and his reception of our homage is no pledge of his good will, suppose we return to our allegiance, and reinstate the king?"

Sydney by this time perceiving that there was hesitation in the minds of the noblemen, and that they were no by means unanimous in their support of William, cried out, "The die is cast, the Rubicon is passed. To retreat or recede is treason, and will be treated as such. Were Craven and Dundee as powerful as they are valiant, they could not help you, my Lords."

"Adjourn, adjourn," reverberated through the vaults.

"Not before a vote of thanks and the fulfilment of our engagements to his Highness be recorded," thundered Sydney. "I have authority from head-quarters that there shall be no toleration but by Act of Parliament, and no toleration for Romanists by act of anything."

"We have not decided to depose the king," said Nottingham, boldly.

"Then, my lords," cried Sydney, "you are conspirators against the Protestant Church."

"Not so," retorted Nottingham, "but we cannot abet treason to our sovereign."

“ King James has forfeited his allegiance—
'Tis treason to uphold him.”

“ We will not uphold you, Colonel Sydney,”
roared Cornbury.

“ Then shall you not leave this vault,” declared
the other, with a threatening frown, speaking in
theatrical style.

“ 'Tis time to look about ; the powers of the
kingdom are divided,” cried Nottingham. “ But
what says my Lord Halifax—a commissioner, a
president, a statesman charged with the fate of
empires ?”

“ Yes,” added Sydney, “ my Lord Treasurer
has Court holy-water enough to allay the dust
which has been raised by our deliberations.”

“ I will,” replied Halifax, “ tell my noble friends
all that I know of the king and his intentions.
I would also briefly state the object of my hasty
and most fatiguing journey from Whitehall to
Hurley, at a time when my health demands that
rest which my solicitude for the State denies
me.” Amid the most profound silence and
attention he continued, “ Know, then, that it is
your fault that you resign office, or suspect the
coming sovereign. All circumstances well con-
sidered, the light and fortune of his happy stars
will, no doubt, make us prosperous in his reign.

Only, you peers, continue this 'united league.' There are obstacles still between the prince and the throne. But I every hour expect an embassy from William to the king, which will confirm His Highness in power and redeem us from oppression."

"But what more news with you, my Lord Halifax?" cried Churchill.

"None good, my lord, to please you with the hearing," answered Halifax.

"Nor none so bad," said Sydney, "but well may be reported."

"Once more," cried many voices, "what news from Whitehall?"

"James is on his way to London," said Halifax.

"White-livered renegade! Why goes he there?" roared Sydney.

Halifax, turning to those present, "I know not, my lords, but by guess."

"What do you guess?" demanded Churchill.

"Encouraged by some false, relenting lords, or foolish counsellors, he makes once more for London to resume his crown," said the frowning secretary.

"But who is England's king but great William?" exclaimed Sydney.

Halifax.—“I have colder news, but these must be told.

“ ‘The king’s chair is not empty—the empire is not yet unpossessed. A royal battle may be won and lost.’ Well nigh two days of stormy outrage had passed before any tidings reached us of the king, when a Kentish clown is suffered to disturb our deliberations. His woeful tale, seconded by Lord Mulgrave’s appeal to men as weak as himself, prevailed over the discretion of the assembly;—a scrap of crumpled paper, bearing the well-known handwriting of the king, but without any signature, was delivered by the rustic to the council, informing the peers that the king was in the hands of the rabble at Faversham. ‘Sick in the world’s regard, wretched and low,’ cried Sheffield, ‘our poor fallen king is at the mercy of lawless turbulence. Can we be base enough to leave his sacred but mistaken Majesty to be torn to pieces by an infuriated and drunken mob as seditious as it is blind?’ ‘Let us remember, my lords,’ appealed Lord Mulgrave, ‘that in spite of his Popery James is still our Sovereign.’

“How,” continued Halifax, “can I tell you, my Lords and Gentlemen, the result of his eloquence? The Lords Aylesbury, Lichfield,

Yarmouth and Middleton at this very hour are posting down to Faversham to acquaint the king that his guards are on the way to escort his most gracious Majesty back to London, whither his friends desire and expect his return. Alas ! that I should be the bearer of these unwelcome tidings to the Prince of Orange, whom I must join before he arrives at Windsor."

All present seemed agitated and were stunned into a momentary silence ; after which Colonel Sydney flashed into one blaze of fiery passion : " We'll not endure it," he thundered. " The rebel lords ' are swayed with every gale and vary of their masters.' They are false traitors, ' false to the prince, their country and their honour,' " he recited.

" Why the King of England is so suddenly called back, know you the reason ?" demanded Grafton, anxiously.

" Something, doubtless," said Nottingham, " he left imperfect in the state which since his departure is thought of by Lord Mulgrave and his friends, something which imparts to the kingdom so much fear and danger, that his personal return was most required by those who loved him least."

" And Popery most," shouted Sydney.

“Did my Lord of Nottingham say ‘most required?’”

“Yes,” replied that Lord, and “necessary.”

“Who says so conspires against this high illustrious prince,” rejoins his champion. “Despite their valour and their boast, they are traitors—‘most toad-spotted traitors.’”

“‘Back do we hurl foul treasons on thy head,’” declaimed the Duke of Grafton.

“‘It’s the privilege of thy honour,’” recited Sydney, accommodating, like each speaker in the drama, borrowed passages to his purpose, as if unconscious of the quotations, “to shelter thy treason against the prince under thy ducal coronet and the law of arms. His Grace is not bound to answer me, but by my oath, my profession, I protest”—— Then grasping his sword, he cried, “With this good sword and this right arm”——suited his action to the word; but before another syllable could escape him, a tremendous crash, a dull fall, sent out a hundred melancholy echoes through the vaults, and startled the bewildered Demy from the fragment on which he was seated. He rushed from the spot he knew not whither.

So vehement had been the accidental stroke of the uplifted arm which gave force to the

speaker's animated words that a huge stone crucifix which had survived all the changes and chances of Hurley, came down, bringing with it large fragments of the building, from which time and decay had nearly detached it, dispersing all who were near it, threatening to crush and grind them to powder. Never was the figure of the crucifix more dreaded or avoided ; the shattered splinters fled in all directions, and one of them inflicted a painful wound on the sword arm of Cornbury.

CHAPTER XIV.

Onwards a figure came, with stately brow,
And as he glanced upon the ruin'd pile
A look of regal pride, "Say, who art thou
(His countenance brightening with a scornful smile),
He sternly cried, whose footsteps rash profane
The wild, romantic realm where I have willed to reign?
Magic Mirror.

"A GLORIOUS omen! A happy augury!" exclaimed Sydney. "The great emblem of popery is fallen! The idol is broken! So fall thy worshippers and priests, O Baal! The image set up in the plains of Durah is prostrate! No more shall the sound of the royal sackbut and psaltery, and the popish dulcimer make the stout knee of the brave Englishman bow down before Dagon!"

"Down with such images! Down with them to the ground!" chorused several voices, in a spirit and tone which might have done credit to the republic, or old Noll himself.

The Duke of Grafton, who happened to be near Lord Cornbury, and observed that he did not join in the general exultation, expressed a fear that his lordship had been smitten by the

Lady of Babylon, and not being aware of the accident affected pity for his feelings.

“According to his grace’s rule of knighthood he is safe from our resentment,” retorted Cornbury. “But even had my lord duke been an honest woman’s issue, his grace is not nearer royalty than the son of Clarendon.”

“Draw thy sword!” cried Grafton. “Spare not my title or my rank. If any man of quality or degree within the lists of the army will second such an officer as Lord Cornbury, then my arm may do me justice.” So saying, Grafton, putting his hand on his sword, cried—“I am ready! I defy thy taunts!”

“Despite thy victor sword,” cried the noble colonel, “over Stanley, the Earl of Derby’s son, I regard thee not. I am not less in blood, and in honest blood, than thou art, Grafton.”

“But thou hast wronged me—insulted me.”

“If thou art noble I forgive thee; but how can I even against one who courts a quarrel, raise that arm which is already disabled by the blow which Sydney’s vehemence has inflicted on me?”

The Duke cast a withering and incredulous look at Cornbury, and spurned him. The insulted officer flung his glove upon the floor.

Grafton took it up and followed him to the door, muttering as he went, and pointing his finger to the ruins outside beyond the Western archway. While Grafton's usually *dégagé* air was somewhat ruffled, Cornbury bit his lip and tried to smile, and the gruff voice of Churchill was heard proposing seconds ; the rest of the party were anxious to prevent the hostile meeting. Compunctious visitings seemed at this stage of the affair to unnerve Grafton's arm on account of the alleged wound which afflicted Cornbury,—so that some little delay took place immediately outside the vault, where the two opponents were steadily regarding each other, when the sudden tramp of men's feet, the clatter of armour, and the sound of voices near the main entrance of the vault multiplying the echoes so as to give a notion of great numbers startled the two noblemen. All inside were hurriedly and in much alarm, rushing to the door, when their egress was opposed by five men, the foremost of whom was Cornbury, pressed by Grafton, after whom pall-mall, all huddled together, came three others forcing the intended combatants back into the vaults. The confusion, caused by the collision of those who were making for the door and those who were forcing their way in was now at its

height, when above the din and tumult the well-known voice of Lord Lovelace prevailed, and at once allayed the wild confusion within, which had been excited by the hubbub without. "Ah! my Lords, I am just in time to prevent a duel, and to detect a spy." A handsome young man in the custody of Lord Lovelace's confidential servant appeared among the new comers, and was presented to the meeting by his conductor, in a tone of bitter sarcasm not altogether very flattering to the astonished young gentleman to whom he gave such a pressing reception. No sooner had the amazement and hurried greetings of the moment subsided, than the lord of the mansion assuming a composure which he by no means felt, declared that he was not aware of what extraordinary circumstance it was, to which he owed the distinguished honour of the company of the noble youth (pronouncing the word 'noble' with marked emphasis) whom he introduced to their lordships. "But," added he changing his manner, in accents trembling between fear and anger, "had our young friend's kind undertaking been as effectual as his intentions were honourable, I might have had to thank him for a lodging as secure as that from which I have just had such a miraculous escape."

"No man believes me to have been aware," stammered poor Hough, but he could get out no more.

Startled by the crash of the fallen crucifix, Hough, in his attempt to escape from such a scene, rushed unconsciously into the arms of Lord Lovelace, who was, on his return, threading the labyrinth of passages so familiar to him, on his way to the vaults. Scarcely had he delivered the youth to William, an attendant who followed his lordship, when he jostled up against Cornbury, whom he forced back upon Grafton, and thus completed the general uproar. The effect this extraordinary collision produced upon all present exceeds description. Even the gay and reckless Sydney was speechless. Lovelace looked from one to the other as though some unexplained mystery still remained. He was only restored to a consciousness of what was going on by an explanation from Lord Halifax of all that had passed between Cornbury and Grafton.

Had Hough been pierced by a pistol bullet or a sword thrust he could not have been more stunned. The burning glow of shame was on his cheek, and he felt as if some degrading insult to the spirit within him would destroy his self-

esteem and utterly unman him. It was not that he dreaded imprisonment, or even death, but the charge of dishonour which he could not repel. There was a stain upon his reputation, and the suspicious situation in which he was detected seemed to confirm his guilt. Indeed, an attempt to account for his predicament could only involve him still further in difficulty.

"I beseech you, my lords," cried Lovelace, "compose yourselves, return—deliberate—listen to me—be guided by Lord Halifax—be ruled by discretion."

Amid this address Hough gasped out, "Only treat me as a gentleman and I will satisfy this honourable company."

"Ay, ay," says the Lord Lovelace, "the Devil is a gentleman, although his sable majesty would scarcely stoop to such treacherous meanness as eavesdropping. But I must have a word in private with this gentleman," added his lordship, laying stress on the last word.

I need not inflict upon the reader the nature and extent of the examination which, of course, ended in a conviction of Popish treachery and cruel designs. Suffice it is to say that the result provided the youth a lodging at least for that night within the mansion of Hurley.

“Come on, sirrah, come along, and I will make you more familiar with the interior of this interesting building. You have overheard that which makes you an inmate of Lady Place—Papist spy, a spy of spies, as you doubtless are !”

The Demy was getting up his courage to speak. But his host said, softly, “hush.” Then burst into a sort of chant,

Child Roland to the dark tower came,
His word was still—‘Fie, foh, fum ;
I smell the blood of a British man.’”

The room in which Hough was examined by Lord Lovelace, who was a magistrate, was chill and the whole region so dark that Lovelace required a light. He took a bell from the table and rang a loud peal. Immediately the confidential servant, to whom he had at first intrusted Hough, appeared in plain clothes, with a brazen lamp, which the master took from his hand, desiring him to follow at a distance, then leading the way, he said to the youth in a relenting tone, “At the same time, I fear, young sir, you will deem me but too pressing a chamberlain who must now usher you to a place of early repose, more rude than you have been accustomed to occupy at Magdalen College, of which

you say you are a scholar. I wish you a very good night, and such sweet slumbers as youth and innocence ever enjoy."

"But which false accusations and injustice ever deny," muttered Hough.

"But we have not yet reached your chamber," observed Lovelace. "Suffer me to have the honour of being your escort. I must conduct you to a more exalted situation." Hough followed him in silence up an old-fashioned winding staircase within a turret. At the landing-place at the top was a sort of cell or recess in the wall, where a rude pallet bed, two chairs, and a small stone table formed the greater part of the furniture.

"I know not, my lord," said the Demy, "whether I am to consider myself your prisoner or your guest."

"Whichever of the two you may please to call yourself. It may be enough for me to tell you, young man, that you are an intriguer—a discovered spy, who doubtless carry tokens and passages betwixt popish confederates, to whom you communicate such interesting information as you have this evening gained by your indiscreet and too bold intrusion. To this charge you will have to answer before a Protestant

magistrate, less personally affected by your attempts than your entertainer."

Thus saying, Lord Lovelace, turning hastily from him left the room. Hough heard him but too distinctly entrusting his safe-keeping to the attendant, to whom the master handed the key which secured the prison. He listened to the footsteps of master and man hastening down the narrow staircase.

"On what grounds," muttered he to himself, when all was silent, "dare any one accuse me of such a crime as this proud traitor has ascribed to me? On me, the victim of his cruelty, will he visit the revenge which he cannot take upon the king's loyal troops, who beat and imprisoned him. To-morrow, no doubt, I shall be convicted, and threshed by the Protestant flail, and of course found guilty of abetting the foul, bloody, and damnable plot for the re-establishment of popery, if not the intentional murder of the Dutch invader, and the massacre of all true Protestants. I, too, the nephew of the champion who maintained the fortress of Protestant truth against the aggression even of the king! What *would* the President say? More to the purpose—what can I say to exculpate myself—to escape this

foolish dilemma? What proof can I give of my innocence? I deny—I defy,” he soliloquized.

Then from the defiant he fell into a more soothing mood. “There is, after all,” thought he, “one bosom in this mansion that will, if aware of it, sympathise in my distress. When she signed me to retreat there was that in her eye which spoke of something more than mere caution. She may yet discover some way of escape for one to whose fate she cannot be indifferent.” With a heavy but not desponding heart, with a light, unaccusing conscience, and in that holy trust in Him who makes all things work together for good to those who love Him, in that calm confidence which constitutes the true hero, and bids him hope against hope, the Oxford scholar, yielding to what he believed to be God’s will, betook himself to meditation which was, however, in an instant broken by the sound of a bugle, calling together such troops as Lord Lovelace after his recent defeat could muster. The whole of the noblemen, statesmen, and officers of the army were heard in the great hall by Hough, who soon perceived that they were preparing for their departure, each to his respective destination. Lovelace, to cut off loyal parties, or suspected families on the way

either to join James or follow the queen to France. Halifax, to confer with William while on his road to Windsor. Churchill, by great persuasion to rejoin the invading army, followed by Sydney, who was returning to join the council, of the Prince of Orange, followed by Clarendon and Cornbury, who seemed to be wavering between his mighty highness and the returning king. Nottingham might be seen by the light over the great gateway, quite alone, and directing his horse's head to the London road. Others there were whose names have not come down to us, who seemed to be halting between two opinions, and utterly at a loss for some safe guide for their conduct.

The next morning the Demy was carried before the neighbouring justice of the peace, for an examination. The sagacious magistrate before whom Harry made his appearance was a country gentleman of honest intentions and Protestant principles. The field of his talents was as barren as his disposition was timid. The general alarm given to England, and the recent outrages which threatened to extend from the city of London to the rural districts, as well as the reiterated Popish plots and murderous designs, which had been just discovered, made a deep,

may, an indelible impression on his mind. He felt that in the present instance much might depend upon his decision. From all that he could gather, the culprit might be a Jesuit novice in disguise, or to say the least a Papist, with some desperate design lurking under the exterior of innocence and youth. Whatever might be the latent fears of his worship, he was not only quite conscious of his official duty and dignity, but prepared, like his colleagues of the day, for that martyrdom which Catholic cruelty had in store for him, and for which he deemed himself not altogether unworthy.

“Heaven protect us!” said the just justice, glaring condemnation at the Demy, “to what a fearful height of audacity has this age of Roman superstition arisen! A mere stripling, yet old in crime! So hardened too! Mercy on us! Nothing more or less than a Papist, I’ll warrant.” He then put on his spectacles and took his seat in his grand judicial chair, behind a strong iron grating, which intervened between him and the accused. The detail of Hough’s detection by Lord Lovelace was briefly given by those whom his lordship authorised to bear witness against the prisoner.

“Caught and delivered over to justice,” said

the grave justice of the peace, "and that by a true Protestant nobleman, a friend to his country and a defender of its faith!"

Assuming more submission and respect for the magistrate than he felt at his heart, and anxious to conciliate him, the Oxford scholar disowned that he was a Papist. "But," says he, "I believe in the one holy Catholic Church."

"In what, Sir?" says the justice.

"I believe in the holy Catholic Church."

"Just as I thought," cried the sage magistrate. "You would not be called a Papist, but you are at least at the Half-way House on your way to Rome."

"How can that be, sir?" cried Hough, no longer able to restrain himself.

His Honour answered by another question. "Had you not been a Papist how could you do the work of a son of the Scarlet Whore? Sir, you are in the bond of iniquity; in the gall of bitterness. Know you not that the blessing of the Pope is the curse of God? You cannot be blind to the gigantic strides by which Rome is marching in concert with her dear son James to regain this Protestant country, once the brightest gem in the triple crown."

"I am well aware, your worship," said the

youth, "that James is a Catholic, but I am educated in the principles of the Church of England."

"What better," replied the astute man of law with his 'Coke upon Littleton' by his side, "are your Catholic Church and Episcopal succession than mere Popery? You have adhered to James it appears from what is alleged against you. What or who is he but a lay Pope? What is your English 'Common Prayer,' with its absolutions and its litany, but a mongrel mass which our poor deluded predecessors mumbled in Latin?"

One of Lovelace's men who was present declared that "no one but the deadly spawn of the dragon could have wriggled himself into the den where Hough was discovered; that no good Protestant could breathe amid such Popery."

Feeling that it were worse than vain to offer a defence which could only implicate him in still greater difficulty, our poor friend Hough was silent.

"Your reverence for that Gospel to which you prefer man's traditions will, young sir, be no obstacle to your oath on the Evangelists." Then putting the New Testament into his hands and to his lips, the worthy magistrate administered

the usual oath. "On your oath now," proceeded the man of justice, "are you, or are you not, one of those Papists whom James Stuart forcibly obtruded upon the venerable Protestant University of Oxford?"

The youth could scarcely suppress a smile, but, composing his countenance and modulating his voice, he declared that it was the first time he had heard such an allegation against the Demies or the fellows of Mary Magdalen College, who had successfully for nine months resisted the encroachments of Popery, even in the most sacred person of the king. "I am," said indignant Hough, almost satirically, "under the delusion that every learned magistrate in England is versed in the proceedings against the President of St. Mary Magdalen, and the noble defence which he made."

"Your name, I know, is spelt like his in the charge against you; is it possible, young gentleman, that you can bear any relationship to that champion of liberty and Protestantism?" asked the startled magistrate.

"I am," replied the Demy, proudly, "not only his nephew, but I am devoted to his interests and his cause."

"But," breaks in the loyal assistant of the

justice, "you are all accused of disloyalty, and most of your college of Popery."

"Disloyalty against whom?" said the youth.

"The prince and the Protestant Faith," said the clerk.

"Our loyalty can only be questioned by him to whom it is due. We render to all their dues; 'tribute to whom tribute, fear to whom fear, honour to whom honour is due.' Our crime, sir, is our allegiance to our lawful king, James, to whom our love and our loyalty are only exceeded by our sense of duty and our honour."

"You are clearly convicted of treacherous designs. A popish plotter, and a spy's spy, you stand before the bar of justice. I can hold out no hope of your acquittal; still, for the sake of that name which you bear, I would be lenient. How could you dishonour it? I shall give you a fair hearing, and shall be materially influenced in my final decision by the statement which I now call upon you to make. Recall all which you ever witnessed of what passed between James and the university, more especially with reference to Mary Magdalen College."

"Who were the commissioners against Dr. Hough?" demanded the justice, with solemn gravity.

“ Sir R. Wright, Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and Sir Thomas Rennel, Baron of the Exchequer.”

“ Go on, sir,” cried his worship, writing down every word, as if it was a deposition involving the destiny of the nation.

Hough continues :—“ The Bishop of Chester made a speech against disloyalty and disobedience—‘ The eyes of the world are upon you, you men of Magdalen,’ he said ; ‘ rebellion is as the sin of witchcraft, and your deluded admirers may be deluded by your example.’ ”

“ The names of the Demies and college servants were called over in the afternoon.”

“ Was the President allowed to speak ? ” demanded the magistrate.

“ Certainly,” was the answer.

Bishop : “ How say you, doctor ? do you submit to our visitation ? ”

Dr. Hough : “ We submit to it so far as is consistent with the laws of the land and the statutes of the college.”

Here the examiner interrupted young Hough with the pertinent question, “ But are not the statutes tainted with popery ? ”

The Demy replied that if there was any tincture of Romanism in them it was now obsolete,

and not binding ; but he declined to pass an opinion on the subject, more fit for convocation than for an undergraduate.

“ But,” cried the magistrate, “ go on.”

Hough, then, referring to a paper which he had about him, continued—

Bishop : “ The king has dispensed with the statutes.”

Dr. Hough : “ Now, my lord, we have taken an oath not only to observe the statutes,” laying his hand on the book, “ but to admit of no new ones or alterations in our ancient laws of the university. I admit of no alteration in them, and by the grace of God never will.”

“ Then, on your oath, sir, tell me, without prevaricating,” said Justice Toogood, “ the answer which your President made to the question which was at that time in everybody’s mouth—‘ Why, doctor, do you not read the mass as there is a statute for the mass ? ’ ”

“ Dr. Hough replied, ‘ My lord, the matter of this statute is unlawful ; besides the statute is done away by the law of the land. As long as the saying of mass is *malum in se*, and in my conscience I know the matter to be unlawful, that obligation ceases, and I am not bound by it.’ ”

The justice, who was more of a puritan than a churchman declared that such statutes were a disgrace to a Protestant university.

“But, sir,” said he, “what was the upshot?”

“The keys were demanded of Dr. Hough, and the fellows admonished not to obey him. ‘My lord,’ cried he, ‘I do hereby protest against all your proceedings. I appeal to my sovereign lord, the king, in his courts of justice.’”

“And could the youth of your college stand this insult offered to your society?” asked the justice, with feeling.

“No: may it please your worship,” said the Demy, “we kicked up a regular disturbance, and gave unequivocal signs of disapprobation, and such loud ‘non-placets’ that the chief justice lost his temper, and resented our conduct; indeed, he was so incensed that, though the President offered to make an affidavit that he was in no way accessory to the annoyance, but on the contrary was ashamed of it, and though the bishop said he believed him, yet the chief justice declared that such rudeness was not to be borne. He bound my uncle in the penalty of £1000, and in security to the same amount, to appeal in the King’s Bench the 12th No-

vember following, that is last year," added the Demy.

"But, young gentleman, were there not some who, in the spirit of what you call 'loyalty, submitted to the king's unwarrantable aggression; and were not you yourself of that unhappy number?"

The reply was: "Out of twenty-eight fellows there were only two who submitted to the king's proceedings."

"Name them, sir."

"Mr. Charnock and Dr. Smith. Charnock was a decided Catholic."

"Like yourself," muttered the magistrate.

"Dr. Smith a man of learning and abilities. He was not partial to the Catholic religion, for he was deprived of his fellowship by Bonaventure Gifford, the Popish President, in August, and though restored with the rest of the fellows I am sure he will decline the oaths of allegiance to the Prince of Orange."

The magistrate coloured and was silent.

"The Demies who did not appear when summoned were removed and dismissed."

The sentence signed,

SAM. OXON, P.

ROB. CHARNOCK, V.P.

“What do you know,” demanded the magistrate, “of Farmer, whom the king ordered your fellows to elect as President?”

“He migrated from Magdalen Hall to Magdalen College, where I myself heard him declare at a wine party, that it was only for his temporal interest he desired to be thought a Catholic. At the very time when his Majesty’s letter came to our college, old Farmer was at Abingdon, where he had been drinking to excess three days and three nights. In the dead of night, with his jolly companions, he threw the town stocks into the river, and played off other nocturnal pranks, which your worship will not care to hear. The testimony of our college is that ‘in general the said Mr. Farmer hath had the unhappiness to lie under ill fame, as to his life and conversation, as, by several letters and certificates ready to be produced, will appear.’ Here follows his own confession of bad conduct at a dancing school. There were also other certificates against him during his residence at Trinity College, Cambridge.”

“But, sir, what took place at any of the other colleges, and what part did the king take in person at Oxford?” demands the magistrate.

“The Lord Sunderland sent an order to our

fellows to attend the king at Christchurch in the September of the last year. They attended accordingly," continued Hough, reading a paper,—"King to fellows: 'You have not dealt with me like gentlemen; you have done very uncivilly and undutifully. They kneel. They offer a petition, the king refuses to receive it and remonstrates; ye have been a stubborn and turbulent college. I have known ye to be so these twenty-six years. Ye have affronted me in this. Is this your Church of England loyalty? . . . Go home and show yourselves good members of the Church of England. Get you gone. Know I am your king. I will be obeyed. Go and admit the Bishop of Oxon, Head, Principal—what d'ye call it? of the college.' "

"President," one said.

"I mean President. Let them that refuse look to it."

"The fellows go out; are called back. The consummation of the former election of a fellow was deemed by the king downright disobedience, and a fresh aggression. 'Get you gone home,' storms he. 'I say again go, and get you gone and immediately repair to your chapel, and elect the Bishop of Oxon.' They went to the chapel where they declared to Dr. Pudsey that the

statutes and their positive oath left them no power to obey the king."

"Then, sir, am I to understand that you are one of the thirty Demies whose names, in consequence of the proceedings of the king, were struck out of the college books at the commencement of last year?"

"I am, sir," replied the Demy, boldly.

"So far so good," observed the justice, with a smile which mitigated judicial asperity, and filled the prisoner with hope. "You are a young man, but you have not passed your eventful day without observation of the times. What is your opinion of the dispensing power?"

"Your worship, I hope, will exert this power by dispensing with my opinion on so grave a matter?"

"I demand your opinion," said the justice.

"By our common lawyers it hath often been affirmed," added the Oxford scholar, solemnly, "that this divinity which hedges round the king is little less than that with which the Bishop of Rome is clothed."

The justice shook his head and his wig, but nothing came out of either. But his legal adviser carelessly observed that there was such a theory. Hough, who enjoyed pre-eminently

that most imposing of all faculties—the talent to make the most of his knowledge—referred the learned gentleman to Coke's Institutes which were on the table, respectfully hinting that some light might be borrowed from so great an authority. After a long and anxious pause, during which Hough was actually allowed to sit down, the attorney, with his eyes on the book, said: "It appears to be laid down, that whatever the Pope *de facto* formerly did within this realm by the Canon Law, that of right belongs to our kings. That, the king claiming as supreme head, such authority as the Pope had doth of right belong to the Crown, and is annexed thereto by the statutes of the 26th Hen. VIII. and 1 Eliz.

"Well, suppose," said his honour, "that by an Act of Parliament your college statutes had been utterly null and void, as those relating to the mass, it appears, have been, are fellows bound to keep the vacated statutes?"

"I am not," replied the examined, "in a position, even were I better informed, to make answer to such an important question. But, however this may be, I am told, Lord Sunderland and others esteemed the ecclesiastical supremacy the richest gem in the crown."

“It must then be grand,” said the man of justice pleasantly, “for in the crown of state there is one ruby, set in the middle of the crosses, esteemed worth ten thousand pounds.”

“About one year’s income of a good bishopric,” remarked the attorney carelessly, as if to himself.

“All which you have advanced, young man,” said the justice in his best magisterial tones, “must convince a mind like yours how dangerous, how fatal it must be to our country and the Gospel to adhere to a king clothed with such powers, and determined to use them against religion and truth. The king might by these laws impose such a quantity of Popery on the people as neither they nor their fathers could bear, and inflict upon our Protestant country that authority which we swear the Pope hath not, nor ought to have in these realms.”

“What say you?” said Hough, who under the impulse of the moment, and more ready to display his knowledge and his loyalty than mindful of his release, addressed the timid magistrate nearly in the words of a letter directed to Dr. Bayly and the fellows of Magdalen College in the autumn of the preceding year. “Permit me to remind your worship,” cried the

youth with more energy than discretion, “ that it was loyalty and conscience that, in the reign of King Charles I., made thirty-four of the forty fellows of Magdalen College, and most of the scholars of our foundation quit their places and embrace misery and ruin rather than submit to the government of the usurper of the crown. And in Monmouth’s rebellion the same inducements prevailed on us to raise a company at our own charge, under the command of our fellows to engage against him. These are a few instances of the loyalty and zeal of our society to the royal family, and which we have no doubt will be received as evidences thereof, and assure our gracious sovereign that we are still devoted to his service and his house.”

Hough was hastily resolving whether he ought, in prudence, to say a word more, being fearful of what were called trepans, when the justice assured him with great dignity mingled with kindness, that his submissive behaviour in the presence of magistracy carried less of the malignant marks of the rebellious and fiendish spirit of Popery than the facts of his case would warrant.

“ Therefore,” said he, “ as you are a goodly young man, and of honourable quality, I should

be willing to stand between you and the severity of the law. If your heart can resolve to give up an attachment and loyalty to James, which he never deserved, and enter a declaration to this effect, I will, though I fear I am extending this indulgence beyond my jurisdiction, release you from your confinement, and from all the penal labyrinths, which are more intricate than the secret passages of Lady Place, if you will only sign this document."

The young man hesitated for a moment. "Had I not better consent to the conditions on which I am to be liberated?" said he to himself. But this misgiving of his resolution was but for a moment. He speedily glanced through the paper, and perceiving that disloyalty to James and allegiance to the Invader were the price of his liberty, Hough looked sternly at the sage justice, and, in a distinct voice, reminded his honour that a well-wisher could never have enforced conditions with which none but a traitor could comply. "Such an offer of freedom at the expense of my fidelity closes every door of hope."

"Then, young man," prayed the justice, "may Heaven guide you to a sounder judgment and a wiser course before you are brought before a Protestant jury."

Having finished his official examination, he made a signal to his attendants to remove Henry, who was led along by the same passages which he had traversed upon his entrance, escorted by two understrappers of the law, to the river, whence a boat conveyed him to the landing place, of which there was a commanding view from the windows of Hurley House.

CHAPTER XV.

'Tis Beauty, that doth oft make women proud;
'Tis Virtue, that doth make them most admired;
'Tis Modesty, that makes them seem Divine.—*Shakespeare.*

CONGRATULATING himself as he went, that he had resisted one temptation, though he was not, he feared proof against another which mastered his firmest resolution—his desire to be near the innocent cause of all his disasters—when, turning his thoughts and his eyes fondly to that portion of the mansion in which his fancy had placed the accidental cause of all his embarrassment, he beheld streaming from a window in the fresh breeze of noon a snow-white handkerchief waving him, he believed, encouragement, though no guidance which he could make out. He was not beyond the reach of sympathy. There was one whose streamer, and perhaps whose heart, fluttered for his fate. Then came that sequence of reflections chasing each other across his agitated mind like waves

of the ceaseless sea in succession, but leaving no trace of each other. Let Fortune do her worst, there was one sigh of sympathy, one soothing vision under the influence of which his fears were lulled. He felt as a visitor attended by an escort of honour to the mansion of her whom he had invested with the charms of mystery and romance. The enthusiasm of the moment supported him. He was, it is true, but young in love, and only felt that the relative situation of Miss Penderel and himself was more delicate than secure. But he advanced towards the house with a firm step, resolved to let matters take their course. The heroine of the hunting field might not, after all, repel his advances. The rapid and varied events in which his fortune had been involved for two days had made him feel like a hero. His interests at this moment were far more deeply engaged for Lily Penderel than for a fellowship at Magdalen College, and all its vague but golden future. Without venturing any exchange or sign of recognition, he found himself gazing at the figure in the window with the waving signal in her hand. The foremost of his guards cried to the other, "What precious tom-foolery is that! This, my young gentleman," said he, "is no time for flirtation. The

damsel, with the sky-blue muslin dress and red ribbon, and bewitching cap is only waiting to be made love to by some smart valet or serving-man who may, perhaps, resent your sweet smiles and sly glances on his gay girl and procure board and lodging for such high-mettled gallantry in a cage which has often held an older bird."

"Look at her," said the first speaker; "she is a mettled wench. I see'd her at the junketting while her young mistress was out a hunting the other day."

These words had scarcely reached Henry's ear, when looking up once more to the window sure enough there he saw Di Vine. Chagrined and utterly overcome by shame at such an extravagant outlay of sympathy, which, regardless of expense, he had bestowed upon the retiring and disappointed *fille de chambre*, he withdrew his gaze. She had evidently, judging from her telegraphic devices, been expecting another party. She concealed her face and figure. Hough was hastened somewhat rudely to the place of his confinement. This was for the present in a small cell in one of the turrets opening upon the gallery which we have before noticed. The gentleman's gentleman to whom Hough had been committed seemed now to be

touched with a feeling of pity, for the prisoner's youth and gentlemanly bearing had induced him to waive the indignity of every coarse restraint which might remind him that he was a prisoner and a criminal.

As soon as the cell door had closed, Hough, exhausted in mind and body, sank into an arm-chair, and sad and lonely sat musing on his fate, vexed with himself and all the world, more annoyed, perhaps, at his own mistaken attention and absurd attraction to the hoity-toity piece of finery, *Di Vine*, than any other passage in his romantic exploits. Though inexperienced as he was he had learned that the highest penny in the world's market that will be bid for a young fellow never exceeds the price he puts on himself. He had, in the estimation of his impertinent observers, sold himself for a small commodity in the shape of an abigail, by whom any lady, be she Papist or Protestant, in his sphere of life, might sweep with that air of majesty inseparable from a true lady's rank. While the young man, like the patriot of old time, was mourning "all these things are against me," fortune was contriving his deliverance by one of those unexpected freaks with which it delights her to baffle the calculations of those whose destiny is

in her hands ; and as she fixes often on agents apparently unequal to the emergency, just so in her frolic during Hough's reflections, the fickle goddess thought proper to employ that very person whom he held in sovereign contempt—the flexible and interesting maiden, Di Vine.

The trusty body guard of the lord of the mansion on his way down to the housekeeper's room, by the merest accident in the world came in collision with Miss Di Vine, who was ascending to the apartments of her young mistress. Comparing his looks with all that she had observed going on outside from the window, she strongly suspected that the young gentleman who had been favoured with the hospitality of Hurley, about whom she had picked up waifs and strays the preceding evening, was reconducted to Lady Place. Her curiosity was quite anxious. Even in her day a sensation was better than a volume of anything else. She was resolved to improve the opportunity which this meeting on the staircase afforded. Many and insidious were the pretty little endearments with which she plied the valet. When he was unrelenting and inexorable she called him Mr. Faircloth, when he yielded a little he was William, and when he was softened down to

Willie she opened the recesses of his confidence with a kiss—a favour which, on her honour, she never vouchsafed to any man but her friend, she might say her brother, who told her all he knew *willy nilly* about the gentleman under his care. No sooner had she allayed the agony of her own curiosity at the very fountain of facts, than, in breathless excitement, she darted off like lightning to her mistress, to whom she communicated everything, save the nature of the key which opened Mr. Faircloth's lips and heart. "O my dear young lady! there is a young gentleman under close confinement, and when Lord Lovelace comes back again if the Cavalier, for such he seems to be, cannot give a better account of himself than he has given to Justice Toogood there will be short work with him: 'kneel down,' 'make ready,' 'present,' 'fire': a jump up into the air, down again, and all is over!"

"It may be some poor loyalist," said Miss Penderel, "whom we might succour."

"Lord! madam, summut ought to be done. He is so handsome!"

"He must," remarked the mistress, "be some young soldier who has fallen into the hands of the colonel."

"I fear," said the obsequious yet considerate

maid, "it is Mr. Morton's young friend who brought you to the hall door, or rather your ghost, which made me faint and take on so. Mr. Faircloth is in the house. I can ask him anything. Will—I mean Mr. Faircloth, will not refuse to answer me, I'll warrant."

"Run, Di," said the alarmed mistress, "and ask him the name and quality of his prisoner, and be back in an instant to my room, and let me know what he says."

Feeling a sort of instinctive sense of the pain which the news already acquired would inflict on Miss Penderel, Di Vine hesitated on her errand, and returned without further inquiry. She either felt or assumed such surprise and dismay as expressed on her countenance a deep concern for the prisoner.

"What ails the girl?" said Lily, anxiously, "is it one of your acquaintances?"

"O dear, Miss Lily, it is doubtless the beautiful young gentleman."

"Who? you idiot," cried the lady in agony, "It cannot be the steersman of the Oxford boat! He is not a Catholic; he must however be a youth so brave, so noble and so generous that he must be totally innocent. My uncle Morton declared he was an Oxford scholar and that he

had no connection with the insurgents, or, indeed, with any of the unhappy dissensions which distract the country. He must be innocent, nay, above suspicion, unless, indeed, he be a loyalist though a Protestant, standing up for the invaded rights of his sovereign."

"O dear, mistress! these are the last times, when right is wrong, when white is black. when our Blessed Mother in heaven and the mother of Him who called us all brothers and sisters is reviled, her chapels destroyed and this, her once loved abode of Lady Place, desecrated by heresy and polluted by treason."

"Hush! hush!" cried the lady, "none of this. Think on your own admiration of Lord Lovelace. Think on the danger and difficulty of our situation."

"There's no time to talk of delicacy. Let us, my Lady, make the best of our way to the place where the noble youth is locked up. I will throw myself at the feet of William. I will win over the sentinel. I will go anywhere, do anything which you command me."

"I owe him my life," said the sorrowful lady.

"I would see him; I would save him. I would do all; nay, more than I could for him," said Di.

Her mistress cautioned the maid once more to

be silent. "Let me have my own way," said the abigail; "abide where you are. There is a rough trooper just under the window strutting about as a sentinel. Hark! I hear him humming a disloyal song:—"

'Tom Tidmarsh came from the field of the slain,
Drenched in his blood and full of pain.
By Popish hands he was hacked and shot;
Then buried alone near this same spot!'

In reply to which she sang a verse of the 'Royal Admiral,' sub voce, but loud enough to be heard by one for whom it was intended, rather out of season, but in excellent musical time,—

'Let Titus and Patience stir up a commotion,
Their swearing and plotting shall serve them no more;
Now gallant old Jamie commands on the ocean,
And mighty Charles keeps them in awe on the shore.'

At this moment of hesitation and dread Mr. Faircloth made his appearance at the entrance of the room into which he was making his way with some slight provision for his prisoner. His unexpected appearance confirmed Miss Lily in her decision to comply with Di's counsel, and retire before the gentleman's gentleman observed her.

"Ah! Ah!" cries the gentleman in waiting, "strange song to sing at Hurley! O, Miss Di,"

says he, "is this your proof of the confidence I placed in your honour?"

The agitated girl could only put her handkerchief to her eyes, and make that appeal which a woman's tears make not in vain to a man of feeling.

"Your prisoner," she sighed, "knows something of one whom I fear has shared the fate of poor trooper Tidmarsh. The rough sentinel has now turned his back to this part of the building, and I could have a word with the young gentleman whose place in the Oxford boat Hubert Hunter, the young huntsman, whom my Lord Lovelace has discharged, supplied, and who has been taken a prisoner in company with a party of Royalists."

"Come, come, my pretty lass, your favours and your regards are so general and so generally received that you cannot afford much of your esteem to any individual."

"Let me give you this little proof of my love, Mr. Faircloth," she said, handing him a purse full of gold pieces with which Lily had charged her to open the prisoner's door.

"I care not for such guerdon," said the lord's confidant, pocketing a handful of jacobuses, "but I must let you have your way. If the

colonel hears what I have done, he may include me in the number of loyalists whom he calls traitors."

Her tact and address, and the knowledge that she herself was Mr. Faircloth's peculiar weakness, mastered the reluctance of the temporary gaoler, with whom the influence of gold possibly had more weight than he desired to make evident to the maiden. He opened the door; she followed uninvited but unrepelled, and, to judge by his manner, unseen. Like a wise man in office, he heard not; he saw nothing but the table on which he was spreading Harry's frugal meal. That young gentleman was pensive, but not in despair; for a moment he seemed unconscious of a second party in his little prison, but her light step and the rustle of Miss Vine's blue dress startled him from his reverie. He raised his head from his hands, in which it was buried as he rested them on a stone bench in a recess of his lonely abode. All the graceful and neat little speeches which she had but a moment before at her fingers', or rather at her tongue's end for effect and address, suddenly forsook her. She could only gaze on the youth, as if he was an idol that it would be sinful to approach. His attitude, his looks, but above all his manly

beauty in such a degrading situation—"like a toad in the wall," as she afterwards expressed it—stunned her. She could without much effort have fainted. The youth was unmanned, for the apparition of Miss Penderel had so often flashed across his eye or his imagination, that for an instant he really mistook the figure of Di Vine, whose countenance was shaded with her hand, for his own little-known, now much-loved Lily.

The young gentleman was silent. The lady's maid could not say what she had designed. And therefore for a moment said nothing.

His mind was a tumult. Her helpless curiosity was a torture. At length she raised her eyes from the ground on which they had been resting. His glance met hers. He started at his own delusion and mistake. He had all but addressed her as the fair girl of his hopes and fears.

Before a word had been spoken on either side the repast was set in order and the voice of Mr. Faircloth was heard in a tone of pretended surprise and alarm, crying, "Who's here?"

"Oh! Good gracious! For heaven's sake Will—Mr. Faircloth I mean," bleated out the girl, "let me speak one word to him."

"O sir," says she, to Mr. Hough, "have

you seen Hubert? His mother is an old dependant of Lord Lovelace, who discharged him from his service. And they say he has joined your crew, and is, or may be ere this, captured or slain by the skirmishers of the prince, or even by the colonel himself, who is out to intercept straggling parties of the loyalists."

"The crew will keep a steady look out and may be nearer than you expect by this time," was Hough's answer.

"O, but, my dear young gentleman," she whispered, "how can we get you out of this horrible hole?"

"Give this to your lady," said he, with a voice inaudible to Faircloth, on whom he kept a steady eye.

She curtseyed.

He squeezed her hand into which he placed something besides the paper.

If report be true, the Oxonian not only let his eyes meet hers, but his lips, in the hurry of the moment, touched her lips. However this may really be, the damsel tripped off before the nobleman's gentleman could urge her departure as if she had something worth carrying to her mistress, whom she found in trepidation and suspense.

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The young lady felt that she had been rash and perhaps degraded in the eyes of him whose respect if not affection she desired. But his life was at stake. No sooner, therefore, had she snatched the note from the hand of her maid than she read as follows :—

“To you, my dear Miss Penderel, I owe the happiest moments which have gilded my varied existence ; it will be my happiness till the last hour of my life to recollect that I was ready to risk it for a being for whom I would sooner a thousand times lay it down than be exiled from her presence. I know not under what authority or for what crime the investigation of my conduct is to be made, nor in what plot I am suddenly, sadly, deeply, but most unaccountably implicated. You, at least, will not think me guilty of anything save rashness. I sought to see you once more—this is my presumption and my crime ; forgive such a desperate undertaking and aid me. Could you but find means to let my friends in the ‘Mary Magdalen’ know of my situation and my peril, all might yet be well. They cannot be far off.”

Of all the plans for Hough’s relief and safety the lady and her maid thought what he proposed the most impracticable and precarious. Many

and singular, but perhaps none quite original or new to novel readers were the stratagems which they proposed and as often rejected for the delivery of the captive. At one moment the mistress would find admission to his cell, and disguising him in her garments would remain in his place and pass him off as Miss Penderel. But this were unbecoming her sex and position. Besides her very solicitude might defeat her design. The maid declared she could personate the young gentleman to the very life and manner. He was the same size, only a little taller than herself, and slightly built, and elegant withal. And what would be a mere frolic to her might prove, perhaps, a cat——”

“A what?” said the mistress.

“A catastrophe to my lady.” She was actually practising her part before a glass, when a sail on the river caught her mistress’s eye and reminded her of Hough’s letter, and perhaps after all it were better their motions should be directed to the plan of him whom it concerned most. The damsel accordingly, at the desire of her lady, flung a warm mantle around her and hastened out of the house, if possible to discover and communicate with the friends of the unfortunate prisoner.

Sensible of the weight of her mission, and conscious of the mysterious secrets which she could reveal, she felt not less anxious to receive than to impart information. Her first impulse was to have a chat with some of her neighbours, to whom she might tell something new, and hear from them in return something of the state of the country, and learn their version of what had been passing at the Great House.

The nearest abode where she could effect these objects was the gardener's cottage, snugly sheltered by the woods, and surrounded by evergreens, through which she skipped like a fawn, and soon found herself to her heart's content, surrounded by a variety of persons, whom the distracted times and precarious condition of the country had thrown out of employment. A hundred questions were asked and answered, but nothing of real moment which has not already come under the notice of the reader. She longed to hear something of Hubert, but scarcely knew how to open the conversation on such a point, in such a mixed assembly. While she was debating in her own mind the next step to take, the latch of the cottage door was raised and in comes the gardener to his evening repast; for the day was drawing to a close. He was no

stranger to Miss Di Vine, for they had often met in her young mistress's flower garden. "Fine news, miss, up at the house; what's going on there? I met a young springald in the grounds yesterday. The young fellow will come to no good, will he, mistress?"

She stammered out something about his rencontre with Lord Lovelace, and how the Colonel mistook the gallant for a spy.

This turned the conversation to the crew of the Oxford boat, and the gardener began to retail the news he had just heard from two men in a sail boat from Reading. Miss Di listened in eager expectation, hoping to learn something which might enable her to fulfil the mission with which her mistress had charged her. The gardener said he had learned from the men that the Magdalen crew had mistaken a skirmishing party of William's for the royal troops, and had been taken prisoners. "But what is worse," said he, looking Miss Di Vine full in the face, "they took our neighbour, Master Hubert, who, since my lord the colonel has sent him to the right about, is fain to pick up a living as best he may, as steersman; and he is like to steer both himself and them into the very jaws of destruction. Only let my lord catch him, and his

hempen is spun ; and I doubt, Miss Di, if you are the mouse to cut the net into which your young Nimrod is fallen."

She with great warmth disclaimed acquaintance with any one of that name. She believed her lord would neither spare Nimrod, whoever he might be, or any other rod, that came across his path to thwart him. The tidings she had heard made her restless and uneasy, and rendered the fulfilment of her mission hopeless. She therefore replaced her cloak and bonnet, which she had taken off on entering the cottage, with the intention of returning to Miss Penderel as speedily as possible with the sorrowful tidings, when the door opened a second time; and who should stand before her but Hubert glowing with all the freshness of exercise, excitement, and adventure? To throw his arms round her neck and salute her was the work of a second; to extricate herself from his embrace, and put on the proper aspect of reluctance and resentment, was a still more rapid proceeding; but she could not disguise the real satisfaction she felt at his safety and freedom. Before, however, she could obtain time for a moment's conversation with him, a third visitor entered the cottage, old Dame Hunter, the grandmother of Hubert, who

had been allowed on account of her age to retain the rustic cottage, which she had long occupied with her grandson who had incurred the displeasure of his employer, Lord Lovelace. She whispered a word in her grandson's ear. He suffered her then to lead or rather to pull him out of the house. Diana Vine followed.

"You will bring me to the grave," muttered the old woman, to the young fellow, "you will by your pranks and follies ruin us both. You are depriving us of a shelter while I live. You ought to know better. The colonel fed you and bred you, and now you are among the enemies of my lord, and fighting against the religion in which you were brought up. Ah ! Miss Di Vine, little do you know what the boy has cost me, since I first taught him the word of God on my knee."

The old woman's limbs trembled under her, so that she clung to Hubert for support. From her eyes, dim with age, streamed tears, through which she looked in anguish on her gay and dashing grandson. She entreated him to return to his duty and fidelity to the house of Lovelace. The lord (meaning the colonel) would pardon him, and restore him to his place, when the troubles which set those of the same household against each other were over.

On the other hand Diana's influence though very different, was irresistible; her promises, her smiles, and the private encouragement, which in public she denied, all conspired to confirm him in the service of the Oxford loyalists and to enlist his efforts in their cause. The conflict between obedience to his venerable relation and his own dashing choice distracted him; but youth and beauty, in smiles, mastered age and fondness, in tears. He tore himself away, not without a pang; he covered the old woman with kisses; the strong man yielded so far to affection, that he wept like a child, begged her forgiveness and plunged into the thickest part of the wood with the tender-hearted maiden, whose love, like light, was not exhausted by the numbers whom it favoured. Each had his share; but no one lived so near her heart as Hubert.

No sooner had the first mutual greetings, inquiries and replies relieved the anxious maiden and assured the sprightly huntsman of the perilous situation of his predecessor in the boat, than he pledged himself to do all in his power not only to liberate the youth but to place him beyond the reach of danger.

It appeared the report of the sail boat was only a ruse, that after many hair-breadth

escapes the Oxford boat was lying with her crew in a creek, concealed from view waiting for the dusk of the evening, that, in the meantime he had landed in search of Hough, whom his friends had expected to find with Mr. Morton. "They are," said Hubert, "not only ignorant of his danger, but envy his imaginary position."

The particular plan for Hough's liberation, Hubert could not, or would not, dissociated as he was at the moment, communicate to the fair Diana. It was enough, he said, for her to assure her mistress that his certain knowledge of the place, and his co-operation with the boatmen, would ensure the escape of one whom he would rescue from the fangs of old Lovelace, the Roundhead rebel, who had sent him from hunting the fox to hunt his fortune where he could find it. The old fox himself should soon be driven to earth; and, as sure as he ever wound a horn, he would be in at the death. "You may be sure," he added, "the fate that is in store for my lord is a worse fate than that of trooper Tom Tidmarsh," at the same time muttering something like a curse. With these pious expressions he dismissed the enterprising Di Vine full of all which she had learnt, and of

which she longed to unburden herself to her mistress.

Only slower than her thoughts the damsel tripped away on her errand. "The pretty springald is safe," says she to herself; "and while Hubert is in the mollified mood I can do anything with him."

With a note in her hand, which Miss Penderel had entrusted to her for the boatmen, Di Vine was emerging into the main avenue leading to the river. "Hist," she said to herself, "it is a distant noise! It is the sough of the wind! or the rushing over of the brook!" But she was mistaken. It was the galloping of a horse she heard. The rider was a young and handsome cavalier, whom she had never before seen. "I have a curiosity to ask some questions about the country," said the traveller, "and if I can judge from your pretty speaking face, my fair little maid, I think you can answer me."

"Pretty-little-maid me no pretty little maids. Are you aware, sir, that I have been in the society of your betters? I am none of your country bumpkins, or rural rustic lasses."

The young gentleman courteously attributed his mistake to the closing shades of evening

which had gathered round her to veil her beauty and her bearing from vulgar eyes.

“What is your question? ask it before I answer it,” said she, pertly.

“You have nothing to apprehend from me, my dear young lady,” says the gay rider; “I am only in search of an Oxford boat.”

“I judge,” said Di, “you are a trooper or a sportsman, by your scarlet-laced coat and your knowing hat.”

“Talking of lace,” says the inquisitor, “do you know Lovelace?”

“I love lace,” says she, “when it sets off a dress like yours.”

“Where is Lord Lovelace, I mean?”

This question she answered by another—

“Are you on the right side?”

“I see,” says the horseman, “you expect your swain, and I agree with you a third party will make but an awkward figure in the romance.”

“I want no swain,” retorted the lively girl, “but the coxswain of the boat.”

“Our object, then, seems to be the same, and should make us friends. Listen to me, my fair maid, I am not so rash as you may suppose me, nor are my present motives so light and

airy as only to gratify myself. But," adds he, with a rich Irish brogue, "what is that little white messenger, in your delicate little hand? Trust my honour and loyalty, both are pledged, my Di Vine," says he. And whispering in her ear, as if he feared the trees had ears, "entrust the note to me; your mistress will have cause to thank you for confidence placed in a friend of her preserver."

"How do you know my secret? Oh! Lord! Oh! deceive me not; betray us not!"

"Upon my sacred word of honour," says he, "I will neither do the one nor the other. But, before we part, if you'll give me a kiss, I'll give you a chant." He snatched the kiss, and sang:—

"I'm O'Brian Clare,
The devil may care,
O! Divine and rare,
If you name me to Lily the fair.
With helm array'd,
I'm not afraid,
Of lance or blade,
My Divine, my lovely maid."

"What mysteries thicken round us!" cried the bewildered maid, as she heard her own name and that of her mistress, in the young horseman's mouth. Indeed, the reader may feel as much puzzled at such levity in a noble youth,

who could, under such circumstances, thus trifle in doggrel.

The young Irishman, for such he evidently was, and no other than the dashing rider of "Faugh-a-ballagh," and the son of Lord O'Brian Clare, the friend and favoured attendant of Mary Beatrice, who carried under a sunny, rippling, and sparkling surface, a depth of thought and purpose, which even Di Vine could not fathom. He gained her confidence and admiration, however, just as he hunted, or shot, or enjoyed himself in recreation; he never carried business, and seldom gravity, in his face. He could not resist what he considered a playful smartness towards the adventurous girl. That delightful common sense English habit of treating mere trifles, or indeed, as in the present instance, serious matters, with stern solemnity, was not the custom of young O'Brian or his loyal father. Neither of them had received the reflex of that dreadful matter-of-fact austerity which meets you in London city and its thoroughfares. In such company the O'Brians could not feel happy in Paradise. Still, in his self-willed, but unoffending nonsense, he elicited more information than the maid Di Vine would have cared to impart to a more reserved stranger. Waving his hand,

and signing to the maiden to return to Lady Place, he was in a moment lost in the deepening twilight of evening, as he dashed down a glade towards the Thames, and soon overtook Hubert, who was on his way to rejoin the Oxford crew, and whom young O'Brian had met in his ride from the river towards Lady Place, in quest of tidings just before he accidentally fell in with Miss Diana Vine; so that the young guardsman, for such he was, though recently an undergraduate at Christ Church, was now cognisant of the whereabouts of the aquatic loyalists, and of the peculiar situation of their regular helmsman, Harry Hough. Having mutually preconcerted a plan for the concentration of all the forces which they could command, and a skilful manœuvre for the liberation of the captive, they parted—the Honourable O'Brian to muster his men, to encourage the timid, and to confirm the wavering—Hubert to discover the creek into which his men had run the boat since he left them.

Though a huntsman by choice, he was a man of strong, deep, and even romantic, but transitory and changing impressions. His poetry was the book of nature; his romance, the indescribable feeling which it inspires. While

pondering his altered fortunes, and reflecting on his past conduct and future field of action, he had burst the barriers which his patron and his venerable grandmother had placed around him. There seemed a dark abyss between him and the dear old and only relation whom he had on earth. To see the old woman's smile of approval, to hear her tremulous but affectionate accents, to be where all his happiest, because his best, feelings were born and nurtured, his cares lightened, his wild joys increased, yet, subdued by aged counsel, had been long his greatest delight. His childish feelings revisited him like accusing spirits. He felt that he had forfeited his early home, with all the dear and pleasing objects which used to make his return from the chase so glad.

Di Vine was bright and charming when she wished to carry her point. In health and bliss her voice was music to his ears, as soft as syren ever sung. The still small voice of conscience, however, spoke within: "My old, my loved, my only friend, my guide who saved me from want, and was proud of my manhood: how can I forsake thee!" Hubert, amid the dreary desolation of that winter evening, heard it above the whisper of the wind through the

leafless woods of Hurley—"How can I forsake thee?" While hovering between the sadness of remorse and the dreamy reverie of imagination, of which many a peasant, not less than a prince, under the influence of scenery and association, is susceptible, his eye caught a feeble tremulous pulse of light which twinkled through the trees. It was fitfully flickering in the night horizon. While he watched and wished luck to his new friends, whose destiny seemed linked with his own, the distant but well known plash of oars fell pleasantly on his ear. The measured sound came nearer and still more near, and in a second he heard a shrill whistle on the night breeze, from the direction of the advancing light. He returned in the same language a reply to the signal, which was mutually understood. A boat manned by six or seven youths he dimly distinguished in the distance. The crew maintained deep silence, broken only by the stroke of the oars, timed to a low measured chant, such as our modern song, "The rapids are near." The water at the bow rippled in cadence to the melody of voices; and was only less musical to Hubert than the cry of his darling lost hounds, which could cheer him no more. The boat neared the shore and ran right under the

arching trees into the mouth of the creek. The men shipped their oars; the boat yielding to the impetus which she had received glided smoothly and silently like a phantom into a sheltered nook, where on closer observation, even to the eye of an Oxford man of the present day, she would have cut no despicable figure, so far, at least, as we may judge from the model which we have just seen in the South Kensington Museum of a ten-oared "shallop," built for William III. about two years after the events commemorated in this volume; but which, of course, was more highly decorated and more costly than the Oxford boat from which our crew now landed to make the necessary inquiries and receive the desired answers.

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